

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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DEVOTED TO  
THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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## "INGERSOLL ON ORTHODOXY."

A Discourse by James Kay Applebee, to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, at Parker-Memorial, Boston.

There is no denying the fact that Col. Robert G. Ingersoll is a terrible lion in the path of the orthodox Christianity of this time. He presses questions on the attention of men which the churches would, if by any means they could, gladly ignore. He is the mouth-piece of thousands upon thousands of men who have utterly drifted away from the old theological moorings, and who want some better anchorage than that which any of the old creeds can give. Wherever he appears he puts the theological world in a ferment. As the representative of what is called "infidelity" he can do what no living representative of Christianity can do—go into any large city, on this continent and fill its largest building from floor to roof with enthusiastic listeners, each one of whom has paid for the privilege of being there to listen. There can be no more convincing indication of the extent to which popular belief in the creeds of the churches has been undermined. The churches have themselves to thank for this result. They staved off inquiry into the validity of their creeds as long as they could. They denounced and vilified "infidel" writers, and frightened people away from "infidel" books, as long as they were able. They taught that doubt of the Orthodox creed was the sign of sin, and that faith in it was the chief of all the virtues. Men might everywhere be believing to-day that the sun once stood still at the command of Joshua, and that Jonah lived three days and three nights in the belly of a fish, for anything the churches ever told them to the contrary. Even now, when a little boy goes to an orthodox Sabbath school, what happens? He is drilled in a catechism which is supposed to settle all theological problems for him. He gets off by rote the names of the books of the Old and New Testaments; and he is told they are all divinely inspired. He is taught that God created the world in six days out of nothing; that Adam and Eve were the first human pair; that the devil in the guise of a serpent tempted them and they fell; that the consequence of their fall was their subjection to physical death and eternal evil; that death and evil pass through them to all their posterity; that all men are naturally depraved; that this natural depravity consists in an utter incapability to do any good thing, and a fatal proneness to the doing of every evil thing; that only those among all the sons and daughters of men who believe in Jesus Christ and who accept his atonement can be saved; that all the rest of humanity will be entirely separated from God and doomed to suffer the endless pangs of hell! The little Sabbath school scholar is set to read about the Garden of Eden, the flood, the origin of rainbows, the building of Babel, and all the rest of the old-world fables. No hint is ever given him that there are two opinions among men as to the literal truth of these things. He might attend Sabbath school to the day of his death, and, for anything he hears there, he would never know that any wise, good, thoughtful, learned men ever existed who ever doubted or denied these things. But he cannot be kept under such tutelage forever. Books cannot be kept from him. Newspapers cannot be kept from him. Outside the Sabbath school walls he finds heresy impregnating the very atmosphere he breathes. Inevitably he reads and thinks a little for himself. Then the conclusion comes to him: "How ignorant my teacher must have been, or else how mentally dishonest he must have been, never to have told me of these things. How ignorant, too, or else how mentally dishonest,

the teacher must have been who told us, Sabbath by Sabbath, that the Bible was the infallibly inspired word of God, and never even hinted to us that it contained things which can no more be called divine than the stories of the gods and goddesses of the Greek Olympus!" In sheer disgust at the cheat put upon him he comes to the extreme conclusion that religion is altogether a fable, and so rejects it altogether. Who is most responsible for that result? Not Col. Ingersoll, nor men like him, but the churches that are notoriously afraid to look notorious facts in the face—afraid to trust to the free, independent action of human thought, and which, instead of training the mind into the getting of a creed for itself, burdens, overpowers, oppresses the mind with a creed which represents only the feeble guesses at truth made by men who lived in the comparative childhood of the world. It is not Colonel Ingersoll who makes infidels. The churches make them. For one infidel made by Ingersoll the orthodox churches have made five hundred. Whenever he comes to Boston to lecture there are at least three thousand people, got ready for him by the orthodox churches, eager to pay at least fifty cents a head, that they may hear him flout at, jeer at, make rich fun of, the New England Puritan faith! It is a strange phenomenon. What are we to think of it? If the New England Puritan faith did verily represent the all-in-all of theological and religious truth, it would be a phenomenon of very sinister meaning. It would then mean the certain impending wreck of everything most sacred. Happily, it means nothing of the kind. Extremes produce extremes. The pendulum will swing. Ingersollism—so far as it is an *ism*—has no future, just as New England theology has no future. New England theology says: "There is a God; and God is capricious and cruel!" Ingersollism, a rebound from that extreme says: "There is no God at all!"

It is not hard to account for Ingersoll's popularity. A great public has been created for him by the churches—a public just in the humor to listen to and relish the sledge-hammer blows, the satirical stabs, the seething, lightning-like wit, he administers to the poor, old, worn-out, more than half-dead and done-with creeds. The churches have prepared the field on which he proudly tilts against their own most cherished conclusions. By demanding so much belief from humanity they have provoked the spirit which is disposed to yield none at all. Without the New England theology a Robert G. Ingersoll would have been impossible.

But this, at most, only accounts for half of the man's influence. The cause of the other half is found in the man himself. Such a man, living anywhere, and at any time, would be a notable man; his splendor of oratory, keenness of satire, genial breadth of humor, sharp, biting, incisive wit, must, anywhere, and at any time, have made him famous. Coming just at this time, when there is a decrepit theology waiting for its death-blow, and multitudes of men, but newly emancipated from the mental thralldom of that theology, eagerly anxious to see the death-blow administered, the man finds his life's work ready to his hand, himself thoroughly equipped for discharging it, and crowds upon crowds of eager folk ready to cheer him on. His work will succeed; but it will disappear with the necessity which called it forth. He is a man of the present—not by any means a man of the future.

It is said of him that he is engaged in fighting shadows and not realities, and that nobody now believes in the theology of which he makes such rare and racy fun. In his recent lecture in Boston, commenting on that clause in the new Congregational creed which says that "our first parents, by disobedience, fell under the condemnation of God, and that all men are so alienated from God that there is no salvation from the guilt and power of sin except through God's redeeming grace," he said: "Is there any intelligent man or woman now in the world who believes in the Garden-of-Eden story?..... Does any human being now believe that God made man of dust, and a woman of a rib, and put them in a garden, and put a tree in the middle of it? Wasn't there room outside of the garden to put his tree, if he didn't want people to eat his apple? If I didn't want a man to eat my fruit I wouldn't put him in my orchard!" All this is most exquisite fooling. But if no intelligent man or woman now in the world believes in this fess about it? Why expend any amount of wit in making a story in which nobody believes look more ridiculous? I do not think, however, that the Garden-of-Eden story is so much out of date as the Colonel imagines. I do not think that all intelligent men and women have yet ceased to believe in it. The story remains embalmed in all the creeds of all the orthodox churches. The truth of the story is implied even in the new Congregational creed. The doctrine of the fall of man is the corner-stone of orthodoxy. When that doctrine goes the entire structure must needs tumble to ruin. In attacking that doctrine Colonel Ingersoll is certainly not yet engaged either in fighting shadows or in threshing straw. After all, however, there can be no doubt that in the estimation of the real living intellect of this time orthodoxy has become a dead thing. It requires no very large acquaintance with modern literature to convince any one of us of the great extent to which the old conceptions of religion are being called in question; and that, whether for good or for evil, the leading thought of this time is rejecting, as utterly unreasonable and absurd, ideas about God,

ideas about Jesus, ideas about the Bible, which, according to orthodoxy, should be fondly cherished as of the very essence of truth itself. Those books which command the readiest and the most respectful attention are those in which the doctrines of Christianity, which pass as orthodox, are vigorously assailed, or those in which propositions are advanced and asserted to be true which leave no ground on which Christian orthodoxy can for one moment stand. There can be no doubt at all that religion, as the great Christian divines have been content to believe in it and to understand it, has lost its hold on the intellect of this time. The great representative writers of all classes of literature reject orthodox Christianity. All our best and finest literature is anti-Christian in a dogmatic sense. The most notable books of this time are this openly and avowedly; while the prevailing spirit of our best literature—whether it be poetry, fiction, philosophy, science, history—is this most unmistakably.

The great majority of those who hang delightedly on the lips of Ingersoll, there can be no doubt at all, have already rejected orthodox Christianity. Ingersoll did not make infidels of them—the churches did. They represent the vast harvest of infidelity orthodoxy has borne for humanity. They need neither to be reasoned into nor to be joked into a rejection of the Garden-of-Eden story. They listen to Ingersoll because they have already come to believe pretty much as he does. They listen to him with such delight because a lecture from him is a really comic entertainment—something as good or better than a play! Seeing that this is so, I think it is infinitely to be regretted that Colonel Ingersoll should deal so largely in negations—that he should confine himself so much to the work of denouncing what is false in religion and altogether omit indicating what must be true therein. Religion is a fact; and the true religious reformer will try to indicate what is true and permanent in religion even more vigorously than he will denounce what he conceives to be false and fleeting therein. Of this, the most important part of the religious reformer's duty, it seems to me Colonel Ingersoll has no conception whatever.

All great religious reformers have been eminently original human facts. They have been destructive, it is true; but they have been, and always in a wider and fuller way, creative. They have built up more than they have pulled down. They have instinctively recognized the fact that nothing is really destroyed until something better has replaced it. Theodore Parker was, to my thinking, a great religious reformer—an eminently original human fact. Why? Because, while he was destructive, he was essentially constructive and conservative. For every little, miserable, orthodox shanty he battered down he built up a fair and stately palace for religious faith and love to nestle in. Now, although I have unbounded esteem and regard for Robert G. Ingersoll, the man, I have no esteem and regard for Robert G. Ingersoll, the religious reformer. In point of fact, Robert G. Ingersoll, the religious reformer, has no existence anywhere. He is not a reformer of religious abuses and errors; he is only an indicator that they exist. In a rough, ready and iconoclastic fashion he may be preparing the way for a coming religious reformer; but, when that reformer shall have fully come, it will be seen that Robert G. Ingersoll was not worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoes. He has said many pretty things, and said them very prettily; but I do not know that he has yet said any very profound thing. His mind is not original. He is not so wise as he is witty. He is not so broad as he is broadly humorous. He has a keen eye for the outside incongruities of things, but no eye at all for the inner verities of which those outside incongruities may be the absurd caricature. He hates the Puritan creed, but he has no reverence for the sturdy Puritan character which, after all, the creed did so much towards making possible. He hates the Christian religion, and he makes no secret of that fact. He smites that religion hip and thigh, and never gives it any quarter. He will not admit that any good thing has ever yet come of it. It would not, however, be difficult to show that well-nigh all the main ideas which give potency to the oratory and brilliancy and point to Ingersoll's wit are ideas which were originated in the minds of eminent Christian thinkers and divines. Take two so-called Christian dogmas from the oratory of Ingersoll—the dogma of the infallibility of scripture and that of the eternity of future punishments—and he would scarcely have any lightning of wit or any oratorical thunder left. Yet the dogma of the infallibility of scripture is quite a modern doctrine; it has no Christian antiquity worth speaking of at its back. The "Mistakes of Moses" were pointed out by Bishop Colenso years before Ingersoll thought of doing it. The dogma of eternal torments has been a disputed dogma in the Christian church for quite seventeen hundred years. No writers, in the church or out of it, ever argued more forcibly against the cruel dogma of eternal torments than the late Bishop Colenso, Frederick Denison Maurice and Dean Stanley. In the face of these facts it is eminently unfair to base an argument against the Christian religion on the idea that accepting the Christian religion involves accepting the notion that God will delight eternally in seeing his children roast and blister in the flames of hell! Gregory of Nyssa was a Christian, and yet he did not believe in it. Zwingli, a co-partner of Luther

in the reformation, was a Christian, and yet he did not believe in it. Nobody now denies the name of Christian to Channing, yet he did not believe in it. Even the Unitarians—the last to come into the fold—are anxious to number Theodore Parker among the Christians, and yet most assuredly he did not believe in it. Atrocious as the doctrine is, it is, after all, an excrescence on Christianity; it is no essential part of Christianity itself.

The shrewdest, deadliest blow with which Ingersoll has yet assailed orthodoxy is found in his persistent repetition of the idea that man cannot be held responsible for his belief. "No man," he has said, "can control his belief. You hear evidence for and against, and the integrity of the soul stands at the scales and tells which side Niles and which side falls. You cannot believe as you wish. You must believe as you must." This is, of course, a very important position to take. By depriving mere belief of its meritoriousness it strikes at the root of all Christian orthodoxy. If man is not responsible for his belief it is a foregone conclusion that no man will ever suffer any penal consequences for any *unbelief* into which he may fall. This is the central point of orthodoxy: You must yield an intellectual assent to certain intellectual propositions, or, failing to give this assent, the penal consequences coming upon you will be so terrible that the imagination of man is utterly unable to conceive how terrible they are. But if it should turn out that man is not responsible for his belief, that "he must believe as he must," then this central point of orthodoxy goes, and, as orthodoxy rests on this central point, orthodoxy itself tumbles into helpless, hopeless ruin. In John Stuart Mill's great book on Logic, and in the chapter on "Fallacies," may be found these pregnant sentences: "We cannot believe a proposition only by wishing, or only by dreading, to believe it. The most violent inclination to find a set of propositions true will not enable the weakest of mankind to believe them without a vestige of intellectual grounds—without any, even apparent, evidence. It [bias] acts indirectly by placing the intellectual grounds of belief in an incomplete or distorted shape before his (the believer's) eyes. It makes him shrink from the irksome labor of a rigorous induction, when he has a misgiving that its result may be disagreeable; and in such examination as he does institute it makes him exert that which is, in a certain measure, voluntary, his attention, unfairly, giving a larger share of it to the evidence which seems favorable to the desired conclusion, a smaller to that which seems unfavorable." It operates, too, in making him look out eagerly for reasons, or apparent reasons, to support opinions which are conformable, or resist those which are repugnant, to his interest or feelings; and when the interests or feelings are common to great numbers of persons, reasons are accepted and passed current which would not for a moment be listened to in that character if the conclusions had nothing more powerful than its reasons to speak in its behalf. The natural or acquired partialities of mankind are continually throwing up philosophical theories, the sole recommendation of which consists in the premises they afford for proving cherished doctrines or justifying favorite feelings..... This propensity, when exercised in favor of any widespread persuasion or sentiment, is often decorated with complimentary epithets; and the contrary habit of keeping the judgment in complete subordination to evidence is stigmatized by various hard names, as skepticism, immorality, coldness, hard-heartedness, and similar expressions, according to the nature of the case." That passage, from the writings of a man who was "the most exact user of language that this century has produced," is very accurately descriptive of the position sustained towards belief by orthodox Christians. They have a bias towards what they call their belief which places "the grounds of belief in an incomplete or distorted shape before their eyes." They are accustomed to pray against unbelief as the very sin of sins; they think that by clinging to their belief they will ensure to themselves the felicities of heaven; they think, too, that by foregoing their belief they will be in certain danger of incurring the pangs of hell; and of all people else in this world they are in a position least favorable for exercising any calmly least judgment. They "shrink from the irksome labor of a rigorous induction" because its results might be disagreeable to them. All their interests and all their feelings are enlisted on the side of their belief. They have a selfish hope of being saved and a cowardly fear of being damned, and their selfish hope and their cowardly fear prompt them to give a larger share of their attention to the evidence which is in favor of their foregone conclusions, and a proportionately smaller share to that evidence which is against these conclusions. They keep evidence in subordination to judgment; they do not keep their judgment in subordination to evidence. They stand before the scales in which evidence for and against doctrine is weighed; but they have "cherished doctrines" which they want to have proved, and favorite feelings which they want to have justified, and this gives them an "obliquity of vision" which makes them fancy the scales go up when it really goes down, and goes down when it really goes up. Their belief is really not belief at all, but blind prejudice or gross selfishness. True belief is dispassionate. It is deaf to desire. It does not come at the bidding of fear, nor does it yield itself up to the pleadings of hope. If we believe a thing merely because we hope it to be true,

or because we fear what might happen to us should we reject it, and it then turns out to be true, our belief is not that "reasonable service" which the God who gave us reason will ever care to accept.

In the fact that man cannot be responsible for his belief we get the strongest possible argument in favor of the fullest, most absolute freedom of opinion; but has society, even in this free America, yet reached this full and absolute freedom? There is no office of emolument or honor which Ingersoll is not competent to fill. He is brilliant, honest, sensible, eloquent, humane. He would not knowingly hurt a worm. He is a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, a good patriot. What is it that bars his way to civic advancement? Simply his anti-theological opinions—things for which he is no more responsible than he is responsible for his bald head, or for his genial, boyish roundness of face! President Hayes did once think of sending Ingersoll to represent America at the court of Germany; but he was effectually diverted from the thought by the indignant howls raised by the American religious press. During the last Presidential contest, whenever the Republicans lost a State, the loss was, by the religious journals, invariably put down to the fact that Ingersoll happened to be a Republican.

If belief be a thing from which the element of personal responsibility is necessarily absent, how absurdly unjust it is, on the part of society, to visit a man with penalties on account of his belief! If it be unjust for society to do this in this world, is it likely that God will perpetuate the injustice throughout eternity? I cannot help honoring somewhat all converts to fresh opinions. I honor the man who abjures Roman Catholicism for what he has come to regard as the better, freer, nobler Protestant faith; I honor the man who abjures Protestantism, and becomes a downright, out-and-out infidel to all religious faith whatever. Of course, judged from my standpoint, I cannot help thinking that such a man has done an unwise thing; but judged from any standpoint whatever he has also done a brave thing. He has overcome so much of the influence of early habit—so much of that intangible and yet most potent force that ever helps to make us what we are. Indeed, to forego opinions in which one has been educated, instead of being regarded, as it usually is regarded, by all except those whose opinions the convert has adopted, as something discreditable, ought really to be honored as a unique piece of mental bravery. The progress society makes is due to such men. It is an inestimable blessing to society when any one arises to denounce its commonplace, to call into question its stereotyped creeds, and even to overturn its most sacred temples.

In his lecture, last Saturday evening, Col. Ingersoll said that if orthodox Christianity be true, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson are among the damned. It is certain that neither of these men were Christians in any dogmatic sense. They did not rely on anybody's merits except their own. Let orthodox answer the question fairly and squarely: "Are these men saved or damned?" Because, if Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson can be saved without any reliance on the "atonement," any other Benjamin, or any other Thomas, may be saved, also, without any such reliance. What is the doom of women like Harriet Martineau, of men like Buckle, the historian, and John Stuart Mill, the philosopher? Are they damned, after their noble and beautiful lives on earth, because they were utterly unable to experience this all-important thing—"faith in a person, and that person Christ"? Who can believe this? Yet they are either saved or damned. The religion that damns such ornaments of our race proclaims its own falsehood in doing it. If they are saved without faith, why may not others be? If one man is saved who never experienced faith, why may not others be? and how can faith, in that case, however the word may be interpreted, be considered the essential all in all of salvation? Orthodox Christianity breaks down, in presence of the unmistakable facts of life as a consistent theory of the universe. It fails in meeting the deeper problems of existence; it puffs up shallow saints with a braggart confidence; it leaves the great children of our race who have risen above the creedal commonplaces of their time; who have shattered the idols men have slavishly worshipped, who have breathed afresh into the nostrils of humanity the breath of a nobler thought—it leaves these men whose lives have so immeasurably enriched the present world without hope, or place, or work, in the world which is to come!

Ingersoll's great defect, I think, is just here—he lacks logical precision. He indulges in assertions which are too broad to be correct. He makes the lesser contain the greater. He invariably identifies Christianity with that debased form of it which he was, unfortunately for himself, compelled to spell out at the feet of an orthodox father. He charges upon Christianity every base and cruel thing which has been done in its name. This is about as sensible as it would be to charge upon the institution of law all the infamies which have been done in the name of law, or as it would be to charge upon the institution of the family the filthiness inseparable from polyandry and polygamy. In one of his lectures he says:

"I will tell the church why I hate it. You have imprisoned the human mind; you have bent the enemy of liberty; you have burned us at the stake, roasted us before slow fires, torn our flesh with irons; you have covered us

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.  
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STERDINS.

# CHAPTER I.

## HOME LIFE.

Our household ways were simple; mother and sister did their own work, and after that sister left home, my mother had no help. All was neat, and in order, and due season. She had the New England faculty, and found time to read and visit. My father was kind but thorough, and trained me to do my work well and punctually. To build fires, saw wood, tend the garden and do errands, was my work—to set tables for my mother also, and wipe dishes, bring water and pound the clothes on Mondays. These useful household tasks I enjoyed. A sense of duty and obedience, a thirst for knowledge, a love of order and decorum, a religious devotedness to the best ends, a feeling that success comes with industry and good aims, filled the atmosphere of the best New England homes. I remember coming home from school one keen wintry afternoon, when father asked: "Have you brought the mail, my son?" I answered: "No, I forgot it." He quietly said: "I think you had better go back after it." I knew that I must, but went out in hot temper, which the biting cold soon cured. Then I thought: "It's tough, but he was right," and I ran swiftly over the snow drifts and brought the mail back just as the warm supper stood on the table. No more was said, but all were kind and cheery, and I enjoyed the good things with a boy's keen appetite. I never forgot the mail again.

Two or three summers I worked on a farm for a few weeks, for a friend of ours, a good farmer who gave me a boy's task, and cared for me. I enjoyed it, learned a good deal that was useful, and he paid me just enough to make a lad feel a little pride in earning something. I can see now that it was my father's way of training me to industry. One autumn I husked corn for the owner of the farm house we lived in. The unhusked ears were piled up in the old corn-house and I was to husk and empty into the crib for one cent a bushel. I enjoyed the work all by myself in those cool November days. I would finish my twelve bushels before noon, get my twelve cents from the prompt paymaster, and do chores, and play and read the rest of the day. Once I husked twenty bushels by three o'clock, and the twenty cents, as token of such a stout day's work, gave great satisfaction; in all, two hundred and forty bushels were husked, and two dollars and forty cents paid me. I doubt if ever boy or man enjoyed work more, and dollars were dollars, looking large in those times.

Theodore Parker wrote: "I owe a great deal to the habit, early formed, of patient and persistent work." My good parents were training me to that habit, and I bless them for it. Father used to say: "Never depend on others to do for you what you can do for yourself." Self-help, self-dependence, and simple personal wants were wrought into my life as habits,—the good habits of New England in those days. To make others tell for you needlessly was wrong; self-dependence brought self-respect and respect for others; wasted time was sinful and pitiful, and personal display was weak vanity. These ideas sometimes ran to nigardly meanness, to hypocrisy and asceticism, but all this was but perversion and excess. I saw them practiced by those whose hands were "open as day do melting charity," but whose hearts never ran away with their heads, and who must first know that their charity was wise. I saw money paid for public good, in no stinted measure, but in just proportion, by the same persons, and learned later in life, that these good habits made such gifts possible, and that a deep sense of duty to society inspired the givers. I have one man in mind, a farmer elected by his best neighbors to town offices which he held for years, not because the honors or small profits led him to seek them, but because he felt it a duty to help in public affairs, and because those neighbors knew this, and knew he could always be trusted. Many such men were elected to office in those old town meetings—the best men, in the true sense of a much-abused term.

Let the appeal to-day be for the stricken victims of yellow fever in our southern cities, for the sufferers by forest fires amidst the smoking ruin of home and farm on Lake Huron, or for some wise plan of education or needed reform, and help comes from New England as generously in proportion to her means as from any other quarter, and comes largely from those trained in these simple and self-helping ways, and filled and inspired with that sense of duty which is a grand element of the Puritan character.

But, coming back to the home-life. Once or twice a year a tallorress used to come into our family to make up garments—old ones revamped or new. I would often have a coat made from one of my father's, and I used to think it was lucky for me to get finer coats in this way than I should have had otherwise. Pantaloon for lads were made with tucks around the bottom, to be let down as the rising youngster's limbs grew longer, and were capacious in other ways to allow for growth. Oliver Wendell Holmes's picture of the boy at Col. Sprowle's party, who came with his parents, clad in his new suit, "buttony in front and baggy in his reverse aspect," called to my mind a host of boys that I knew. The coming of this tallorress was a notable event, for she went everywhere, and knew all about everybody, and could tell a great deal, if she would. The gravely pleasant maiden-lady, who came most to us, was a wise woman, and would not gossip; yet she told us a good many innocent and curious things about the household ways of the village dignitaries, and of odd doings in some homelier families. Occasionally another tallorress came, a talking woman, full of news; and then the children were content to sit in their small chairs and hear of all the strange sayings and doings and all the grand ways of our neighbors. She meant well, and aimed to steer clear of dangerous things, but sometimes she "let the cat out of the bag," and a family secret went on the wings of the wind, and there followed it a stream of wrath, like a tongue of flame, smiting her at every step she took. Then she would be quiet, the storm would abate, her spirits would rise again and her poor tongue would tell; and then another tempest from some other quarter would stir the air.

A story spread about the town that one man employed the tallorress to turn his coats and remake them wrong side out, and this was a faithful topic of talk and comment, as he was known to be "very forehanded." But when he paid freely for the burial expenses of a worthy laboring man, the gossip toned down a little, and when he was gathered to his fathers, and left a half million or more for wise charities, his thrifty ways were only spoken of to his credit.

I have always been glad that I lived in time to see, and be a part of, that old phase of New England life now passing out of sight, cer-

tain that its nobler elements are the basis of what is best to-day, and will be best for ages; while its narrowness, its gloom and bigotry, are of a past we need not return to. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Nathaniel Hawthorne are the three writers who have given us the most of the real life of those times. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is a psychological study and a revelation of Puritanism, and its characters stand in the sombre shadow or the white light of the author's imagination. His "House of Seven Gables" gives quaint pictures of home-life and new studies of character in milder aspects. Holmes's "Elsie Venner" is a faithful portrait of old-time ways and thoughts, tinged with the fine hues of the writer's humor and full of instruction as well as of healthy interest. Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing" is a mirror of those days and places; her "Old Town Folks" is the veritable life of the Puritans, in its later periods, not only that life on its surface, but in its depths. She has clear insight and reverent appreciation of the nobler elements of Puritanism, and yet is not blind to its faults. What was permanent she would uphold; what was transient she would rate at its fleeting value. Wonderful, too, is her story of the old-time life and habits—full of pathos and humor, its homely traits veritable indeed.

Sam. Lawton I knew for years, with another name. I can see him now, enough like hers to be of near kin; tall, awkward, loose-jointed, a swift walker but to no end; an inveterate do-nothing; guiltless of a day's work for thirty years,—his good wife tried beyond endurance while he ranged the country over his circuit of some ten miles. He never spoke a vulgar or profane word, was temperate in habits, decent in deportment, religious in his odd way, led an aimless life, discussed grave topics in a grave way; yet nobody cared a straw for his opinions; in short, was a Sam. Lawton, a sort of decent vagabond, not possible elsewhere. Deacon Badger, of later date and with a new name, was our neighbor,—a good Christian, devout yet cheery; orthodox, but with a twinkle in his bright eyes as he talked over the Sunday's sermon; an Arminian slant in his theology; a human goodness in his soul, that made the air around him warm. Miss Melitable Rooster, too, had another name, as I knew her, but was veritably the same person Mrs. Stowe describes. I have been at the old parsonage, sat in the large, low-ceiled library, and listened to her sensible talk. I have seen her come into church on Sundays, and noted the deference people paid her, not only for herself, but because the blood of a race of pious clergymen was in her veins. The verisimilitude of this story gives it a great charm, its comprehension of the deeper issues of life gives it great value. So long as these books last, and they will be classic in coming times, the world will know New England in its earlier days.

To finish my tasks and my lessons was always expected of me, but both were welcome and not heavy, and then came my blessed freedom. I could read or play, or wander off alone at my own will for hours, and was not interfered with or hardly questioned. To keep out of poor company, and to tell a frank story, if asked, I knew was expected, and for the rest I felt I was trusted, and would not betray that trust. A great help it is to be trusted; growth of character comes from it.

Rambles along the river side and in the great meadows, watching birds and all manner of wild things in the woods, and looking off at the Tom and Holyoke mountain ranges, lifted up so grandly against the sky, were my delight, and a lot of books came to me. Books I read eagerly, too. Up in an old apple tree in our yard was a nice seat among the branches—back and foot-rest and place for books, all of the curved and twining limbs, and there I would sit for hours, looking up now and then from my reading to the foliage around, or far up into the great bower of the spreading elms near by. A favorite place was that; it seemed as though one could get more out of books there than elsewhere. At night, when the house-roof was best shelter, there was kind approval and warning, quiet tenderness with serene wisdom, but never passion or fretfulness. How fresh those winter evening readings of newspapers come to mind! The modern magazines were not in being then. The *North American Review*, choice and costly, was read by a limited and select circle, but the people looked up to it as to some unapproachable star. We had the *Christian Register*, one county paper, and a weekly New York sheet, from which we gained knowledge of the great world. Our neighborly uncle or my sister would read, while mother sewed, and father rested in his easy chair, and I sat on my little stool behind the stove. So we had home politics, English and French affairs, Russian wars across the Balkan, glimpses of Calcutta and Peking, and events in other lands; not of yesterday, by telegram, but of weeks and months past; not copious and graphic, as from "our own correspondent," but solid and without sensationalism. These evenings were no small part of my education, to which may be added occasional evening readings of books. Our household talks were in easy simplicity of language, but with no slang. We had pure English undiluted, with an occasional racy provincialism.

A move to Wilbraham, east of Springfield a few miles, and a winter's stay there at the ample farm house of my uncle Calvin Stebbins, was an event of moment. The house stood on a corner, facing south and west; eastward, the mountains, a thousand feet high, were near at hand,—rocky, forest-clad, mysterious; immense then, but sadly dwindled after ten years' absence, and crossing the Alleghenies. The roar of the swift Scantic, breaking through the hills just south of the farm, could be heard. Westward spread the plains toward the meadows on the Connecticut—not rich soil or rich farmers, but plain livers and diligent workers from necessity. Such a man as Carlyle describes his honored father, was my uncle Calvin, only with larger powers, wider culture and more of what the sects call heresy, which is sometimes, as with him, the deepest religion. He had three boys about my age—from eight to twelve—and for me, with no brother, it was a great treat to be with them. Winter evenings we would all group around the kitchen table with our books,—geography, Peter Parley's stories and the like—and the hour or two of reading and talk was a treat we all enjoyed, my uncle being the informal teacher and guide. Then he would say: "Come, boys, we are a little tired; now some apples, and then to bed." One of us would go to the cellar and fill a milk pan with apples; this was put on the table, another turned bottom up by its side, was the place for the tallow candle to stand. The apples were enjoyed, the parings duly put away, and then we scampered up-stairs to our room, jumped into the frothy beds, soon made them warm and cozy, and slept fearless of dyspepsia. Two of the brothers are still on earth. If I could call one from his medical practice among the Allegheny hills of south-western New York, and the other from his study as a California clergyman, I am sure both would say with me, that those evening lessons are not worn out or forgotten.

To me the time was coming when I must pay my own expenses, and begin some lasting work. I wanted to do it, for that was the good way for all boys. If a lad, rich or poor, hung around aimless and idle, the saying was: "He won't amount to nothing." If he went to work it was said: "That boy's got grit, he'll make something." I loved books, but did not look toward a college; farming was too heavy for my strength, and so I went into the hardware store of Homer Foot & Co., wholesale importers and retail dealers in Springfield, at a salary of \$50 a year and my board. After that it was my pride that I did not cost my good father a cent, and the fact gave me valuable self-reliance.

My employers always treated me well, and trained me in careful methods of business and prompt doing of my work. I remember their ways to me with grateful pleasure. I had a new enjoyment—the being trusted in matters of importance. I kept books, took charge of money, and the safety of the premises was left to me. I remember coming down one morning from my sleeping room on the top floor to open the store, and finding that I had left the front door without bolt or bar all night! Fortunately nothing was disturbed, but my carelessness filled me with inexplicable regret. I did not tell of it, but the door was never left unbolted again.

Then came years in a country store in Hatfield, as clerk and partner. In long winter evenings, we had all public and private affairs discussed by the men who came in,—for the days of tavern lounging were going by, and decent men liked the store better than the bar room. A curious incident comes to mind. One of the "selectmen" of the town was a Universalist, the only man in the village who avowed the strange heresy that men were not burned forever for their sins. He was so good that one day an orthodox neighbor said to him: "I can't understand how you act so well. I shouldn't, if I believed as you do." A reckless and dissipated man near by was a hard sweeper, where profanity was uncommon and distasteful. He swore bitterly and defiantly, and there were murmurs of legal punishment. One day, in the store, he waxed violent in language in the presence of this Universalist official, who soon left, and as he went out there was a new outbreak of defiant oaths with the spiteful saying: "I guess none of these town officers can tie my tongue."

The selectman soon came in again and quietly handed out a warrant for his arrest. Such a chop-fallen and amazed expression! Across the road came the trial, proof abundant; five dollars fine, and bonds for good behavior; all settled and the fine paid in an hour. For a month the poor man walked the streets with bowed head, subdued spirit, and sealed lips—humiliated and amazed. Then he partly recovered, a small oath that nobody cared for would slip out sometimes, but the old fire was gone. The amazement grew among pious people how "that Universalist" had courage to do such a good thing, and they all gave him just credit for it. I liked mercantile life well enough, but left it without either large success or disastrous failures. It gave me valuable knowledge of men and things. If a boy is to be educated for ten years, let a part of it be on a farm, or in a mechanic's shop or store, and then good work with his books, and he will have practical sagacity and common sense, as strong foundations for a broad and true culture. He will be saved from the poor dilettanteism, the affecting to look down on the world's great industries, too common among those called educated men, but who are really only half educated. Changing the old couplet:

"All work and no books makes Jack a dull boy,  
All books and no work makes Jack a mere toy."

Much was learned in that Hatfield store from the talk of men and women. Of quaint ways of speech there was abundance; of vulgarity, and of slang but little. Their comments on the affairs of Church and State were not flippant or shallow. One felt and respected their earnestness, even though they might sometimes be narrow and imperfect. The village dignitaries had seen life in cities and in legislative assemblies, and acted well their part in the larger fields that make thought broad and cosmopolitan. I well remember the courtly grace of manner and the ease in conversation of a venerable deacon—a hard working farmer who could pitch on a load of hay as quick as any man.

A few of the most cultivated and charming women I ever knew, did their share of household work among that busy people, illustrating the unity of duty and beauty in their admirable lives. There were others, men and women, slaves to farm and kitchen, muckrakes and drudges, poor in spirit. I heard the daily talk of trade and politics, of social and religious life.

Material for volumes of tragic and humorous story was in the family secrets that became known to the village merchant. Strange revelations, for instance, touching women of respectable and pious families, who lived in some solid, old farm houses, went out but little, wore an air of toilsome and hopeless endurance, did their duty as wives and mothers, sank into enfeebled gloom, and died with lips sadly sealed; victims of crushing passion, and greed for gain on the part of husbands whom they felt in duty bound to obey in all things. All these were kept inviolate. My father early said to me: "Never reveal secrets," and his excellent advice was of great service.

The village oddities were odd enough. One was a man of middle age, keeping bachelor's hall in his great shambly house a century old, who was of very regular habits in one respect—he drank a quart of rum daily for thirty years, on six days of the week. On Saturday night at sunset he stopped until Sunday at the same hour, and devoted the totally abstinent hours of the Puritan Sabbath to reading the Bible by course. He visited the store often, coming in with a softly shambly gait to sit down and tell stories and moralize with sage severity. He was not vulgar or profane, but sensible and foolish in well-nigh the same odd sentence; on the whole not an uninteresting visitor. One quiet Monday morning in the summer he stepped in noiselessly and said: "How still you be! Well, I've just read the old book through the seventeenth time." I asked: "How do you know that?" And his answer was: "I make a mark with a pen on the last leaf when I finish, and then I go back and begin at the first Chapter of Genesis, and put in a mark each Sunday night where I stop." Thus he kept his thread of Sabbath scripture unbroken, and was ready to begin the steady task of the week—a quart of rum a day—on Sunday evening. His early training kept him sober one seventh part of the time, and he had a great facility in quoting Bible texts. Once in five or six months he went to meeting—always dressed carefully in knee-breeches, long coat with brass buttons, an immense bell-crowned white hat, shoes with great silver buckles, and carrying a silver-headed cane. In this garb of a past generation he would walk solemnly into the meeting house on Sunday morning, gravely return the sober salutations of others, seat himself in some good pew, and listen to the sermon with an aspect of devout

satisfaction and interest, worthy the oldest deacon of the church.

He was a life-long Democrat, in old Federal and Democratic days, and has often told me how his persistence carried the State for his party. For seventeen years, Hon. Marcus Morton was the Democratic candidate for governor of Massachusetts, and was elected, at last, by a majority of one vote. Of course, every man who voted for him could say that he elected him. As this man of steady (drinking) habits told me his story, he said: "The town meeting's used to be held in the old meeting house, and I began to vote for Marcus, and I stuck to him. I was not ashamed of my politics, and I got a good penman to write my ballot in big letters on a half-sheet of paper. I took my ballot in my hand, walked up the broad aisle with the rest to the ballot box that stood on the communion table under the pulpit, handed my sheet to the town clerk to put in so that every body could see it, and then went down the side aisle and went home; for I never believed in hanging round and makin' a noise election days; tain't right. Seventeen times I voted for Marcus, and I fetched him! Git a good hold and stick to it, is my way."

A strange fascination lingers around these early days, and around the aspects and ways of that old-time life which we love to recall, yet would not live over again. But I do not accept the theory that childhood and youth are the happiest periods of human existence. With wisely decent conduct each period brings its enjoyments, but our own misdeeds and

"The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," mar all this, and force us back to childhood for some partial compensation. A false theology, faithless of man's progress, putting Eden in the world's infancy to be lost ere its prime, tends the same way; leading us to despair of the deeper enjoyments of our maturer years—those years that should be full of interior light and peace. It is in life as in nature. The spring-time is fresh and hopeful in its glad beauty, but summer has richer wealth; autumn its mellow glory, deeper than any tint of April skies; and winter its enjoyment of garnered fruits and its sure hope of a new spring. Our later days bring enjoyments deeper than youth can know, and foregleams of an immortality glowing with a radiance which makes the light of Eden's garden pale and poor. Youth is the ripple and sparkle of the brook near its source, transparent and fresh; age is the tranquil flow of the river, broad and deep as it nears the blue ocean.

To continue, at length, the story of my own avocations would be wearisome egotism. To tell of certain notable changes and noble reforms of the last half century, and of some excellent persons I have known, is of more consequence and interest than any continuous autobiography. So much of personal narration and experience as may add interest to these leading aims may be allowed, and no more; therefore this chapter of childhood and youth must close.

[To be continued.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Sociologic.

Co-operation: The Law of the New Civilization.  
An interest is continually gaining ground in the United States upon this subject. Naturally, this is more emphatically felt at large centres of population, than in the outlying or rural districts which have not so much needed a revolution in this direction, or have not yet come to an understanding of their needs. The avenues to wealth are open to but few, and these are growing less and less continually, and must generally be lined with gold to be successful. In the olden time, and not so very long ago either, a young man might commence business with a very small sum of money, coupled with brains and sinews, and a determination to succeed, and be successful; but either there are too many employers now, or some other trouble is abroad—the small man-go-ander, almost every time they undertake to compete with the older and well-established firms. And that word compete is the root from which is derived the term competition, or strife for superiority, and which as a Society we are seeking to annul as a governing motive, and to divert it, and conserve its energies into co-operation,—a participation by the producer of wealth in the wealth he produces.

This principle is not new, but it has not received sufficient prominence. The general idea of co-operation, I often find, in the understanding of those who are otherwise intelligent and thinking people, to be a sort of communism; a holding of the world's goods in common, and sometimes it is understood that this communistic idea extends also to the family itself. There is a communism which has had its life in France and some other European countries, and in instances where this has been restricted to the financial welfare of the people composing said community, it has worked exceedingly well, and they have grown very prosperous; but in many cases the results have proved very unfortunate, because carried to bad extremes. To illustrate how wide-spread is this idea, and how little the principles of Sociology are understood,—a lady who is the only woman Fellow of a certain Academy of Sciences, when recently invited by me to interest herself in the principles of justice, which we desire continually to set before the opening eyes of the world, replied, after excusing herself on the ground of much other labor undertaken: "In fact, my dear friend, I don't think I look upon these things as you do, and do not believe the people in my state can be brought to do so either. We consider that one family, one home, and one fireside to be about the acme of human existence." She evidently considered that Sociology, or Co-operation, the phase to which I had referred, to mean something identical with Mormonism, or some such doctrine. I was almost in despair, for she is one of the very brightest women I know, and eminently deserves the honor bestowed upon her by her election to the Academy.

We believe in the trinity of "one home, one family, and one fireside," and in the unity of that trinity. We also believe that in order to keep and make this home pure, happy and healthy, and the wellspring of prosperity to the whole nation, each worker therein is entitled to what he earns, which is a fair division of the profits of his labor, after allowing for all expenses connected with it.

We believe that the interests of Capital and Labor are identical; one cannot exist without the other; that Capital is wealth accumulated by Labor; that Capital is necessary to the carrying on of all great enterprises and must receive its interest and its share of the profits, thereby becoming assured against loss. This is as much for the good of the workman as for that of his employer.

That over and above this necessary insurance of capital, which must include its fixed rate of interest and a premium to cover risk, also the cost of management and replacement of material, the balance of price then in the hands of the management is what should be divided between the wages fund and the profit fund. Previous to this, Capital

has claimed all profits for its perquisite; it is fundamental with us that an equitable distribution of these, between Capital and Labor takes place.

We believe that Capital includes land and all its resources, in contradistinction to some others who affirm that the nationalization of land will control, regulate and equalize capital.

Members of the Sociologic Society have been invited to address many of the Labor-unions and Industrial and Philosophical Clubs of New York. On Friday, May 2nd, the President, Mrs. Fales, spoke before the Liberal Club, upon Industrial Changes, showing that this is a period of such changes, and that the questions continually arising between employers and employed must be understood and met with wisdom and in the right spirit of justice to all. In this she advocated a fixed rate of interest for capital, as I have just indicated, as well as a division of profits among all producers of profits. She was met by very strenuous opposition from every one who followed her, for the paper was open to discussion, and she writes me that "No rent, no profit, and no interest for capital," was the war-cry. These were not the men who find it necessary to combine in Trades-unions to protect themselves against starvation prices, but a class of people who meet there every week to discuss problems relating to the needs of humanity, including industrial needs, of course, and the reception they accorded the lecture is the more surprising in consequence. We would have expected more wisdom. It shows the urgent necessity of the introduction of another element into the seething cauldron of to-day's agitated opinions, an element which shall act as a precipitate, and clear the mass. The principles inculcated by this Society, will, if properly introduced, accomplish this; and perhaps, according to Homeopathic principle, that it is quality and not quantity, which is especially desirable, even the little infusion our small numbers are able to make, may furnish the yeast to leaven the whole lump of our turbulent body politic.

Here we are, with conservatives upon one hand who declare that the laborer is worthy only of such hire as he can obtain in the labor-market of the world, and upon the other are those who advocate communism, and the seizing, by violence even if need be, upon land and property to feed an enraged and insatiable multitude; a multitude that is liable upon slight provocation to turn itself into a crazy mob, as of late in Cincinnati, and destroy more valuable property in a few hours than they can all replace in their life-times.

Truly there is needed this new element to come between such opposing forces, and to show them that they work against their own good when they keep up this relation to each other, for it is not a legitimate relation. "O all the nations in Europe, the people of Switzerland are the most content and intelligent, and the least immoral. The true relations subsisting between employer and employee, are better understood there than in any other country of the world—due chiefly to two facts: first, the universal education of the people; and, secondly, the interest taken in the working classes by their masters." Is there any need that the Switzerland of Europe stand in point of moral advancement, happiness in advance of the citizens of the United States of America?

Killingly, Ct. LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

## Spread of Spiritualism.

The truth is that an absorbing interest in spiritual matters is spreading all around us. Men of thought are tired of the husks of a crude materialism. They desire to know whether this life is the be-all and end-all of existence; whether immortality is a dream, and matter the only reality. They do not necessarily accord belief to the many pretensions made by those whom, for this purpose, I may comprehensively describe as Spiritualists. They inquire, observe and investigate. Some busy themselves with a Spiritualism that is only less material than the basest materialism. Some yield expectant attention to stories which, if they did not come from afar off, would not seriously occupy them. But all, in various ways, express by voice and act their wish to probe and test the assertion loudly and persistently made that there is a life beyond the grave, and that man can prove it. This it is that brings minds the most divergent into sympathy and accord as to the broad object of their search—*M. A. (Oxon.) in Light.*

Henry Bergh on cremation: "Dr. Gross, I see, left orders that he should be cremated. I favor cremation for various reasons. I believe that on hygienic principles the cemeteries should be gradually removed and abandoned. The water flowing through the earth should be uncontaminated and not carry the refuse of decayed and lifeless humanity. As we advance in progress and civilization the cremation problem will be solved just as the relief of suffering animals has been solved. I have been asked to take an active part in the establishment of a crematory here. I have declined for the reason that my life work is devoted to another cause."

A famous mollah at Cabul having declared the use of tobacco to be contrary to the Mohammedan law, the Ameer has submitted the question to a council of mollahs from all parts of the country. If their decision be against the indulgence in tobacco, its use in Afghanistan will be prohibited, but if they pronounce it lawful the anti-tobacco prophet is promised imprisonment at Candahar.

In Lancashire, England, they keep up the traditions of centuries on Easter Monday. In Preston, for instance, the whole population make a pilgrimage to the park outside the town, each with a hard boiled egg stained some color. Everybody, young and old, makes for the summit of a hill, down which the great aim is to roll the egg without getting it smashed. To see crowds of well-dressed people rolling eggs against one another is a most amusing spectacle.

Dr. Henry T. Whitney, a native of Lunenburg, Mass., who, with his wife, has been connected with the mission of the American Board at Foo Chow, China, for seven years, has returned to this country, bringing a Chinese girl, daughter of a wealthy Chinaman, who is to study medicine at Washington, D. C. After completing her education she expects to return to practice in her native land.

A flower has been discovered in South America which is only visible when the wind is blowing. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high, with a crook at the top, giving it the appearance of a black hickory cane. When the wind blows a number of beautiful flowers protrude from little lumps on the stalk.

## Hornford's Acid Phosphate.

IN BRASSICKROSS.

S. S. PARKER, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie, I gave it to some passengers who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 7, 1884.

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## A Proposed New "Liberal" Deal.

The President and Secretary of the "National" Liberal League propose a "new deal." They announce their unwillingness to serve in their present positions beyond the time of the next annual meeting, and want the Liberals of the country to consider who shall be their successors; just as though the Liberals of the country could possibly feel the slightest interest either in their successors or themselves as officers of an old wreck of a once noble ship, now commanded and manned by the social pirates who captured her at Syracuse eight years ago.

They want all the Liberals of the country, whatever be their views as to the League and its silly demand for the repeal of all postal laws against obscenity, to attend the next Convention of the League, and see what can be done to reorganize the divided forces of the Liberal army. They recommend this, they say, because they "fear that past issues cannot be removed from the minds of many except by a change of the personnel of the management of the League, and we would not stand in the way of its unity and welfare a moment by reason of past issues."

Now we fail to see why a national organization of Liberals, supposing it desirable, should be connected with the election of officers to succeed those who now control the League. The fact is, the League has by its folly (to use the mildest term), reduced its strength and influence to a minimum, so that even at its annual convention it can bring together only a few dozen members. Nearly all the auxiliaries named in its published list are dead, as Underwood said they were some two years ago, and they are dead beyond the possibility of resurrection. By a piece of trickery, and the use of H. L. Green, whose lack of firmness and fibre, as well as flexibility of principle, made him their pliant tool, the leaders managed to make the New York Free Thinkers Association one of their auxiliaries; but the members of the latter organization never took any interest in the "parent" body, and it is looked upon now by some of the League leaders, as a rival body.

This last proposition of the President and Secretary of the League, is a mere device to get adherents and aid by indirect and deceptive methods, which cannot be obtained in any other way. They count on the ignorance or forgetfulness as to past issues of large numbers of Liberals, and hope to impress them by an apparent display of generosity and magnanimity in declining to be reflected to office, when in truth they see clearly that the force they have been keeping up is about played out, and if they do not leave the offices the offices will soon leave them by a total collapse of the whole concern. The "National" Liberal League has a history, and from the date of the Syracuse Convention, when Abbott, Underwood and Hurlburt, from considerations of self-respect, were compelled to leave it, a disgraceful record. It has stains that all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.

Does anybody suppose the League leaders would, on any condition, consent to the rescinding of the resolutions adopted at Chicago some three years ago, pledging that body to a policy demanding the repeal of all postal laws against vile prints and pictures, which the united judgment of the civilized world condemns as degrading and poisonous

to youth? By no means; and yet when their policy has evoked nothing but disapproval and denunciation, except from a little squad of cranks who divide their time between quarrelling among themselves, and abusing and slandering certain persons and papers that expose their trickery, the Liberal League leaders propose to make their concern a nucleus for a general organization of the Liberals of the country! On this subject we quite agree with the *Index*, from an editorial in which, by Mr. Underwood, we quote the following:

"We do not see why every 'Liberal Society of any kind in the country' should be represented at the next convention of the National Liberal League. That organization has been unequivocally committed and pledged by resolutions adopted and reaffirmed, as well as by the work of successive administrations, to the policy of 'repeal.' In that policy, the great majority of the Liberals of the country do not believe. The members of the League who could not see the wisdom of this policy have long since withdrawn from the organization, leaving it solely in the hands of the party that were in the majority at Syracuse. The last three conventions of the League, held at Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee, demonstrated to all impartial observers acquainted with the facts, that the League was without much vitality or influence, that it lacked harmony and cooperation of purpose, and was ready for an adventure in almost any direction which gave promise of adherents."

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There is a point, the key of the whole matter, that no one seems to like to touch—Can inspiration insure a true utterance, uncorrupted by the organism expressing it? If they would only settle that, much needless discussion might be saved. For, if inspiration cannot do this, the Bible may be inspired in every part, and not be infallibly true. To Spiritualists the question is plain and clear—as a matter of fact, inspiration does not insure absolute accuracy. Not only this, it seems to them, after collating all accessible facts, that an inspiration which should be absolutely true, at least as to its expression, is impossible, owing to the modifying influence always exerted by the organism through which it comes. That is the point to which their common-sense has led them. Perhaps their common-sense is not "sanctified" enough; it would be well if the clergy would, instead of steadily assuming that plenary inspiration is undoubtedly true, tell the waiting world how they know it to be true, and what, if anything, can prevent a true utterance.

## Talmage's Conspiracy.

The evidence reaching this office from all parts of the country, seems to establish the fact that the delivery of the recent vile sermon of Dr. Talmage was only part of a far-reaching conspiracy to break down Spiritualism. It is usual to have Talmage's sermons manifolded by the reporter, and sent to several papers, and afterwards cut up, altered, new headings supplied and made into magazine articles (see the *Sunday Magazine* for illustration of this). But the reports of the sermon received at this office bear the heading "By telegraph" and some of them were published by papers which could not afford to pay for telegraphing. It must have been written and sent by mail in advance of delivery. Why was the usual custom departed from in this case? Knowing the intense interest felt in Spiritualism in all parts of the country, knowing, too, the large number of Spiritualists to be found attending the churches, the reverend falsifier was sure the sermon would be published, certain it would be read; he hoped to annihilate Spiritualism at a blow, or falling in this to magnify Talmage, which would be still better. Lying for the glory of God, however, is rarely successful; the sermon, like the Pope's Bull against the comet, has fallen harmless, showing nothing new; only bringing into greater prominence the hatred which preachers of the Talmage stripe feel for the Spiritualism which can demonstrate what they can only vapor about, of which they may believe much but know nothing.

It may be thought a grave charge to bring, that Dr. Talmage deliberately lies, but it is a true one. It has been generally supposed that the Rev. Dr. speaks "by inspiration," certainly extempore. Yet, it is known to many that he walks up and down his room memorizing his sermon, sometimes far into Saturday night, causing much complaint from those of his household who would rather sleep than hear a Talmage sermon. We approve their taste. Whatever the Rev. Dr. speaks in public has been well studied and memorized beforehand. In a sermon preached some time ago, on blasphemy, he told the story of a man standing in front of Princeton College, N. J., blaspheming, when a railroad train came along and cut off his tongue, injuring no other part of his body. This stupendous lie was not a blunder made in heat of argument, but was deliberately penned and memorized, and as deliberately examined and sent to the *Christian Herald*, the *Cleveland Herald*, and other papers West and South. There is scarcely a sermon he preaches without some statements so broadly exaggerated as to be complete falsehoods.

But Spiritualism cannot be lied out of existence; Spiritualists cannot be bullied, nor cursed, nor argued, nor coaxed to doubt their personal, positive knowledge of spirit return. The reverend acrobat may use his wildest gestures, may sneer and joke, and falsify to his heart's content; the clerical bigot may exult in the lurid hell he denounces for all who differ from him—it will not move a single Spiritualist, nor hinder the spread of the truth a particle. A strong, stalwart man was having his face slapped by a small, slight woman, his wife. "Why do you stand such usage?" said a bystander. "Oh, it pleases her, and don't hurt me," was the reply. So all the "forcible feeble" attacks that Talmage can make, may please him, may amuse his congregation, but will do no harm to Spiritualism. Even if he had control of civil power to make his denunciations effective in some directions, it would still be true that,

"Truth, crushed to earth will rise again—  
 The eternal years of God are hers—  
 While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
 And dies amid her worshippers."

## Ingersoll and the Catholics.

The Catholics have generally been content to let Ingersoll severely alone, but a priest of that church having published "Notes on Ingersoll," in which his teachings are handled without gloves, and the Agnostic champion declining the battle thus offered in contemptuous terms, the *Catholic Union* and *Times* "goes for him" in the following style:

"At one time the lecture is called 'Mistakes of Moses' at another 'Skulls,' at another 'The Gods,' at another 'Orthodoxy,' and so on and so on—a litany of titles; but under whatever name it is advertised, it is the same old original Jacob of a now. Sometimes he begins at the first verse and stings it through to the last; then he shifts the cylinder, starts at the last verse and grinds it through to the first; again, shifting the cylinder, he begins in the middle and reads it off in both directions—but always the same old time. There is one advantage at least, in this method of abolishing Christianity: when you have heard any one of the lectures, you have the whole collection—and all for fifty cents. When the fiddler plays 'O Susanna' for the first time, you rather like it; when he fiddles it again as 'Yankee Doodle' you may let it pass, but when he raps it off again as 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' it grows monotonous."

After reading any one of Ingersoll's lectures, you have gone over the whole ground of his antagonism to Christianity; you know all he has said or appears to be able to say.

From quotations in the same paper, it seems as if there was to be firing all along the Roman line. The hint is given that "the press made him and the press can unmake him." The "Holy War" will be watched with much interest everywhere.

Dr. Henry Slade is now at Houston, Texas, where he is fully satisfying the demands of the Spiritualists, and also convincing the skeptics that there is a method by which the denizens of the Spirit-world can communicate with their friends on earth. A reporter of the *Houston Post* called upon the Doctor, and received an excellent communication from Robert Dale Owen; but when he asked the question, "Who am I, and where did I come from?" the spirit drew a crooked mark from one end of the slate to the other, intimating that it might be better to leave the question unanswered. The Doctor is creating considerable excitement among Southern Spiritualists.

## A Warning to Iowa Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Iowa who, as a body, are intelligent, virtuous, moral, order-loving and law-abiding citizens, are in danger of having the cause which they love brought once more before the people of that State in such a light as to merit the contempt and condemnation of all decent people. Some months ago a small gathering—about a dozen—at Ottumwa was cajoled by a pair of wily-tongued free-lovers into a scheme which has placed Moses Hull in charge of the fortunes of the proposed camp meeting at Mount Pleasant Park, near Clinton. This unspeakably vile, libidinous wretch who left his calling as an Advent preacher to curse Spiritualism by becoming, ostensibly, its advocate, is put forward to represent the Cause through the weakness of a few who will be held responsible by the Spiritualists of Iowa and the North-West. There is no possible excuse for their act; they cannot plead ignorance, for Hull's record has been public property these many years. He is an outcast from respectable society and unfit to associate with good people. If this seems like strong language we refer these taking exception thereto to Hull's open assertion of his promiscuous sexual practices, as published in his letter to *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* for August 23rd, 1873. If that is not enough, let those interested follow his career during the past ten years. The publication of that letter aroused the virtuous indignation of the great body of Spiritualists, who repudiated him, his doctrines and practices. Thus ostracized he has led a wandering life ever since.

Ruled off the platform of Eastern camp meetings as unfit to associate with, he is now to misrepresent Spiritualism in Iowa.

Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee, another notorious free-lover, is interested in Hull's Iowa scheme, and is put forward as the principal speaker at a "Mass Picnic" to be held in Mount Pleasant Park, at Clinton, on the 7th and 8th of June. Hull has the effrontery to advertise that "the Spiritualists of Iowa and Western Illinois will hold their June picnic," etc. The *Spiritualists* will do nothing of the kind! That some good and well meaning Spiritualists, ignorant of the true character of Hull and Severance, may attend, is possible, but it is *prima facie* evidence only to be removed by strong rebutting testimony, that any person knowing the true character of Hull, and attending that gathering or in any way adding to establish a camp meeting under the management of Hull, is morally unclean, and is either openly or secretly a free-lover. In full sympathy with the doctrines and practices of Moses Hull, as set forth in his letter to *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* heretofore mentioned.

A Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association in Iowa and a permanent camping ground, all under the management of reputable people, is desirable. A camp under the management of Hull, would be a constant source of danger to the morals of the community, and a public nuisance which should never be allowed to get a foot-hold anywhere among civilized people.

That Hull and Severance will guard their language at the coming picnic, and at the camp meeting later on, so as to hide their true inwardness, is quite likely; but the virus is there, and moral malaria will poison the spiritual atmosphere wherever they are allowed to do their chosen work.

## "Blasphemy."

"If Robert G. Ingersoll indulges in blasphemy to-night in his lecture as he has in other places, he will be arrested before he leaves the city." So spoke the Rev. Irwin H. Torrence, general secretary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, on one occasion lately, when Col. Ingersoll was advertised to speak in Philadelphia. The reverend gentleman said: "We have consulted counsel; the law is with us, and Ingersoll has but to do what he has done before to find himself in a cell." The law to which he refers is as follows:

"If any person shall wilfully, premeditatedly and despitefully blaspheme or speak loosely and profanely of Almighty God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit or the Scriptures of Truth, such person, on conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding \$100, and undergo an imprisonment not exceeding three months, or either, at the discretion of the court."

The threat made by this divine did not deter Col. Ingersoll from lecturing as advertised. It did, however, contribute very much toward giving him a large audience, and also exhibited the extreme foolishness of this clerical gentleman in trying to suppress freedom of speech.

## Comparative Value of Newspapers.

We find a slip going the rounds of our exchanges containing a sharp analysis of the value of newspapers as guides, or as guided by, public sentiment. The writer, Hon. James A. Troutman, says in the *Home Guard*:

"A reform measure always shows three classes of papers in every State. The people of any town will know in which of these divisions the local paper belongs."

"First—Those whose editors are men of convictions and courage. These papers always boldly and vigorously discuss every vital question in which their readers are interested. They are leaders of public sentiment. They help make public sentiment."

"Second—Those whose editors are men of convictions, but lack courage. These papers are 'conservative,' which is but another name for cowardice. They follow public sentiment. They are of no value whatever in the formative period of any work. Until success is assured, their position is a matter of doubt."

"Third—Those whose editors are characterless and venal. These papers have but little influence. They are not worth much to any measure, but usually sell out for a great deal more than they are worth."

It will not be hard for Spiritualists to class under one or the other of these heads all the Spiritualist papers they know of. Still less difficult will it be to decide which of these classes ought to receive their indorsement and help.

## GENERAL NOTES.

Mr. Bronson Murray, of New York City, spent last Monday in Chicago.

Dr. Spinney spoke in Sturgis, Mich., June 1st, and will speak in Paw Paw, June 7th.

Alfred Cowley of California, sends subscription for JOURNAL, but fails to state his P. O.

The veteran Spiritualist, Newman Weeks, of Vermont, is in town, taking a hand in political matters.

Mrs. Maud Lord is anxiously inquired for this week, by numerous visitors from all over the country.

The Spiritualists of Oregon will hold a Grove meeting at New Era, Clackamas county, the 19th of June.

G. W. Brooks will attend the Spiritualist meeting at Omro, Wis., June 6th, 7th and 8th. Mr. Brooks's permanent address is 124 Charter street, Madison, Wis.

Major E. W. Hale, a public-spirited and prominent citizen of Towanda, Penn., was among callers at the JOURNAL office this week.

Mr. William Nicol will speak next Sunday evening in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., near Madison. Subject: "Jesus, a Model Medium." His lecture last Sunday evening was well received, we hear.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins are in the city this week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bundy. Mr. Stebbins will attend the Sturgis (Mich.) Yearly Meeting of Spiritualists, June 14th and 15th.

Lyman C. Howe, after officiating at the funeral of Morris M. Shultz of Wilcox, Pa. dropped in upon his family at Fredonia, N. Y., for a short visit. He is now filling an engagement at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. O. A. Bishop of 79 South Peoria street, of whose mediumship the JOURNAL has often spoken favorably, has lately given tests to visitors that should satisfy the most skeptical, were they to have similar experiences with her.

E. Gerry Brown, publisher of the *Bunker Hill Times* and member of the Common Council of Boston, is, as we go to press, the guest of the editor of the JOURNAL. Mr. Brown is on hand to help nominate a candidate for President.

Mrs. Ophelia Shepard lectures at Milwaukee on the 8th inst., and goes from there to Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin. She will visit the Eastern camp meetings in July and August. The JOURNAL commends Mrs. Shepard to the friends of true Spiritualism wherever she may travel.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church has adopted the report of the committee on Marriage and Divorce, declaring it to be the sense of the conference that divorces shall not be granted but for adultery, and any one divorced for such a reason, if he be the guilty party, can not be married again by a minister of the church.

The Society for Psychical Research, London, England, has issued Part V. of its Proceedings. It contains reports from committees on Thought-transference; on Mesmerism; on the Divining Rod, and from the Literary committee. Mr. Malcolm Guthrie gives some very clear experiments in Thought-transference conducted by himself. Mr. Gurney writes on "The Stages of Hypnotism," and Professor Barrett on "The Existence of a Magnetic Sense."

Emerson once said of Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H.") that she stood on the threshold of a great achievement. The large and increasing circle of her readers are doubtless satisfied that Mr. Emerson's prophecy was fulfilled years ago; if any doubt remained, it would certainly be removed by the beauty, pathos, and power of Mrs. Jackson's story, "Rampas," now being published in the *Christian Union*, 20 Lafayette Place, New York. For dramatic interest, narrative skill, and deep feeling no story of recent years has equalled it.

The foundation of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," is at last completed. It is sunk fifteen feet eight inches below the surface of the ground, and rises fifty-two feet ten inches above. It is ninety-one feet square at the bottom, and sixty-seven at the top. The pedestal is to rise one hundred and seventeen feet above this, and the statue, one hundred and fifty-seven feet, is to cap the mass, making the total height from low water to the top of the torch three hundred and thirty-two feet. "The great problem," said Gen. Stone, "is to guard against the whole mass, with 4,000 square feet of surface, toppling over into the harbor before the strong winds. Four large iron bars will be cemented into the base and pedestal, and will connect with the steel works which are to support the statue. It will be as immovable as the hills."

The Southern Exposition of 1884, at Louisville, Ky., will open August 16th, and close October 25th, making sixty-one exhibition days. Justified by the attendance and appreciation accorded its efforts in the past, the management of 1884 has resolved to even out its past attempts to offer at Louisville an exhibition typical of Kentucky and the whole South and Southwest. To accomplish the greatest possibilities the brightest intellects, the most varied tastes, the widest experiences will be called into requisition. The ideal of art and music, the best and most perfect of mechanical effects and appliances, the latest and most wonderful phases of light by electricity, in addition to the grandest display of the products and resources of the Southern States will all be secured and showed in what is designed to be the greatest industrial exposition of the age.



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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request. When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 7, 1884.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

## A Proposed New "Liberal" Deal.

The President and Secretary of the "National" Liberal League propose a "new deal." They announce their unwillingness to serve in their present positions beyond the time of the next annual meeting, and want the Liberals of the country to consider who shall be their successors; just as though the Liberals of the country could possibly feel the slightest interest either in their successors or themselves as officers of an old wreck of a once noble ship, now commanded and manned by the social pirates who captured her at Syracuse eight years ago.

They want all the Liberals of the country, whatever be their views as to the League and its silly demand for the repeal of all postal laws against obscenity, to attend the next Convention of the League, and see what can be done to reorganize the divided forces of the Liberal army. They recommend this, they say, because they "fear that past issues cannot be removed from the minds of many except by a change of the personnel of the management of the League, and we would not stand in the way of its unity and welfare a moment by reason of past issues."

Now we fail to see why a national organization of Liberals, supposing it desirable, should be connected with the election of officers to succeed those who now control the League. The fact is, the League has by its folly (to use the mildest term), reduced its strength and influence to a minimum, so that even at its annual convention it can bring together only a few dozen members. Nearly all the auxiliaries named in its published list are dead, as Underwood said they were some two years ago, and they are dead beyond the possibility of resurrection. By a piece of trickery, and the use of H. L. Green, whose lack of firmness and fibre, as well as flexibility of principle, made him their pliant tool, the leaders managed to make the New York Free Thinkers Association one of their auxiliaries; but the members of the latter organization never took any interest in the "parent" body, and it is looked upon now by some of the League leaders, as a rival body.

This last proposition of the President and Secretary of the League, is a mere device to get adherents and aid by indirect and deceptive methods, which cannot be obtained in any other way. They count on the ignorance or forgetfulness as to past issues of large numbers of Liberals, and hope to impress them by an apparent display of generosity and magnanimity in declining to be reflected to office, when in truth they see clearly that the force they have been keeping up is about played out, and if they do not leave the offices the offices will soon leave them by a total collapse of the whole concern. The "National" Liberal League has a history, and from the date of the Syracuse Convention, when Abbott, Underwood and Hurlburt, from considerations of self-respect, were compelled to leave it, a disgraceful record. It has stains that all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.

Does anybody suppose the League leaders would, on any condition, consent to the rescinding of the resolutions adopted at Chicago some three years ago, pledging that body to a policy demanding the repeal of all postal laws against vile prints and pictures, which the united judgment of the civilized world condemns as degrading and poisonous

to youth? By no means; and yet when their policy has evoked nothing but disapproval and denunciation, except from a little squad of cranks who divide their time between quarrelling among themselves, and abusing and slandering certain persons and papers that expose their trickery, the Liberal League leaders propose to make their concern a nucleus for a general organization of the Liberals of the country! On this subject we quite agree with the *Index*, from an editorial in which, by Mr. Underwood, we quote the following:

"We do not see why every 'Liberal Society of any kind in the country' should be represented at the next convention of the National Liberal League. That organization has been unequivocally committed and blessed by resolutions adopted and reaffirmed, as well as by the work of successive administrations, to the policy of 'repeal.' In that policy, the great majority of the Liberals of the country do not believe. The members of the League who could not see the wisdom of this policy have long since withdrawn from the organization, leaving it solely in the hands of the party that were in the majority at Syracuse. The last three conventions of the League, held at Chicago, St. Louis, and Milwaukee, demonstrated to all impartial observers acquainted with the facts, that the League was without much vitality or influence, that it lacked harmony and cooperation of purpose, and was ready for an adventure in almost any direction which gave promise of adherents."

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There is a point, the key of the whole matter, that no one seems to like to touch—Can inspiration insure a true utterance, uncorrupted by the organism expressing it? If they would only settle that, much needless discussion might be saved. For, if inspiration cannot do this, the Bible may be inspired in every part, and not be infallibly true. To Spiritualists the question is plain and clear—as a matter of fact, inspiration does not insure absolute accuracy. Not only this, it seems to them, after collating all accessible facts, that an inspiration which should be absolutely true, at least as to its expression, is impossible, owing to the modifying influence always exerted by the organism through which it comes. That is the point to which their common-sense has led them. Perhaps their common-sense is not "sanctified" enough; it would be well if the clergy would, instead of steadily assuming that plenary inspiration is undoubtedly true, tell the waiting world how they know it to be true, and what, if anything, can prevent a true utterance.

## Talmage's Conspiracy.

The evidence reaching this office from all parts of the country, seems to establish the fact that the delivery of the recent vile sermon of Dr. Talmage was only part of a far-reaching conspiracy to break down Spiritualism. It is usual to have Talmage's sermons manifolded by the reporter, and sent to several papers, and afterwards cut up, altered, new headings supplied and made into magazine articles (see the *Sunday Magazine* for illustration of this). But the reports of the sermon received at this office bear the heading "By telegraph" and some of them were published by papers which could not afford to pay for telegraphing. It must have been written and sent by mail in advance of delivery. Why was the usual custom departed from in this case? Knowing the intense interest felt in Spiritualism in all parts of the country, knowing, too, the large number of Spiritualists to be found attending the churches, the reverend falsifier was sure the sermon would be published, certain it would be read; he hoped to annihilate Spiritualism at a blow, or falling in this to magnify Talmage, which would be still better. Lying for the glory of God, however, is rarely successful; the sermon, like the Pope's Bull against the comet, has fallen harmless, showing nothing new; only bringing into greater prominence the hatred which preachers of the Talmage stripe feel for the Spiritualism which can demonstrate what they can only vapor about, of which they may believe much but know nothing.

It may be thought a grave charge to bring, that Dr. Talmage deliberately lies, but it is a true one. It has been generally supposed that the Rev. Dr. speaks "by inspiration," certainly extempore. Yet, it is known to many that he walks up and down his room memorizing his sermon, sometimes far into Saturday night, causing much complaint from those of his household who would rather sleep than hear a Talmage sermon. We approve their taste. Whatever the Rev. Dr. speaks in public has been well studied and memorized beforehand. In a sermon preached some time ago, on blasphemy, he told the story of a man standing in front of Princeton College, N. J., blaspheming, when a railroad train came along and cut off his tongue, injuring no other part of his body. This stupendous lie was not a blunder made in heat of argument, but was deliberately penned and memorized, and as deliberately examined and sent to the *Christian Herald*, the *Cleveland Herald*, and other papers West and South. There is scarcely a sermon he preaches without some statements so broadly exaggerated as to be complete falsehoods.

But Spiritualism cannot be lied out of existence; Spiritualists cannot be bullied, nor cursed, nor argued, nor coaxed to doubt their personal, positive knowledge of spirit return. The reverend acrobat may use his wildest gestures, may sneer and joke, and falsify to his heart's content; the clerical bigot may exult in the lurid hell he denounces for all who differ from him—it will not move a single Spiritualist, nor hinder the spread of the truth a particle. A strong, stalwart man was having his face slapped by a small, slight woman, his wife. "Why do you stand such usage?" said a bystander. "Oh, it pleases her, and don't hurt me," was the reply. So all the "forcible feeble" attacks that Talmage can make, may please him, may amuse his congregation, but will do no harm to Spiritualism. Even if he had control of civil power to make his denunciations effective in some directions, it would still be true that,

"Truth, crushed to earth will rise again—  
 The eternal rays of God are born—  
 While Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
 And dies amid her worshippers."

## Ingersoll and the Catholics.

The Catholics have generally been content to let Ingersoll severely alone, but a priest of that church having published "Notes on Ingersoll," in which his teachings are handled without gloves, and the Agnostic champion declining the battle thus offered in contemptuous terms, the *Catholic Union* and *Times* "goes for him" in the following style:

"At one time the lecture is called 'Mistakes of Moses' at another 'Skulls,' at another 'The Gods,' at another 'Orthodoxy,' and so on and so on—a litany of titles; but under whatever name it is advertised, it is the same old original Jacobus of a now. Sometimes he begins at the first verse and stings it through to the last; then he shifts the cylinder, starts at the last verse and grinds it through to the first; again, shifting the cylinder, he begins in the middle and reels it off in both directions—but always the same old time. There is one advantage at least, in this method of abolishing Christianity: when you have heard any one of the lectures, you have the whole collection—and all for fifty cents. When the fiddler plays 'O Susanna' for the first time, you rather like it; when he fiddles it again as 'Yankee Doodle' you may let it pass, but when he raps it off again as 'Life on the Ocean Wave,' it grows monotonous."

After reading any one of Ingersoll's lectures, you have gone over the whole ground of his antagonism to Christianity; you know all he has said or appears to be able to say.

From quotations in the same paper, it seems as if there was to be firing all along the Roman line. The hint is given that "the press made him and the press can unmake him." The "Holy War" will be watched with much interest everywhere.

Dr. Henry Slade is now at Houston, Texas, where he is fully satisfying the demands of the Spiritualists, and also convincing the skeptics that there is a method by which the denizens of the Spirit-world can communicate with their friends on earth. A reporter of the *Houston Post* called upon the Doctor, and received an excellent communication from Robert Dale Owen; but when he asked the question, "Who am I, and where did I come from?" the spirit drew a crooked mark from one end of the slate to the other, intimating that it might be better to leave the question unanswered. The Doctor is creating considerable excitement among Southern Spiritualists.

## A Warning to Iowa Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Iowa who, as a body, are intelligent, virtuous, moral, order-loving and law-abiding citizens, are in danger of having the cause which they love brought once more before the people of that State in such a light as to merit the contempt and condemnation of all decent people. Some months ago a small gathering—about a dozen—at Ottumwa was cajoled by a pair of wily-tongued free-lovers into a scheme which has placed Moses Hull in charge of the fortunes of the proposed camp meeting at Mount Pleasant Park, near Clinton. This unspeakably vile, libidinous wretch who left his calling as an Advent preacher to curse Spiritualism by becoming, ostensibly, its advocate, is put forward to represent the Cause through the weakness of a few who will be held responsible by the Spiritualists of Iowa and the North-West. There is no possible excuse for their act; they cannot plead ignorance, for Hull's record has been public property these many years. He is an outcast from respectable society and unfit to associate with good people. If this seems like strong language we refer these taking exception thereto to Hull's open assertion of his promiscuous sexual practices, as published in his letter to *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* for August 23rd, 1873. If that is not enough, let those interested follow his career during the past ten years. The publication of that letter aroused the virtuous indignation of the great body of Spiritualists, who repudiated him, his doctrines and practices. Thus ostracized he has led a wandering life ever since.

Ruled off the platform of Eastern camp meetings as unfit to associate with, he is now to misrepresent Spiritualism in Iowa.

Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee, another notorious free-lover, is interested in Hull's Iowa scheme, and is put forward as the principal speaker at a "Mass Picnic" to be held in Mount Pleasant Park, at Clinton, on the 7th and 8th of June. Hull has the effrontery to advertise that "the Spiritualists of Iowa and Western Illinois will hold their June picnic," etc. The *Spiritualists* will do nothing of the kind! That some good and well meaning Spiritualists, ignorant of the true character of Hull and Severance, may attend, is possible, but it is *prima facie* evidence only to be removed by strong rebutting testimony, that any person knowing the true character of Hull, and attending that gathering or in any way adding to establish a camp meeting under the management of Hull, is morally unclean, and is either openly or secretly a free-lover. In full sympathy with the doctrines and practices of Moses Hull, as set forth in his letter to *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly* heretofore mentioned.

A Spiritualist Camp Meeting Association in Iowa and a permanent camping ground, all under the management of reputable people, is desirable. A camp under the management of Hull, would be a constant source of danger to the morals of the community, and a public nuisance which should never be allowed to get a foot-hold anywhere among civilized people.

That Hull and Severance will guard their language at the coming picnic, and at the camp meeting later on, so as to hide their true inwardness, is quite likely; but the virus is there, and moral malaria will poison the spiritual atmosphere wherever they are allowed to do their chosen work.

## "Blasphemy."

"If Robert G. Ingersoll indulges in blasphemy to-night in his lecture as he has in other places, he will be arrested before he leaves the city." So spoke the Rev. Irwin H. Torrence, general secretary of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, on one occasion lately, when Col. Ingersoll was advertised to speak in Philadelphia. The reverend gentleman said: "We have consulted counsel; the law is with us, and Ingersoll has but to do what he has done before to find himself in a cell." The law to which he refers is as follows:

"If any person shall wilfully, premeditatedly and despitefully blaspheme or speak loosely and profanely of Almighty God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit or the Scriptures of Truth, such person, on conviction thereof, shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding \$100, and undergo an imprisonment not exceeding three months, or either, at the discretion of the court."

The threat made by this divine did not deter Col. Ingersoll from lecturing as advertised. It did, however, contribute very much toward giving him a large audience, and also exhibited the extreme foolishness of this clerical gentleman in trying to suppress freedom of speech.

## Comparative Value of Newspapers.

We find a slip going the rounds of our exchanges containing a sharp analysis of the value of newspapers as guides, or as guided by, public sentiment. The writer, Hon. James A. Troutman, says in the *Home Guard*:

"A reform measure always shows three classes of papers in every State. The people of any town will know in which of these divisions the local paper belongs."

"First—Those whose editors are men of convictions and courage. These papers always boldly and vigorously discuss every vital question in which their readers are interested. They are leaders of public sentiment. They help make public sentiment."

"Second—Those whose editors are men of convictions, but lack courage. These papers are 'conservative,' which is but another name for cowardice. They follow public sentiment. They are of no value whatever in the formative period of any work. Until success is assured, their position is a matter of doubt."

"Third—Those whose editors are characterless and venal. These papers have but little influence. They are not worth much to any measure, but usually sell out for a great deal more than they are worth."

It will not be hard for Spiritualists to class under one or the other of these heads all the Spiritualist papers they know of. Still less difficult will it be to decide which of these classes ought to receive their indorsement and help.

## GENERAL NOTES.

Mr. Bronson Murray, of New York City, spent last Monday in Chicago.

Dr. Spinney spoke in Sturgis, Mich., June 1st, and will speak in Paw Paw, June 7th.

Alfred Cowley of California, sends subscription for JOURNAL, but fails to state his P. O.

The veteran Spiritualist, Newman Weeks, of Vermont, is in town, taking a hand in political matters.

Mrs. Maud Lord is anxiously inquired for this week, by numerous visitors from all over the country.

The Spiritualists of Oregon will hold a Grove meeting at New Era, Clackamas county, the 19th of June.

G. W. Brooks will attend the Spiritualist meeting at Omro, Wis., June 6th, 7th and 8th. Mr. Brooks's permanent address is 124 Charter street, Madison, Wis.

Major E. W. Hale, a public-spirited and prominent citizen of Towanda, Penn., was among callers at the JOURNAL office this week.

Mr. William Nicol will speak next Sunday evening in Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., near Madison. Subject: "Jesus, a Model Medium." His lecture last Sunday evening was well received, we hear.

Mr. and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins are in the city this week, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bundy. Mr. Stebbins will attend the Sturgis (Mich.) Yearly Meeting of Spiritualists, June 14th and 15th.

Lyman C. Howe, after officiating at the funeral of Morris M. Shultz of Wilcox, Pa. dropped in upon his family at Fredonia, N. Y., for a short visit. He is now filling an engagement at Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. O. A. Bishop of 79 South Peoria street, of whose mediumship the JOURNAL has often spoken favorably, has lately given tests to visitors that should satisfy the most skeptical, were they to have similar experiences with her.

E. Gerry Brown, publisher of the *Bunker Hill Times* and member of the Common Council of Boston, is, as we go to press, the guest of the editor of the JOURNAL. Mr. Brown is on hand to help nominate a candidate for President.

Mrs. Ophelia Shepard lectures at Milwaukee on the 8th inst., and goes from there to Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin. She will visit the Eastern camp meetings in July and August. The JOURNAL commends Mrs. Shepard to the friends of true Spiritualism wherever she may travel.

The General Conference of the M. E. Church has adopted the report of the committee on Marriage and Divorce, declaring it to be the sense of the conference that divorces shall not be granted but for adultery, and any one divorced for such a reason, if he be the guilty party, can not be married again by a minister of the church.

The Society for Psychical Research, London, England, has issued Part V. of its Proceedings. It contains reports from committees on Thought-transference; on Mesmerism; on the Divining Rod, and from the Literary committee. Mr. Malcolm Guthrie gives some very clear experiments in Thought-transference conducted by himself. Mr. Gurney writes on "The Stages of Hypnotism," and Professor Barrett on "The Existence of a Magnetic Sense."

Emerson once said of Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H.") that she stood on the threshold of a great achievement. The large and increasing circle of her readers are doubtless satisfied that Mr. Emerson's prophecy was fulfilled years ago; if any doubt remained, it would certainly be removed by the beauty, pathos, and power of Mrs. Jackson's story, "Rampas," now being published in the *Christian Union*, 20 Lafayette Place, New York. For dramatic interest, narrative skill, and deep feeling no story of recent years has equalled it.

The foundation of the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," is at last completed. It is sunk fifteen feet eight inches below the surface of the ground, and rises fifty-two feet ten inches above. It is ninety-one feet square at the bottom, and sixty-seven at the top. The pedestal is to rise one hundred and seventeen feet above this, and the statue, one hundred and fifty-seven feet, is to cap the mass, making the total height from low water to the top of the torch three hundred and thirty-two feet. "The great problem," said Gen. Stone, "is to guard against the whole mass, with 4,000 square feet of surface, toppling over into the harbor before the strong winds. Four large iron bars will be cemented into the base and pedestal, and will connect with the steel works which are to support the statue. It will be as immovable as the hills."

The Southern Exposition of 1884, at Louisville, Ky., will open August 16th, and close October 25th, making sixty-one exhibition days. Justified by the attendance and appreciation accorded its efforts in the past, the management of 1884 has resolved to even out its past attempts to offer at Louisville an exhibition typical of Kentucky and the whole South and Southwest. To accomplish the greatest possibilities the brightest intellects, the most varied tastes, the widest experiences will be called into requisition. The ideal of art and music, the best and most perfect of mechanical effects and appliances, the latest and most wonderful phases of light by electricity, in addition to the grandest display of the products and resources of the Southern States will all be secured and showed in what is designed to be the greatest industrial exposition of the age.



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## Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

### My Mother's Grave.

BY GEORGE W. CROFTS.

I stood beside my mother's grave  
Upon the verdant hill,  
While o'er my soul in mountain wave  
Emotions worked their will.

I thought I saw beneath the sod  
The dust from whence I sprang,  
When love untold swept down from God,  
And bells of joy were rang.

I thought I heard her voice once more,  
In voice how sweet to me!  
First gently from the farther shore  
Beyond the silent sea.

And in the lilac purple bloom,  
And from the tender grass,  
And on the wings of sweet perfume,  
Her spirit seemed to pass.

And, as it passed, I felt my heart  
Leap high in transports wild,  
And all my cares seemed to depart,  
And I again a child.

The sun shone brightly on the mold,  
Dark rippled by the plow,  
The lark from out his throat of gold  
Poured all his music now.

The wood, the mead, the mellow hill,  
Wrapped in their dreamy haze,  
Succored my heart to fill  
And bind my steady gaze.

And bursting from the buried past,  
Bright scenes like flow'ers bloomed;  
Scenes all too beautiful to last,  
By memory enshroued.

And thus from out that silent grave  
My childhood rose anew,  
As fresh as when sweet heaven gave  
Its light and morning dew.

And then I heard—oh seemed to hear—  
Sweet voices of the blest,  
And thus they said: "Beyond this sphere  
The weary shall find rest."

Sandwich, Ill.

### Notable Matters in the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A Massachusetts friend of mine—a witty physician whose laugh would cure any common illness—"that flesh is heir to"—once told me a good story of a peculiar feature of the Sunday sermonizing in a Worcester County town in that State. A certain dignitary of the village, a man of stately and imposing aspect, was a constant church-goer, and he was a member, and his pew was in the central aisle near the pulpit. Always, when the sermon began, he would rise and turn away from the preacher to face the congregation, and stand with folded arms until the discourse ended. When any sentence or sentiment of the clergyman seemed to him fitted to the needs of any one present, he would look intently at that person, turning his gaze from one to another as the subjects touched on in their case. They used to say that the minister preached, and the Colonel applied the sermon.

The Journal is your pupil—not quite orthodox though, because it is free for others to preach from as well as for you. I am a constant reader of the word, but do not mean to apply it quite so personally as the Worcester County Colonel did, for I am not clairvoyant enough to see from London to San Francisco and know what needs such application. But an occasional suggestion as to some specially noteworthy matters from your goodly company of preachers may not be amiss.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

In his able and manly Easter sermon, aims to be just to Spiritualism, and to recognize its power and claims. He speaks of "a large amount of what it is charity to believe, is self-deception, and what one is fairly compelled to believe is outright fraud." I do not complain of his statement, for it was well he should make it, and thus give the evil along with the good, that all may be forewarned and thus fore-armed. But where is the unerring wisdom in this poor fellow? I marvel sometimes, thinking of the atmosphere full of pious self-deception and outright fraud, from which the minds of many Spiritualists have just escaped, that we have so little comparatively, in our midst. Think of the millions in Christendom cherishing and holding sacred the delusion of Bible infallibility, the horrible delusion of a bloody vicarious atonement, the lurid and cruel delusion of a hell of endless and awful torment. Call to mind the pious frauds by which the pious delusions were started and are still kept up, the misdeeds of the pious, the "God's servants" by the professed and clerical followers of "the man Christ Jesus." Call to mind the hosts that crowd around such a man as Moody, and the companies of grave clergymen who go to Joseph Cook's Monday lectures in Boston, and really look up to that reckless and slanderous fellow as a learned and accurate man, full of the fervor of piety. The delusions and frauds of Spiritualism are petty in comparison. But it may be said that these delusions are dim glimpses, or perversions, of great truths, and that good people believe them; so are the delusions and frauds of Spiritualism glimpses and perversions of truths that the waiting world eagerly expects, if we could inheritance and halcyon of blind and servile belief as an influence. Many of us will join with Mr. Savage in his efforts to end them.

M. D. CONWAY'S VISIT TO MADAME BLAVATSKY.

In your issue of May 20th, makes an interesting story, largely true, I judge, of Theosophy and Occultism, and of Madame Blavatsky, Col. Olcott and others in India.

Take little stock in Theosophy, but a late book on Buddhism by Sinott, a Theosophist, is well spoken of. Of Conway I bear in mind his slander of Alfred Wallace, his blind and bitter contempt of Spiritualism, and his romantic tendencies as a newspaper correspondent. We must allow for his strong and stupid materialistic prejudices. In anything he says, even of Theosophy.

THE HARMONICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Extracts from an admirable address on this philosophy "as a factor in human progress," by Alexander Wilder of New York, should be carefully read. He well says: "The Harmonical Philosophy is cosmic; it relates to the energies and potencies of the whole universe, to everything touching man." The breadth and perfection of that philosophy too many Spiritualists forget, or underestimate, as they do the spiritual service of the spiritual gifts and laws, and the admirable writings of Andrew Jackson Davis.

THE NOTICE OF "BIAGEN," A SPECULATION ON THE ORIGIN AND NATURE OF LIFE, BY PROFESSOR RIGOLD COOKE, tells of a scientific work which is a revolt against the pride of science falsely so called—that is, the dogmatic and bigoted materialistic science of our day. It hints also at the prior discovery of Biogen under another and better name, Zether, by Hudson Tuttle, twenty years ago. I have looked into Mr. Tuttle's books and find there is no doubt of that early discovery. Doubtless it was original with each, Tuttle reaching it by spiritual seership or by intuition, perhaps by the joint action of both; Cooke by the usual scientific methods, and thus to both belongs due credit. Yet Tuttle's Zether adds another to the list of discoveries made by the soul, before the slower and narrower senses reached the same point, and should remind us, too, of the excellent writings, the terse and clear speech, the long and valuable spiritual experiences, and the personal worth of Hudson Tuttle. Would it not be wise to pay less heed to sensational novelties, and more to our really best and greatest seers and teachers?

CO-OPERATION, THE LAW OF THE NEW CIVILIZATION.

The letter of Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, telling of a new Sociologic Society with the name and idea above given, should not be passed by. Its suggestions are wise and prophetic. Read it and think of it.

EDDIE'S MESMERISM IN INDIA—REMARKABLE.

Other good things could be specified, but space is limited. I close with a letter of mine, which the *Detroit Post and Tribune* published, and which some of our grave doctors may thus see. Your readers will surely appreciate its remarkable facts, prophetic of a great change in the healing art:

I have just seen for a few hours a remarkable book which I had long looked for, which I read years ago, and of which, unfortunately, but few copies are in existence: "Mesmerism in India; its practical application in Surgery and Medicine." By James Eddale, M. D., Civil Assistant Surgeon H. C. S. Bengal.

Dr. Eddale was a man of high professional and personal standing, a surgeon in a charity hospital at the Hoogly, near Calcutta, a government medical officer. His book is dedicated to the Rev. James Edalle, D. D., his father, and a clergyman in England. A brother, Dr. David Eddale of Fairfax, Scotland, writes a brief editor's preface; the manuscript being sent from India to be published under his care. In that preface he tells, in 1846, of having read a report by M. Colquhoun, an eminent surgeon, of his having removed a cancerous breast from a lady in the mesmeric trance, and the wholly insensible to pain. He also gives the brave word of Dr. Elliottson, an English physician of eminence, who said: "I should deem myself if I did not declare my conviction of the truth of mesmerism."

The volume gives us two hundred pages or more of Dr. Eddale's reports of his mesmeric experience, written in the exact and simple style of the professional scientist, and which, to the enthusiasm of a man who felt deeply the value of his experience. He says that during eight months at the Hoogly hospital in 1846, he performed seventy-two painless operations on the Hindoo patients, usually of the poorer classes, and gives the list; among which was one arm amputated, one breast cut out, three cataract operations, three teeth pulled, three great toes nailed, cut out by the roots, etc. He gives the names of English and native judges, army officers and others as witnesses. He found the Hindoos more susceptible to mesmeric influences than Europeans; and found also among his hospital helpers Hindoos who were good magnetizers and whom he employed to mesmerize patients at times when he could not do it himself.

A single incident will suffice. He tells of a lady, a dentist, and others visiting the hospital, and a patient being seated on a high stool made rigid and insensible in three minutes, put in strange positions, and then awakened, not knowing what had been done, or where he was.

The lady exclaimed: "It's a trick. I can't believe it" when he took her and his companion to another room where a patient was lying in a trance, having been magnetized by an assistant in the morning to have a tooth taken out at about that hour. He said to the dentist: "I will raise him and open his mouth" and will ask you to extract the tooth." The dentist declined, when Eddale said to them: "Please stand by and see me do it." And in five minutes the large tooth was out, the blood washed away, the patient showing no sign of pain; and when brought to his senses saying that he thought an ant bit him when he was asleep. Eddale says: "My fair friend gave up. On parting at the door I respectfully said: 'There is something more wonderful to me than mesmerism, that is the extent of human incredulity on the subject!'"

Details of other and far more vital painless operations—removals of large tumors, cutting of the jaws, etc.—are given.

From the foregoing facts it is allowable to conclude, I hope, that mesmerism is a natural power of the human body.

That it affects directly the nervous and muscular systems.

That in the mesmeric trance, the most severe and protracted surgical operations can be performed, without the patient being sensible of pain.

That spasms and nervous pains often disappear before the mesmeric trance.

That it gives us complete command of the muscular system, and is therefore of great service in restoring contracted limbs.

That the chronic administration of mesmerism often acts as a stimulus in functional debility of the nerves.

That sleep in the absence of all pain is the best condition of the system for subduing inflammation, the mesmeric trance will probably be found to be a powerful remedy in local inflammation.

That the imagination has nothing to do with the first physical impression made on the system by mesmerism, as practiced by me.

That it is not necessary for the eyes to be open; I always shut them as a source of distraction; and blind men are easily mesmerized as others.

That the mesmeric influence can be transmitted through the air to considerable distance, and can pass through dense materials.

No word of comment can add to the suggestive influence of such statements as these.

Detroit, Mich. G. B. STEPHENS.

### Critical and Suggestive.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

From the varied, abundant and rich report furnished by the JOURNAL of May 17th, I wish to select a few items, and ask the aid of your readers in examining them, to digest and assimilate these rare morsels. I refer to the article by Charles Daburn, "Materialization Not Proof of Identity," and the "Sucker's" account of his visit to Mme. Zarahpa, and his apparent conclusions.

Mr. Daburn is truly a bold and independent thinker, and I feel like extending to him the right hand of fellowship, and saying to him: "You have started a time of thought, and I think we may well examine evidence for and against his conclusions—evidence now in our possession from past observation, and also follow up the lead and watch closely further developments. For one I am disposed to think he is right. My previous observations coincide with his. I have no doubt whatever of the fact of form materialization. I cannot doubt it without discarding the evidence of my own senses and doing violence to my reason; but I have never yet felt that I was looking upon, talking to, or grasping the hand of the veritable friend purporting to stand before me materialized, and never have I been able to see a real, natural look as in earth-life, though the resemblance has oftentimes been very striking. I have taken into consideration the various theories of materialization, and have myself frequently attempted to explain and philosophize upon the wonderful phenomenon of materialization, but I have ever felt that there must be some other explanation, one that would make plain to me apparently dark and crooked places, and reconcile and harmonize more fully the many startling facts attending this most extraordinary manifestation. Hope others will, as I have, carefully re-read Mr. D's address, and give their views upon the subject through the JOURNAL."

Now as to "J. A.'s" apparent conclusions from visiting mediums who advertise to do everything that a gullible public is likely to require of them, in reading his account of these interviews with so-called mediums whom he characterizes as frauds, I see a very striking resemblance to the last, to wit, the sayings and doings of mediums whom I have visited, and who are, I firmly believe, as honest and genuine as any mediums living; mediums who have the confidence of friends and acquaintances, both Spiritualists and others. They frequently, while in a real trance state, and unconscious, make statements and predictions, and give encouragements that seem to be wholly unfounded, and which are never realized. Am I forced to conclude, as we must, in many cases, that the communications, the fraudulent character or dishonesty of the medium. The fact of the unreliability of—shall I say—most spiritual communications, is too well known by those who "have been through the mill," to be gained or doubted. As to the how and why, that is one of the puzzling questions upon which I want more light. While I do not discard the idea of spirit intelligence and good will, and do not doubt that the same is frequently manifested in ways numerous and soul-cheering, and while I most fully believe in, and would cultivate and encourage, spirit communion, impression, inspiration, and even, at times, guidance, protection and deliverance from danger or even death, yet I fully believe that, in most cases, communications which are sought after and bought at a price, to help one in business or to acquire information, are mere chaff and trow, and worse than worthless—hurtful and misleading.

What say you, fellow thinkers, "brother and sister Spiritualists, am I right or not?" I would like to hear from Bro. Tuttle, Stebbins, Jackson, Daburn or others on this, to me, vital and important question, and who are, I am confident, able to give us the best over this perplexing subject and would gladly receive light from the good old RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, their favorite paper.

Kalamazoo, Mich. SILAS BIGLOW.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### The Sucker Calls on Mme. Le Normand.

Here is another:

MME. LE NORMAND, CLAIRVOYANT, and trance medium, astonishes all by her wonderful power, revealing every important event that has occurred in your past or will occur in your future life; has the celebrated Parisian charms guaranteed infallible; brings the separated together; causes marriages, and success in every undertaking; reveals the secrets of the heart; and the secrets of the future.

The Madam must be terribly crowded with professional business as the result of "her wonderful power," for her sucker was obliged to make three calls at her dingy quarters before being favored with a sitting. He finally succeeded on April 19th.

The Madam is a "French lady from Cork." Not only is her coat of countenance after the classic, Milosau models found in Puck, but her brogue is plainly that of a daughter of the "old sod."

Without money and without price, Jesus preached the gospel to those peculiarly embarrassed; but at the shrine of Mme. Le Normand a two dollar note must needs be immolated before the performance can go on. After this "condition" was satisfied, the alleged medium proceeded to "astonish" her caller. He will not say she succeeded, not by "revealing" every important event that has occurred in the past," but by her unique method of doing the Clairvoyant Act. Her first preliminary was to produce and adjust a pair of huge eye-glasses which, as near as the caller could discern by close scrutiny, were powerful magnifiers. Just what purpose eye-glasses can serve a medium in a trance we do not know.

He always supposed that a clairvoyant was one who could "see clearly" without such earthly aids. But suppose the performer is not a clairvoyant! Then they might become quite useful, as in this case. The alleged medium then put over the back of her head a large shawl which fell down at the sides. Next a black but thin veil was adjusted over her face, falling well down in front, and the Madam seated herself in a space between a bed and a window, with her back to your sucker. The passage was so narrow and her position so close up to the wall that there was no way for him to face her or to get around in front; but he hitched his way up and took a back view over her shoulder, as she commenced with the aid of her magnifiers to read a small book in her lap, well covered by the veil.

The Madam said your visitor's spirit friends took kindly to the idea of his marrying again; but he will not run the risk just now of being arrested for bigamy. The Madam read copious extracts from her hand-book about "bright lights" hovering over the caller's head, an impending "business change," "getting a letter announcing the death of a rich relative," "a new career," "a new life," etc. A nearly "fatal" report of this part of the show can be found in a late JOURNAL, in the article on Mme. Zarahpa. The two interviews concluded remarkably. Both were the usual mush served suckers on such occasions.

The only names of departed friends, which the Madam could furnish your caller, were "Mary," "Emily," and "Ella," and a safe continuation to go on, but none of them happened to hit him, even remotely, to his knowledge. The visitor asked his pet question as to the state of his health, locating his trouble this time in his feet. The reference was to a well-developed brace of corns, but the Madam did not twig. She wandered off on rheumatism, gout, etc., kindly offering her services as a magnetic healer and recommending a certain ointment. History is silent as to the result, but the same as after her recommendation, but the inquirer does not regard it as of any special efficacy in his case.

As the Madam had apparently finished her lesson, and was taking her primer nicely away out of sight your caller commenced to cross-examine her, but she suddenly came out of her alleged trance, and cut short the investigation. She then offered for sale her "Celebrated Parisian Charms," guaranteed to give luck in any undertaking; also to enable a man to gain the love of any one woman, no matter how beautiful, married or single. The charms are probably a part of the same job lot as Mme. Zarahpa's, but Mme. Le Normand is offering them on the market at only one half the price of Mme. Z. These are the only two places in town where the charms (colored, lima-beans) can be purchased; and the sucker would suggest that the two Madams pool their issues and run a corner on their beans. As your visitor withdrew he turned to himself and said, "What a place the Madam's lines were cast since she got out the 'clairvoyant' snap," as compared with her former estate when, as plain Bridget Murphy, she took in washing on Emerald Avenue. Although your caller does not know the exact list price per dozen for family wash at the time the Madam foregoes her tub, nevertheless he will venture the assertion that it is far easier and more profitable to sell soap to suckers at two dollars a head than to apply the soft-soap to solid linen, even in the most halcyon days of that industry. But the intellectual garbage which the Madam deals out has in it no more of the essence of spiritual inspiration than fricasseed sewer filth would have of Nesseele pudding. Notwithstanding his experience with Warring, Franks and Zarahpa, your sucker unhesitatingly yields to Mme. Le Normand the palm as "Queen of the Snides."

Since the above call, a brilliant scheme has unfolded itself to your sucker. He now solicits parties who are unacquainted with the value of his experience, the work of which is the conduct of a literary bureau for the preparation of manuals to be used by bogus mediums who have not the mental caliber to give their callers tiffy straight, without an eye on the text. To those desirous of investing, the projector would state that his plan is to assort the work and classify it about as follows:

DIVISION ONE.

1. Gent with bald head.
2. Gent with gold specks and watch fob.
3. Combination of two last.
4. Abridged form for needy gent.

(No variations necessary for this class in any of the different divisions.)

DIVISION TWO.

1. Gent with middle-aged men.
2. Gent with single-barreled eye-glasses.
3. Combination of two last.
4. Gent up to snuff.
5. Gent in mourning.
6. Abridged form for needy gent.

DIVISION THREE.

1. Gent trying to raise mustache.
2. Gent with tight pants.
3. Gent with loud necktie.
4. Combination of three last.
5. Gent desirous of finding out about his lady-love.
6. Abridged form for needy gent.

DIVISION FOUR.

1. Fat lady with specks.
2. Spare lady who has lost her teeth.
3. Serious-looking lady.
4. Abridged form for shabby-genteel lady.

DIVISION FIVE.

1. Lady with seal-chain and chain.
2. Lady with seal-chain and chain.
3. Lady in favor of women's rights.
4. Lady from Boston, highly cultured.
5. Abridged form for shabby-genteel lady.

DIVISION SIX.

1. Lady who wants to find out about her lover.
2. Lady who thinks of taking drawing and music.
3. Lady in trouble about what to wear.
4. Abridged form for shabby-genteel lady.

These texts will be kept in stock and forwarded to any address on receipt of price. For terms apply to the sucker. Liberal inducements are offered for agents to found mediums in every city and town in the United States. As the market demands, new texts will be prepared and kept constantly on hand. It is proposed to publish a book, "The Normand patent method of sitting by window with back toward caller and shawl over head." If the bureau can then get an assignment of same from her, it will have a monopoly, and success will be assured. The scheme will bear the closest scrutiny, and investigation is invited. On a well-fertilized garden patch any one can raise enough "charms" to supply the local demand, while the magnifiers can be obtained from any reputable optician.

The bureau will issue a confidential circular containing ample directions for practice and points as to how the game should be worked. With two weeks' study no one need anticipate failure in this new and enticing sphere of usefulness. J. A. Chicago, Ills.

### The Grant and Ward Failure.

The papers have for some time been filled with facts and rumors about this failure and the causes which have brought it about. Much sympathy has been expressed for Gen. Grant, whose only connection with the matter is said to have been as a victim, having no voice in the business, but signing his name whenever Ward asked him to, thus showing a degree of blind confidence utterly unbusiness-like. Besides the sympathy there is much sharp criticism. Joaquin Miller in a letter from Washington to a leading Chicago daily in speaking of the affair writes: "And now that the excitement of the great failure has fallen away somewhat, although I doubt if the feeling of sympathy has at all abated, let us try and see what the lesson which has cost the country more than \$10,000,000, has to teach. Surely so costly a lesson as this ought not to be entirely wasted and thrown away for want of some one careless enough of his own importance before the world to call attention to it."

For more than twenty years this great man and his sons have seemed to be the head of the great nation, both at home and abroad, and it was an entirely reasonable assumption. The Vanderbilt and the Goulds and many others, whose millions were the outgrowth of the war, and who would never have been heard of, perhaps, to any extent but for the favorable conclusion of it, almost defied this man, made him really believe himself almost immortal. The American press and the American people, drawn in the wake and whirlpool of all this wealth, followed blindly and added its contribution to the horses, the brown-stone houses, and the boundless splendor, till nothing remained on earth for this man to desire. He was more than Alexander, more than Charlemagne by a great deal. Vastly more than Napoleon the Great. Yet these three were industrious, and each left the world some good precepts and lessons. And the world on this high pedestal, the favorite of fortune, the pet of the world for more than twenty years, what has he said, or done, or thought in return? Put your finger on a single sentence worth repeating; sweep your mind back over all these twenty years for a single act worthy of emulation or the honor of remembrance. You can find nothing.

"Mellow" write, my earnest young clergyman, what if you had been established in that high place to speak or to write from, with all the world listening, waiting to hear what you might write or say that might lighten, obey, and be happier and better? Would you have been so indolent, so self-conscious, and serenely dull? With all the wealth, all the honor, all the ease that the world could furnish for twenty years, would you not have done better in the end than to contribute your energies to Wall Street and set up a trap to betray the faith of those who trusted you? I think so. You would have given the world some sweet thought, some gentle example at least; some tender sentiment of faith, hope, and charity to make it bear its great burdens more patiently, to make it better, higher in the end.

"So, right in the face of this sentimental wall and cry of sympathy, I say no! My sympathy is not with this man. He had his opportunity for more than twenty years. Never on earth had man such an advantage for half such a period of time. He chose to waste it entirely, and finally sold his great name for money, which has slipped through his indolent and incapable hands. Have I no sympathy, you ask? Yes. But my sympathy is entirely with those who have been betrayed and defrauded by the great of the great name and while the noble American people so generously gave him. As to whether or not he knew of what was going on, that is not important to the verdict which time must ultimately cast against him. If he did not know he should have known.

"As for his sons, what have they been doing all these years of unexampled opportunity? Has a single one of them given the world one thing in return for the generous support? Has one of them grown so much as a single grain of wheat? Has one of them made so much as a single lucifer match? Has any one of them taught or tried to teach, any lesson at all, either by word or example?"

"I implore you look at these things impartially, and you will not let this costly lesson of indolence and gross incapacity be lost to the country. Do not think me unkind, the day of calamity. They are all my friends, I think, so far as they are capable of being friends to any one who earns his bread by toil. But if you had seen as I have during the past year or two, their pretensions and dash and insolence, their alliance with the Vanderbilts and all such as contribute to the carrying forward of snobbery, you would say with me most heartily that their fall was fortunate indeed—fortunate for the country, fortunate especially for the Grants. Let not this ten million lesson be lost.

"And this in brief is the story of a man whose reputation depends solely on his having put to the sword successfully great numbers of his fellow-creatures. You see he is a very ordinary man, after all, when reduced to the ranks of ordinary mortals. Indeed, in this case he has proved to be something, a great deal worse than a very ordinary man. Alexander built a great city; Charlemagne established Christianity in western Europe; the great Napoleon is one of the noblest works of man. But see what a sad-dust doll you have defiled here in this pastoral land of peace, where the professional soldier with his trade of war should be made to stand far down; next, indeed, to the line of brutes where he belongs."

### "More Light."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I feel very thankful to Brother Tuttle for the pains which he takes to give me the light needed. I know that I am indebted to his excellent writings for much of the light which I have gained. From his earliest dawn, I have sought light on this subject, but still find myself groping in darkness. "Can a spirit perceive a physical body?" To say that all things are pervaded by a spirit essence, and that that is what we see, is not sufficient. In one sense at least we might be said to see nothing. The reflected light forms a picture upon the retina; we perceive the object by this image (not see). In a similar sense a spirit could see matter if it perceived it through its spirit essence. But spirits (or what I believe to be spirits) persistently tell me they cannot see the earth in any sense; that they cannot see it as we could a star or the moon. Let it be observed that the uneducated spirit can pass upon this question as well as the learned. It is simply, "Can you see me?" "If yes," "What am I doing?" Always ends by proving he does not.

And they have rarely so answered me. Storms, tornadoes and tempests are to them (in my understanding) unappreciable. To sum up, then, I have been constantly informed that spirits cannot see any planet or material thing whatever, except when specially endowed.

And to the second point, if it is a benefit to die in infancy, then, indeed, "we have lived our lives in vain," when living to mature old age. From the same source I get essentially the following: "Earth-life is a school for experience which can be gained most easily while incarnated. Learn all you can of earthly matters while on earth. After dissolution of the body you will return to instruct others in earth-life. Your teachers will be the best of the best portions of your earthly life. You must fully understand the condition of those whom you come to teach. You can best do this by living their lives. In time, and with great difficulty, you may learn these things in spirit-life; but earth-life is the proper place to acquire much experience." It seems so nearly self-evident that I cannot doubt it.

Concordia, Kansas. B. B. ANDERSON.

### An Immense Power in the Land.

For more than twenty years the Chicago RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has been a regular weekly visitor at the office of the *Agnostic*, and we have learned to value it highly for its several excellencies as a courageous and able leader in the progressive thought movement which characterized the last few years in the mental domain of the world over. We respect it for its intellectual ability, for its bold integrity and devotion to the new and marvelous philosophy. It is spiritualistic to the core, but it refuses to accept anything but the genuine. No other paper has done so much to purge the land of the gross superstitions, the cracks and the shams that have sought to bedevil it to the disgust of sensible, reasoning minds. It has labored in this field for

years, when laborers were few and none but the most courageous dared to battle against the monstrous frauds and follies that sailed under the flag of modern Spiritualism. It has now all the best minds on its side and has become an immense power in the spiritual domain. The history of the JOURNAL should be an encouragement to others to stand for principle, even though the outlook be dark, never doubting that the harvest of truth will come.

The *Agnostic* does not, of course, endorse the philosophy to which the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is devoted. We admit the phenomena, and admit further, our inability to account for them, but have never yet found sufficient evidence that spirits were the intelligent forces at work. We are quite willing the JOURNAL and those who claim to have such evidence shall have a fair chance to demonstrate to the world the alleged source of inspiration. But to those who desire to inquire into the spiritual philosophy and phenomena, we recommend the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as a most valuable monitor and instructor.—*The Agnostic, Dallas, Texas.*

### Worthy Cases.

Mrs. Nancy Wigle, of Tomahawk Springs, W. Va., informs us that she has no means to pay for the JOURNAL during the forthcoming year. She is a widow, living alone, and no one to assist her. After alluding to her inability to pay her subscription, she says:

"I like the JOURNAL better than any other paper that I have ever taken, and I don't like to do without it."

Mrs. Mary H. Graham, of Olathe, Kansas, has taken the JOURNAL for nearly fourteen years, and has become very much attached to it, but is now unable to continue her subscription. She says:

"If I could pay for your paper by doing with two mugs a day, I would not hesitate to do so. Owing to poor health I have not been able to earn anything towards my support for some ten months, and consequently have spent what little means I had stored by for the necessities of life."

These, we believe, are worthy cases, and we sincerely hope that some tender-hearted reader will be inspired to contribute sufficient to send them the JOURNAL for another year at least. We are already sending the JOURNAL to a large list who are unable to pay, which involves a great expense on our part, and we do not feel able to increase the burden at present, and there is no fund for this purpose to draw from.

### Nemoka Camp Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The directors of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists at a meeting held this date, decided to hold their summer meeting at Nemoka, near Lansing, convening July 25th, 1884, and closing August 4th. The Nemoka camping grounds, containing 80 to 100 acres, are very pleasantly situated on the banks of Pine Lake, about two miles from the city, on the C. & G. T. R. R. A great invitation is extended to all.

W. CROOK, President.  
Flint, Mich., May 25th, 1884.

### Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A Shabaz's Miss, hen laid two eggs a day three successive days.

Over 40,000,000 cent pieces were coined in the United States last year.

It is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins.

Talmage, the Reverend, pronounces an anathema against George Sand's writings because she smoked cigars.

An Ontario village is lighted with gas made from sawdust, said to be equal to coal gas and free from sulphur.

The total number of separate farms in the United States is 4,000,000, and their aggregate value is \$19,000,000,000.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave a gold watch and \$100 to each of her servants as a thank-offering for her recovery.

Within two months the House of Lords has had two Roman Catholic accessions—the Earl of Ab







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with chains, treated us as outcasts; you have filled the world with fear; you have taken our wives and children from our arms; you have consecrated our property; you have denied us the right to testify in courts of justice; you have branded us with infamy; you have torn out our tongues; you have refused us burial. In the name of your religion, you have robbed us of every right; and, after having inflicted upon us every evil that can be inflicted in this world, you have fallen upon your knees, and with clasped hands implored your God to finish the holy work in hell."

It is quite true that the Christian church has done all of these things. It is quite true, too, that if we are to look for Christianity anywhere, we must look for it in the Christian church, or I do not know what becomes of the Christ's recorded promise—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." But is there not another side to the question? If the Christian church has done all these infamous things, has not Christianity produced men with heroic nerve enough to bear them? If Christianity is to be held responsible for the existence of persecutors, in fairness let it be held responsible, too, for the existence of the martyr spirit. I am afraid that the soil of modern ultra radicalism, in which ingersollism luxuriates, is not favorable for the growth of martyrs. In his recent lecture here in Boston, while hurrying hotly against poor unfortunate preachers who say in the pulpit what in their inmost souls they do not believe, he more than condoned the practice of the same hypocrisy by the people in the pews. "It is conceivable," he said, "that, in a country where the orthodox religion is a reward for hypocrisy, thousands pretend to believe who do not. The man says to himself: 'If I tell my honest thoughts I can have no office—I can never be President.' He says: 'If I attack this religion I cannot keep my wife and children.' I tell them: Don't dress your children in rags for the sake of expressing your thoughts. Do not try to improve your fellowmen; they are not worth it. Go to church and say 'Amen' at the proper time if you happen to be awake, and I will do the attacking for you."

Of course Ingersoll meant this as a joke; but the audience took it seriously and rewarded the "hit" with loud applause and loud laughter. It was really rather matter for weeping than for laughing. The poorest and the meanest Christian, who ever endured pain of limb and agony of mind for the slenderest shred of truth, is infinitely superior to any of the well-fed and sleek Sadducees who helped to fill Boston Theater last Sunday night!

But, I say again, is there not another side to the terrible picture Ingersoll has drawn of what the Christian church has done? Is it not absurd to suppose that an institution should have existed two thousand years; that it should have dominated over nations, and have received the adhesion of the most civilized races of the world, and yet have nothing in its record save tyranny and shame and robbery and bloodshed? What is humanity under such a supposition, and how hopeless is the task of elevating humanity, if, for two thousand years, humanity could be so cruelly duped? There is another side. Mr. Ingersoll is in honor bound always to state it. As a religious reformer he is bound to be something more than a smart, shrewd lawyer. The duty of a lawyer is simply to make the most of the weakest side in an opponent's case. The true reformer soars above such miserable pettifoggery and brings into prominence his opponent's strongest side. In reference to Christianity the truth would seem to be that, like every other great force, moral and spiritual, that has come into the world, it has borne mixed fruit. The good it has done has never been unaccompanied by some amount of evil; but the good has always predominated over the evil. Christianity would not be alive to-day. Nothing lives for two thousand years which does not deserve to live.

But Ingersoll commits a graver fault than that of identifying Christianity with the crude notions thereof he was doomed to spell out at his orthodox father's feet—he identifies religion itself with those notions. To him religion means Calvinistic Presbyterianism—nothing higher, nothing nobler. When he has demolished Calvinism he thinks he has demolished religion. Because he found the poet Burns destitute of Calvinism he gleefully described the poet as destitute of religion. The fact is that no more sincerely religious nature ever existed on this earth than that of Bobbie Burns. He was just as much a man after God's own heart, in spite of his sexual faults, as old David was. Ingersoll is quite incapable of taking a broad, philosophical view of the creeds of men—in capable of discerning the truth beneath the creeds, and without which, for a basis, the creeds could not exist a single day. He is incapable of seeing, what Emerson saw, that a pure lie is an impossibility. In his recent lecture he speaks of the "superstition of religion," and he describes the Krupp gun "that will hurl a bullet weighing two thousand pounds through twenty-four inches of steel" as an invention of religion. All this is so terribly one-sided! It does not account for one millionth part of the phenomena religion presents. It does not account for the martyrs—it does not account for the great religious heroes, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Bruno, Lullier, Luther, Bunyan, Wesley—men who have accounted earthly loss as dearest gain providing they could be true to the sense of right within themselves. Did these men live and suffer and die for a superstition? for a thing that led to the invention of a murderous gun?

The sentiment of religion is the mightiest thing in humanity. No other element of human nature has done so much as this, or left such broad traces of its presence in the history of the world. It is eighteen hundred years since the ploughshare ruthlessly passed over the place whereon Jerusalem's mystic temple stood. It is three thousand years since Moses, viewing the promised land afar off, died and was buried. No family on earth now speak the language in which the Mosaic law was written, and yet on every seventh day, in well-nigh every city of the world, Jews meet together to worship God as Moses bade them. The dead hand of Moses stretches through thirty centuries, and in the name of religion inflicts on every Jew boy a mutilation of the flesh. The religious sentiment in three-fourths of modern Christendom subdues the most powerful of human affections, and commands an unnatural celibacy to be revered as a virtue. In the name of religion Mohammed bids one hundred and thirty millions to worship Allah, and to revere himself as Allah's chosen prophet. In the name of religion Buddha bids a few hundred millions of people to reckon him as Lord. To-day no fewer than two hundred and fifty millions of people have bowed down to Jesus of Nazareth, calling him their Lord and their God. The religious element rolls through human history like a mighty ocean. Its waves are empires. Its more ripples are kingdoms and commonwealths that last for centuries. These empires, kingdoms and commonwealths hold

away over their millions, perish, pass away and are forgotten, but the ocean of religion still rolls on, bearing to the new shores of the world newer empires, kingdoms and commonwealths, whose subjects shall adopt a newer form of the old universal faith!

Religion tending towards reconstruction, most certainly not towards extinction. There is no such thing as a "superstition of religion." Superstitions are vulgar parodies of religion, not religion itself, and it is only the vulgar parodies of religion against which the assaults of Ingersoll are directed. I do not attempt with any positiveness to prognosticate what the religion of the future will be. I think, however, that George Henry Lewes about hit the mark when he said that it will be a religion which "will not attempt to force on our acceptance, as explanations of the universe, dogmas which were originally the childish guesses at truth made by barbarian tribes. It will not present a conception of the world and physical laws, or of man and moral laws, which has any other basis than that of scientific induction. It will not put forward principles which are unintelligible and incredible, nor make their very unintelligibility a source of glory and a belief in them a higher virtue than a belief in demystification. It will not accept for its tests and sanctions, such test as would be foolishness in science and such sanction as would be selfishness in life. Instead of proclaiming the nothingness of this life, the worthlessness of human love and the imbecility of the human mind, it will proclaim the supreme importance of this life, the supreme value of human love, and the supreme grandeur of human intellect." Religion is safe. We need have no fear for it. The disruption of old beliefs that is going on is a birth-throe, not a death-pang. When we remember what the great votaries of religion have done in the past—what they have done in spite of the fact that their intellects have been narrowed down to a conception of the origin of things no whit nobler or worthier of belief than a fantastic fairy tale; how they have breathed out an invincible spirit of heroism; how they have sown broadcast on the receptive soil of the world the seeds of a regenerating power; how they have touched and stirred to nobler issues the great heart of humanity—what will they do—what sublime prophecies will they utter—what days of gladness and peace will they cause to dawn upon an expectant world—when religion—the mightiest of all the forces humanity can wield, the tenderest and the finest of all emotions humanity can feel—shall be lifted from its environment of fanaticism, superstition and tradition, and proclaimed from all its temples disassociated forever from dogmas which degrade that majestic nature which is the "time vesture of Deity," and which degrade man, who is Deity's latest and therefore noblest, child!

"Then the glad slave shall at his feet lay down his broken chain, the tyrant lord his crown. The priest his book, the conqueror his wreath, And from the lips of truth on each breath Shall like a whirlwind scatter in the breeze The whole dark pile of human mockeries. Then shall the reign of love commence on earth, And, starting fresh, as from a second birth, Man, in the sunshine of the world's new spring, Shall walk transparent like some holy thing!"

A Flying Week—M. M. Schultz's Funeral, A Surprise—G. W. Kates, Warren S. Barlow—Greenbackers—"Quacks," Clairvoyants, Healers, etc.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On Monday, May 19th, a telegram announced the death of my friend (and humanity's friend as well), Morris M. Schultz, of Wilcox, Pa. It was his request that I be called to attend the last ceremonies over his dust. Although nearly 500 miles away, the faithful friends called me to fulfill his wish. Such experiences always impress me with the appreciation of our faith in the hour of sorest need, and of the importance of a more efficient system for maintaining competent workers so distributed over all the country as to make it easy to secure their services for all such occasions. True, there might still be instances in which personal favorites would be called from a distance to satisfy the feelings at such a time, but it would never be necessary to apply to orthodox sources for help to bury the dead, and hear their boasts that Spiritualism might do to live by, but when death comes, we must have the consolations of their gospel. It is creditable to the faith and fidelity of friends who profess to believe, to show their trust in the hour of trial, and carry out the principles they profess when, of all occasions, they are most needed and appropriate. I have no confidence in the professions of those Spiritualists (?) who, after years of experience, have obtained a knowledge of the truth, neutralize the effect of their testimony upon the public mind by ignoring it at last and seeking consolation and approval of the church that has only contempt for all they have professed for years, and likely apologize for the weakness and delusion of the victim they are called to bury. But in these days it is common to attend Spiritualist funerals, and speakers are often called from 50 to 200 miles to officiate on such occasions, and usually attract larger audiences than any other.

I rode from Monday evening, 7:30, till Tuesday evening, to reach Wilcox where the funeral was held on Wednesday. Wilcox is in Elk County on the P. and E. R. R., and is noted for the largest tannery in the United States, of which Mr. Schultz was one of the owners and managers. Although for many years a declared Spiritualist, he was loved and honored by all classes of Christians and anti-Christians, and especially by the poor and the laboring classes to whom he was always generous and kind. His departure was mourned by all, and the whole county was represented as nearly as could be at the funeral, besides some from New York City—his brother, Jackson Schultz among them. A powerful man, 57 years of age, in apparently perfect health six months ago, died after four months of agony from "senile gangrene," which commenced with pain in one toe, and never extended beyond that foot. Query: Do the eminent surgeons know what "senile gangrene" is? Is it possible that with the whole body in perfect health and vigor, the stoppage of circulation in one toe can produce such fatal results and defy all remedies? I would sooner trust the diagnosis of some clairvoyant, and the treatment of some "irregular" that I could select from among the taboos of class of "Quacks," than to accept as final the decisions of a "regular," who is limited to the books and the fixed methods of the schools. But a noble man has gone, and the impress of his large life remains to inspire the memories of thousands and reflect credit upon the cause of Spiritualism, which was his light and comfort to the last. The pastor of the principal church at Wilcox, who was a warm friend of the deceased, opened the services with prayer, and expressed high regard for the departed man, and did not intimate that his heretical faith endangered his eternal peace. On Thursday, finding myself within forty miles of Fredonia I switched off and lit down in our dooryard, to the astonishment and alarm of my family,

who supposed me in Indianapolis, and thought I had come home sick. After thirty-six hours at home, which sped like a dream, I again took my leave, and at 11 P. M. Saturday night, I was again in this city, having traveled one thousand miles since Monday night. Here I met Bro. G. W. Kates from Atlanta, Ga., editor of *Light for Thinkers*, and I shared his inspirations and genial society on Sunday, and felt the spirit of the "Sunny South" as reflected in his earnest life and faith, and heard something of the cause there and the camp meeting plan at Lookout Mountain, and there was quite a free response to his appeal for help in the way of taking stock for the concern. He left a good impression here. The cause here seems to be thriving, and with unity and loyalty of its friends may be made very strong and permanent. Warren Sumner Barlow, author of the "Voices," is also here, and his soul is in the Spiritualist cause, while his intellect is devoted to utilizing his inventions for "filthy lucre." Dr. J. N. Magoon and other healers seem to be adding credit to the new methods of curing, demonstrating the value of magnetism, clairvoyance and spirit healing, ignored and spurned by the "regulars" who seek to monopolize the healing art and fine and imprison all who cure without their consent. It is not the failures, or malpractice of quacks that troubles them, but the success with which they cannot compete.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 23.

#### CURRENT ITEMS.

The most remarkable known echo is that on the north side of a church of Shipley, Sussex. It repeats twenty-one syllables.

The Presbyterians hang on to their ancient differences even longer than do the politicians. The Southern churches are still solid against union with those of the North.

At a yearly meeting of Friends in Philadelphia it was ascertained through epistles that "in no instance was there a report of any Friend being engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicants."

An egg, measuring ten and one-quarter by eight inches, was the curio a Gridley, Cal., when laid last week. When broken open two perfect eggs, each in a separate shell, were discovered inside.

A scientist reports to the New York Mail and Express that the index finger is relatively longer than the ring finger of white women of good birth, and that great artists have never made a short index in a hand which represents ideal perfection.

A ragged little girl in a London school was recently asked why Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise. She promptly answered: "Because they didn't pay their rent." Her parents had been evicted for non-payment of rent several times within a few months.

A remarkable case of change of color is exciting the medical men of Santa Barbara, Cal. Four years ago a man named Pina was of very dark complexion. White blotches began to appear on his skin, and now he is as white as any man, save on part of his face and hands.

Lars Olsen Smith, the great "brandy king" of Sweden, has been converted, and will give up liquor selling. "I think it is better," he says, "to use the money I have gained in demoralizing and poisoning the people in undoing, as far as possible, the mischief that unwittingly I created."

Rev. Dr. T. W. Chambers, in the *Sunday School Times* says: "I once heard a missionary who had lived in India say of the Brahmins, 'You have seen the little daguerreotype likenesses, small as your thumb-nail, and sold for a shilling; now, every Brahmin is a shilling daguerreotype of the devil.'"

Joseph Cardran and his younger brother, Alfred Cardran, both fishermen of Mackinac, have received from the United States Government a medal each for signal heroism in saving life near Bois Blanc Light on the night of the 15th of April, 1883. They saved four shipwrecked men in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

It is feared by the *Congregationalist* that the "good old practice of talk on personal religion between the pastor and his people" is going out of fashion. Etiquette in some church circles now forbids a minister to introduce the subject, but to wait until the layman does so, just as a physician does when a patient calls on him for advice.

The people of India do not always have a clear idea of the different grades of British authority, but on general principles they believe in going to the highest. A few weeks ago the weavers of Madras presented a petition to the Governor of that Province, addressed: "To Almighty God, care of his Excellency the Governor of Madras." Gov. Grant Duff said he would look into the matter.

Captain John Aaron, of Barren Island, Md., has an apple tree, now quite old, that has never bloomed but three times. The first time it bloomed one of his sons died. Some five or six years afterward it bloomed again, and another son died. Last year it bloomed a third time, and a daughter died. It stands near a graveyard, and notwithstanding appeals from different members of the family to have it cut down Mr. Aaron stubbornly refuses to have it molested.

Cincinnati is very deeply interested in the case of a woman who, falling asleep in a railroad train, dreamed vividly that her child at home had been seriously hurt. She was so deeply impressed by the vision that, on arriving in the city, she drove directly to a physician's office and carried him hastily to her residence, where the youngster was found to have been thrown from a swing at precisely the time that the mother had dreamed. The story is told circumstantially by the persons concerned.



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As the chief aim of a Baking Powder is to produce a HARMLESS GAS, which will give porosity to the bread, biscuits, or cakes made therefrom, "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder" in this respect also surpasses the Royal.

I have examined biscuits from the two powders, and prefer those made from "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder," for the following reasons:

1st. The materials in "Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder" are PURER than those of the "Royal Baking Powder," and therefore MORE WHOLESOME.

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R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,

Prof. of Chemistry and Toxicology in the "New York Hellever Hospital Medical College," and Prof. Chemistry and Physics in the College of the City of New York.

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# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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VOL. XXXVI.

CHICAGO, JUNE 14, 1884.

No. 16

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit phenomena; and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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## Mesmerizing a Man and Letting Him do Detective Work.

### Some Experiences with a Mysterious Science—Curing Grave Diseases and Befogging Men's Minds with Magnetic Force.

The narrative here presented is familiar to many in this city who have heard it from the lips of the gentleman who asserts that he played the most conspicuous part in it. He is a man more than 60 years of age, active in business, and of unblemished reputation wherever he is known.

"It was in 1847 that my attention was first attracted to the subject of animal magnetism by the appearance in the Western town in which I then lived of a man named Keely, who advertised to give public exhibitions. His method was to select ten or fifteen persons, males and females, from the audience, seat them in a half-circle on the stage, and, placing a piece of coin or metal in the palm of the hand of each, request them to look steadily at it. While their attention was thus concentrated he made a few passes over each one, seeming to obtain control over more or less of the group, causing them to aid him in what is now the familiar performance of a mesmerist. Four of us young fellows waited on Prof. Keely and requested him to teach us his tricks for our own amusement. He replied that he knew very little of this strange power; he only knew that some persons possess a larger amount of personal magnetism than others, and where one had a superabundance and another very little, the one with the larger supply, after gaining the attention, often could entirely control the mind and will of the other. He showed how he magnetized his subjects, selecting those of negative, passive temperament, and explained that, after having magnetized them once or twice, he had no difficulty in gaining entire control by simply looking at them."

"I boarded at the chief hotel in our town of about 3,000 inhabitants. Having a large room in so convenient a locality, it was, after business hours, the rendezvous of three or four young men with whom I was most intimate. We first selected two of Prof. Keely's old subjects, and after experimenting on them with entire success, added others, and soon gave exhibitions of our own, which were well patronized by our townspeople. In our experiments it soon became apparent that I possessed a larger amount of this mysterious magnetic power than any of the others. It continually presented new phases and opened up channels for new developments. We gave circus performances, in which after magnetizing fifteen or twenty persons, the name of an animal was given to each subject. We would appoint also a ring-master and clown. Those personating animals naturally antagonistic to each other took on all the natural brute attributes and would fight savagely unless separated. The clown, who might be the dullest and most stupid of all, would set the audience into roars of laughter by his witticisms, and act the part to perfection. We were sitting on the long piazza of the hotel one afternoon, when a peddler's wagon rolled up with a grand flourish. A man jumped down, and, coming up to our group with a box of cigars, offered them for sale. I saw at a glance that he was of a temperamental suited for magnetic experiments, and, catching his attention for a moment, directed him to divide up the box between us all. This he did, and asking the price, which was five dollars, I placed a penny in his hand, telling him it was a five-

dollar gold piece. He looked critically at it for a moment, then seemed satisfied, dropped it into his vest pocket, and went on into the barroom, offering his wares for sale. A little while afterward he came to me with an amused smile on his face and said, 'You made a mistake in paying me for that box of cigars. You gave me a penny instead of a five-dollar gold piece, as you thought.' Producing the penny he laid it conspicuously on the palm of his hand. I looked up at him, replying that it was certainly a five-dollar gold piece. He scanned it closely again with the usual half-dazed look characteristic of the magnetized condition, felt in his pockets doubtfully, and, muttering that he thought it was a penny, again departed on his rounds, satisfied that he had received full payment. After the laugh had subsided I called him back and paid for the cigars."

"Hitherto we had looked upon it simply as a source of amusement. Some one suggested that perhaps it might be utilized for deadening the sensibilities and removing or relieving pain. My first experiment in that line was upon the daughter of one of the leading citizens in the place. I had for years been intimate at the house, and had known the child, a girl of 13, ever since she was born. Two large tusches had grown out of her upper jaw, disfiguring her face. It was decided to have them removed. These were the days before anesthetics were in common use, and the operation had been deferred too long already in dread of pain and accident. I accompanied the girl, with other members of the family, to their dentist, an old-fashioned conservative, who shook his head doubtfully at my assurance in asserting to the child that she would feel no pain. Seating her in the operating chair he produced his instruments, and disapprovingly watched my mode of procedure. I stroked her face lightly, looked into her eyes, which were trustfully raised to mine, told her she would feel no pain, and motioned the doctor to proceed. He cut around the gums, extracting the two teeth without a muscle of her face moving or the slightest indication of suffering being apparent. She said she did not feel the operation, though perfectly conscious all the time. A few days afterward I was requested to examine into the case of one of the richest men in the town, whose disease was so peculiar that it had baffled the skill of every physician consulted. He called at my room. Two or three of us were, as usual, together. He seemed embarrassed and nervous, said his sisters had begged him to call, he hardly knew why; that at about 4 o'clock each afternoon he was seized with a terrible pain in the side of his head, which forced him to leave his bank and go home. As he spoke I saw that he was suffering intensely. I went up to him, rested my hand a moment on his head, drew it slowly down until I reached his knee. 'There,' said I, 'is the seat of your disease. You are mistaken about the pain being in your head; it is in your knee.' 'Oh, no,' said he, emphatically, 'I never had any trouble with my knee. It is all in my head.' He rose as he spoke and turned toward the door, but at the first step he limped painfully, stooped, rubbed his knee, and then putting his hand to his head with a bewildered look exclaimed that the pain had certainly left his head and gone to his knee. I told him to come in every day or two, and let me see how his case was progressing. He walked away, apparently with great difficulty. He returned next day at the same hour with the pain in his head. I again convinced him that the trouble was in the knee, and after a few more visits he was entirely cured. This was effected, as I believe, by imparting a more healthful magnetism to his system, equalizing circulation, and giving rest to his over-taxed brain."

"Not long afterward I heard some of the women at the hotel talking of poor Mrs. Malony and her dreadful sufferings. I learned that Mrs. Malony was afflicted with a very painful felon; had been unable to sleep for a week or more; was worn out with exhaustion and suffering, and, being an old woman, it was feared she would die of prostration. I requested my landlady to take me to see her; but, being a very pious woman, and having in common with many others of the church people, a growing suspicion that this unexplained power of mine must be an emanation from the evil one, she refused at first, but after consulting with her minister, it was decided that in such an extreme case it was perhaps admissible to use any agency. Fat, red, dreadfully dirty, worn out with pain and lack of sleep, with one hand and arm rolled in poultices, she was walking up and down the floor in agony, supported by a sympathizing friend on either side, while a half-dozen old cronies sat around groaning sympathetically. Thus I found Mrs. Malony. I told her I could cure her, and, removing the bandages, examined the hand and finger, swollen to immense proportions. She allowed me to gently stroke her arm, but upon my touching the hand she would fearfully draw it away, declaring that if I touched the finger she knew she would die. As I lightly drew my hand down her arm, suddenly, before she was aware of my intention, I grasped the afflicted finger, and, pressing it with all my strength, said: 'You see now that your finger is not even sore. There is nothing the matter with it. You are nervous, worn out. It does not hurt does it?' 'Divil a bit,' said she, looking with stupid amazement at the finger I had pressed so hard that I left deep indentations in the swollen hand. 'Now,' said I, turning to my landlady, 'have her lie down at once, leave her hand uncovered, send her friends away, and she will sleep twenty-four hours. If she awakens

send for me.' They all drew away from me half fearfully as I passed out. I was not sent for, and she had no more pain."

"At about this time I began to notice that I was being avoided by many of my old friends among the strict church people, and whispers of our employing supernatural agencies and experimenting in the black art were abroad. Our entertainments were abandoned for lack of patronage. More than one old acquaintance whom I saw approaching turned a convenient corner before we met. We began to learn how difficult it is to stem the superstitious current. "One evening my friend Wells—my principal assistant—and myself were sitting in my room. A tap came at the door and there entered a man about 50 years old. He said he had heard about our having a strange power over the minds and senses of many persons, and had come to ask our assistance in detecting a thief. He was the owner of a line of packet boats running between Cincinnati and Toledo on the canal which passed through our town. One of his Captains on his return trip had spent the night at a tavern on the opposite side of the canal much frequented by boatmen, had slept with a roll of money under his pillow, had forgotten it and left without removing it from his bed next morning, had returned for it within an hour, but it was gone, and nothing had been seen or heard of it at the hotel. Such crimes were rare in those days, and detectives were not at hand on all occasions as now. This would be a novel experiment, and at least prove interesting. Hitherto the minds of our subjects had simply followed ours. Here was the opportunity of ascertaining if the mind of the subject could lead."

"It had been just a week since the theft was committed, which put us at great disadvantage in point of time. I had often seen the old tavern, but had never entered it. I requested the packet owner, Mr. Miller, to give me a description of the interior and of the room the Captain occupied, which was situated, he said, at the extreme end of the long hall, into which all the bedrooms opened on the second floor, and close to the stairs leading to the third floor. A person passing up or down must of necessity pass this door."

"We pledged ourselves to strict secrecy. Only Mr. Miller, my friend Wells, my subject, and myself were to be present at our séances. I sent for a man of the name of Reeves, an honest, good-natured countryman, heavy and dull almost to stupidity, but one of our best subjects. Of course he knew nothing about the robbery, and it was not known to a dozen persons in the place. We subdued the light in the room, drew a table near a window, seated my friend Wells at one end with writing materials to take notes, the subject at the other, and Mr. Miller at the locked door to prevent intrusion. I banded my subject's eyes tightly, and, taking one of his hands in mine, I made a few passes before his banded eyes with my free hand, and requested him to go with me mentally wherever I went. I said to him that it was now six o'clock Thursday morning (giving the date of the morning of the theft), and said we were now going to Burns's tavern. Immediately he seemed to conceive the idea that he was leading me. We passed mentally out of my room into the hall—I keeping my mind closely upon the track we must travel—down the stairs, through the passage, and into the street. In order to reach the bridge across the canal we must turn to the right, go two squares, then turn to the left, and three squares further on cross the bridge, turn again to the right, and one block away reach the tavern. I observed with alarm for my experiment, that as we passed mentally into the street he said we are now turning to the left when he should have said to the right; but before I could correct him he spoke of seeing old Dr. Powell at his gate as we passed, and I knew his residence stood at the right of my hotel. He bade the Doctor good morning as we passed by."

"Now we are at a grocery," said he. "Whose?" I asked. "I don't know," he replied. "Can you not read the sign?" "I will go in and see," said he. Then raising his head as if looking at some high object, he said slowly, as if spelling it out: "John Green, flour, feed, and groceries."

"I knew the grocery, and saw he was on the right track. He spoke to several persons I knew as we passed on, and as we neared the bridge said, 'Here comes John Bates; he is speaking to you; why don't you answer him?' 'Never mind,' said I, controlling my surprise. 'Go on.' John Bates had been dead six months. Nothing further occurred until we reached the tavern, which he insisted stood at the left of the bridge. When we had reached the long hall on the second floor I said: 'Now stand here and describe the people as they come out of their rooms.' Presently he said: 'There is one comin' out of that door.' 'What is the number of the room?' I asked. 'I will go in and see,' he replied. Again I observed the curious fact that in order to read a sign or number he had to look at it from the other side. In a moment he said: 'It is No. 12.' He described that man and others, but their descriptions did not tally with that of the Captain, whose personal appearance had been minutely described to me. 'Here comes another man,' said he, 'from that room down to the end of the hall, a big man, with a red face. He left his door open. Guess he ain't comin' back.' After a moment he continued: 'There's another one comin' down them other stairs; he's a natty lookin' feller; light skin, blue eyes, light brown hair, younger'n any of the rest. He's lookin' inter that room that big feller come out of, right there by the stairs. Why, he looks as if he'd seen somethin'.

Now he's goin' in. Now he's comin' out agin, puttin' somethin' in his pocket—looks kinder scared like.'

"I directed him to keep his eye on this man, and follow him wherever he went. We followed him down the stairs and into the street. 'Here comes another feller. He's a speakin' to him. He looks an awful lot like him, only older. They are whisperin' together. He's goin' with him. Now we are goin' by the Methodist meetin' house. There's Judge Clark comin'. Why didn't you speak to him?' 'Go on; go on. You will lose sight of those men,' said I. Judge Clark, whom every one had known and loved, had been dead three years. 'They are goin' inter that old lumber yard. They are doin' somethin' there in that corner. As sure's you live there's a buryin' that little yellow bundle tied with a pink string. He got that 'outter that feller's room this mornin'.' He's a tellin' him how he seen it stickin' out under his pillow when he went by the door.' My subject had now been under influence as long as I thought it safe to keep him there for that day. So I placed the notes my friend had made in the drawer, unbanded his eyes, and brought him back to his normal condition by a quick upward motion of my hand. As he opened his eyes he stared, troubled expression seen in the eyes of a somnambulist on first regaining consciousness came into them for a second, but he was utterly unconscious of anything which had occurred, supposing it to have been one of our usual experiments, and was too dull and indifferent even to ask."

"At the same hour the next day we again met at my room, according to appointment, and took the same positions. Blindfolding my subject I told him to go back and take up the clue. He soon found the man again. I told him that he must now condense time, counting every six hours as one, in order to catch up in the week. He readily comprehended, although in his normal condition it would have taken him a week to have understood me, and immediately passed over six hours. 'Now,' said he, 'it is night, and he is in bed. He feels bad and can't sleep, turnin' and tossin' and gettin' up every few minutes, wishin' it was mornin'.' Jumping over another six hours he described his getting up, his hurried breakfast, his worried and anxious manner, his departure from the tavern, his again meeting his brother, who seemed to be waiting for him. 'They are goin' down that street,' said he. 'Now they're climbin' up them steps and goin' inter that door. Stand back,' said he, 'an' let me open the door. Come in. This is a carpenter shop. They're down by that old chest. There, they've got that little bundle agin.' Now, they're hidin' it in the chest. They hid it in the lumber yard once. Now, they're hidin' it here, an' whisperin' together. The young ones agin' out.' As we followed he again startled me by calling my attention to meeting and being spoken to by a friend long since dead. We had a description of another anxious, restless night, and another day—my subject always leading me and we following the clue. After dismissing our somnambulist, my friend and myself as before went over every rod of the ground we had just been traveling mentally and visited the carpenter shop, where the subject said the money was hidden. We then understood why he requested me to stand back while he opened the door. We found that the stairs, which he climbed on the outside, led up to a small platform. The door opened outward, and a person entering must step aside to allow it room to swing."

"At our third sitting we had brought the time down to within two days of our present date. This time, in following our man around, he came across the bridge, and step by step we followed him to our hotel. 'Now he's goin' inter the stage office,' said he. 'He's givin' Mr. Walton, the stage agent, a paper. It looks like a bill. Mr. Walton is givin' him some money an' tells him to sign the paper.' 'Read the name he signs,' said I. 'I can't,' said he. 'Mr. Walton has folded it up an' put it in the left-hand corner of his desk. There's a bundle of other papers just like it in there.' Without disturbing him in his comments I picked up a scrap of paper and penciled a note to Mr. Walton requesting him to send me a package of receipts in the right hand corner of his desk. Mr. Miller took it down and directly returned with the package, some twenty or more, which I did not unfold, but spread around on the table within reach of our somnambulist's hand, which, as I have before said, he never removed from the table. He had been entirely unconscious of what we had done, but kept up his running comments, following the man back across the canal and to various places, when all at once he moved his hand toward the papers and exclaimed: 'Why, here's that paper now; the very one he gave Mr. Walton. Without hesitating a second he picked up one of the folded papers, and without unfolding it, also without even turning his banded eyes toward it, he read:

Received from Samuel Walton, June, 1847, one dollar and fifty cents in full of all accounts.

"Here was the name of our man at last! We knew him by sight, Wells and I, and that he had a brother, a carpenter. They were considered honest and respectable. We were getting the facts down to a fine point, but the difficulty would be in the proof. How could a man be convicted on the testimony of a somnambulist? We were all greatly excited, except our subject, who, unconscious of anything extraordinary having occurred, took up his account precisely where he broke

off to read the receipt. Condensing another six hours, it was evening. We followed Freeman into a livery stable, where his brother George joined him, and after a protracted conversation with the proprietor, a man of the name of Sykes, he said Freeman handed Sykes the parcel, and the brothers went away as if greatly relieved. Instead of following them he followed Sykes back into a remote part of the stable, where he described him as slipping back the string on the package and taking out a bill. 'It is money,' said he, 'and that other chap stole it and gave it to this un, an' now he's took one of them bills out, an' then tied it up so no one would know it had been opened.' Right here we were interrupted by a knock at the door which our subject did not observe. Mr. Miller stepped out, but almost immediately returned with a radiant face, and, without speaking, held up a little yellow parcel tied with a pink string, which, though never having seen it, we recognized at a glance as the lost package of money. Our subject followed the livery stable man to Burns's tavern. Up the stairs he took us again, through the hall to the foot of the second flight, where, nearly opposite the same room from which the money was taken, he discovered a basket of clean linen, with a pile of towels on the top. 'Why, he's a stickin' that package down under the towels. Now he's a hurryin' off.' Suddenly he exclaimed, 'The money is here. Right over there. That man has got it in his pocket. All but one bill. The livery man's got that.'

"We dismissed our subject and rested our case. Mr. Miller opened the package, which had been sent over to him by the landlord of the Burns House with a message that it had been found in a basket of linen, counted the money, which was all in one hundred-dollar bills, and found one bill missing. Eleven hundred dollars were returned out of the original twelve hundred which the package had contained. Later my friend Wells and myself sauntered into the barroom of the Burns House. A good many men were standing about, and the one subject of discussion was the finding of the money. By this time everybody knew that the money had been lost and quite as mysteriously found. It was said, by a chambermaid among the linen. All sorts of surmises and suspicions were floating about. Many looked askance at us as we drew near, and whispered together, for somehow it had leaked out that Mr. Miller had been cloaked a great deal with us. An uneasy feeling that some accusations might be made was evident. Soon after Mr. Miller came up to the bar, and, while being congratulated on all sides, smilingly said that he never felt uneasy. He knew all the time that it would be returned, 'but,' said he, 'I am \$100 short; I don't worry any about that.' Seating himself and elevating his legs comfortably to the back of a chair opposite, he said: 'That \$100 is all right; I'll get it in a few days.' Everybody looked curiously at his neighbor, but no one thought best to ask for any explanation. Several went away soon afterward. As we passed out the elder of the Freeman brothers was just ahead of us. The next day Mr. Miller left on one of his boats for home, thirty miles distant. Two weeks later he called at my room again, and said he had received the other one hundred-dollar bill! Two young men drove up to his door one day the previous week, he said, strangers to him, and asked if he was Mr. Miller. They declined to enter the house, said they were from the town where his money was lost. Had heard that he had intimated that they were in some way connected with the loss of the money—or at least with the missing one hundred-dollar bill. He replied that he had accused no one. One of them remarked that it was hard to rest under a suspicion, and rather than have their names connected with it they would prefer to make good the deficiency, at the same time handing to Mr. Miller a one hundred-dollar bill. He took it, bade them good day, and they drove away."

"How far the superstitious fears of the guilty parties influenced them in returning the money we never knew, but the disagreeable notoriety we had gained, and a fear that it might affect our business interests, made us decide to discontinue all further experiments. I also saw that it was leading into a realm at that time new and unexplored. The startling recognition on the part of the clairvoyant of those long dead filled me with terror."—New York Sun, May 25th, 1884.

The London Inquirer publishes this account of an extraordinary scene which took place recently at a rural cemetery on the occasion of the funeral of a retired farmer: "On arriving at the grave, the officiating clergyman, Rev. W. Beristoff, vicar of St. Luke's, Leek, pointed out that the corpse's feet would not point to the eastward; and, although the sexton told him that the grave was in a similar position to hundreds of others, and showed him the headstones in confirmation, the clergyman insisted upon his point, referring to the difficulty which would be experienced on the Day of Resurrection if the corpse was placed otherwise than with his feet to the east! A rule was procured, when it was found that the grave would just take the coffin the reverse way, and the ceremony was then proceeded with."

A wealthy English gentleman is trying to convert the poor heathen in India by inserting Mr. Spurgeon's sermons as an advertisement in some of the native papers. The people think that they are an advertisement of a new potent medicine."



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.  
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER II.

OLD-TIME GOOD AND ILL—RELIGIOUS GROWTH—REFORMS.

"Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old;

The word by seeds or sibyls told,  
In groves of oak or fane of gold,  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind,  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost."

Emerson.

Fifty years ago the old meeting house stood in the centre of the broad street in Hatfield. It was a "meeting house," not a church, and "to go to meeting" was the old phrase, in which was no tinge of Episcopacy. The high pulpit had steep, winding stairs by which the "sacred desk" was reached—a lofty place from whence the pastor looked down on his flock, his voice reaching them as from the high heavens. By the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondence—which has more truth than many suppose—the change from that lofty pulpit, with its wooden bulwark shutting off the occupant from the hearers, to the low and open platform, for a modern clergyman, typifies the change from the lofty and exclusive idea of the old preacher, to the modern idea of a man in the pulpit trying to lift up and teach his brethren. Over that pulpit was the great sounding board, theoretically to carry the spoken word out to the pews and walls, but having no effect of that kind, and really serving to set the busy brains of boys and girls thinking what would happen if it fell and crushed the poor minister beneath.

Deep and high galleries ran around three sides, reached by two stairways in the corners. High above and built over those stairways, and reached by another flight of steps, were two great, square pews, seen from the whole gallery and from below. One was the "pauper pew," and the other the "negro pew," and the occupants were these poor pariahs of our Christian civilization, lifted up in these most conspicuous places to be stared at! For more than a hundred years that was the only place dedicated to Sunday meetings. A few Methodist meetings in a poor school house back in the swamps were tolerated, an occasional Universalist or Unitarian met on rude benches, but felt a chill in the social air. The faith of the Puritans bore away, and all else was dangerous heresy. Great changes have taken place. The Westminster Catechism is no longer a household book, and even the most orthodox hardly wish it back again. "The Day of Doom," that poetic description of "The Great and Last Judgment," by Michael Wigglesworth, which was also a household book, at a still earlier date, would not be warmly welcomed in the home of the modern professor of religion. Its author says of that great day:

"In vain do they to mountains say, Fall on us, and us hide  
From Judah's ire, more hot than fire, for who may it abide?  
No hiding place can from his face, sinners at all conceal.  
Whose flaming eye hid things doth spy, and darkest things reveal."

Infants are portrayed as having a plea made for them, but the stern answer comes from the Judgment seat:

"You sinners are, and such a share as sinners may expect:  
Such you shall have, for I do save none but mine own elect."

But unto you I will allow the easiest room in hell."

What that is, we learn as follows:

"The least degree of misery there felt is incomparable;  
The lightest pain they there sustain is more than intolerable.  
But God's great power, from hour to hour, upholds them in the fire,  
That they shall not consume a jot or by its force expire."

With iron bands they bind their hands and cursed feet together,  
And cast them all, both great and small, into that lake forever.  
Where day and night, without respite, they wall and cry and howl!  
For torturing pain, which they sustain, in body and in soul."

These are specimens from the Saurian age of theology, when infant damnation was preached from the pulpits, and all mankind were held totally depraved by nature, and a few only saved by special divine grace. Yet this writer has been called "a man of the beatitudes," and his daily life was kind and genial. In England, Puritanism did great service. It was a religious reform helping to break down old tyranny and to rebuke vice in Church and State. In New England it nurtured noble virtues as well as grave errors, and its advocates did a great work, but the world looked for more light, and the light must come. It was my good fortune to live on the border between The Old Time and The New, to know personally something of the Pilgrim life and thought, and to know and feel that

"The pure, fresh impulse of to-day,  
Which thrills within the human heart,  
As time-worn errors pass away,  
Fresh life and vigor shall impart."

It is interesting and noteworthy to see how one step opened the way for another, by a moral and spiritual evolution corresponding to the steps of rock and cloud along the spiral pathway reaching up to grass and flower and man. The intense earnestness of Puritanism stirred the soul and awakened thought, and the mandate of priest or council seeking to fetter that thought was as futile as an effort "to bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades." Their restraint hindered for a season, but the poor barriers broke at last, and each gave new vantage ground. Arminian tendencies crept in. The story is told of a council of ministers examining a young candidate in theology, and one of them, suspecting heresy, said sternly: "If things go in this way I must secede," whereat Dr. Luthrop, of West Springfield, a saintly preacher of generous views, replied: "If our brother secedes we must proceed." But the heresy-hunter was right, for the young candidate was a Unitarian in less than thirty years.

Then came John Murray from England, cast on the Long Island coast as a shipwrecked waif, but found by the farmer who had seen him in a dream, and knew him as the preacher for whom he had been guided by that vision to build a church, where the love of God sufficient to save all mankind, should be proclaimed. Such a conception of the Divine goodness naturally led to a higher ideal of humanity, and William E. Channing, in his Federal Street pulpit in Boston, set forth with golden eloquence the worth, dignity, and capacity for endless culture of man, made in God's image and likeness. Old asperities softened, and the heaven kept working. Should man, heir of such a destiny and child of such a father, be made a slave in this boasted land of liberty? Surely not. The Quaker element came in to emphasize this demand for freedom, and found voice in Whitier's word:

"The one sole sacred thing beneath  
The cope of heaven is man."

Political and religious ideas were in uni-

son, and so grew the anti-slavery movement—so small at first, so resistless at last! The equality of man involved that of woman. A gifted Quaker, Lucretia Mott, went to London in 1840, as delegate to a World's anti-slavery Convention, and was refused admission because she was a woman, and the injustice of that refusal gave new life and organic shape to woman's rights. Far out in the then distant wilds of Michigan, Elizabeth Margaret Chandler made touching protest against the silence enforced on her sex by old custom and old Bible rendering:

"Shall we behold unheeding,  
Life's holiest feelings crushed?  
While woman's heart is bleeding  
Shall woman's voice be hushed?"

With this discussion came new views of the subjection of woman, pledged religiously to obey her husband as master, to look up to him after the manner of Milton's Eve. Marriage was discussed, much of truth with something of error coming up. Theodore Parker said that the errors were "but the dust from the wagon wheels bringing home the harvest," and surely higher conceptions of the sanctity of maternity, and of woman as the loving and equal helpmate of man, with the wife's right to her own person and property, have steadily gained ground.

In the discussion of these questions many of the clergy held up the Bible as in favor of chattel slavery and woman's subjection, and this opened the way for new doubts as to the infallibility of the book. A popular clergyman in Maine, told his large audience that "it was a great misfortune for a minister to hold up a book as contradicting the holiest feelings of humanity." Henry C. Wright, with his usual power, put the case in the plain way of the fearless abolitionist: "If my mother was a slave, and I was told the Bible sanctioned her condition, I would put the Bible under my feet and make my mother free." Thus did it become possible for Theodore Parker to stand before the largest Protestant audiences in Boston and preach in Music Hall for years, saying frankly and manfully that the Bible was a human book, valuable but fallible—to be judged by our reason, but never set up as authority over us. To-day liberal ministers, especially Unitarians, begin to take the same ground, and many of the people are in advance of most of the clergy. Atheism and agnosticism are reactions from the Jewish Jehovah and the dogmas of theology. Modern Spiritualism makes the future life real and near, binding it to this by the strong ties of eternal law and undying human love, and gives us a natural religion and a spiritual philosophy, rational, inspiring, and enlarging. It is an outgrowth and complement of New England transcendentalism, supplementing the intuitive ideas of that remarkable movement with facts and a psychological system which give them clearness and definite meaning.

So the world moves, and must move. Trouble may sometimes come from the misuse of freedom of thought, but truth gains and charity grows. When the spring flood comes swelling and sweeping down some mountain stream, it carries along, and tosses up on the hillsides, the floodwood and wreck that mark its course, and the loosened ice grinds to pieces whatever it strikes; but the flood subsides, the fertilized fields pay back more than all the losses, and the summer life and autumnal plenty are better than the reign of ice-bound winter. We can see, too, the dawn of the glad day when persecution for opinion's sake shall cease; when mankind shall recognize the benefit of progressive change and learn

"To make the present with the future merge,  
Gently and peacefully, as wave with wave."

Odd enough were some of the old protests against the autocratic authority of the clergy. The story comes down a hundred and fifty years of a Hatfield farmer—an eccentric but good man, one of the silent dissenters from orthodoxy, whose very silence brought suspicion—who was walking beside his ox-team and cart up the street, and met the minister. He saluted him with the same friendly respect he would show a neighbor, but the custom was to lift the hat to the preacher, and this he did not do. The demand came: "Take off your hat, sir," to which nonattention was paid, when the minister raised his cane and struck the hat off from that rebellious head. The wearer quietly took it up and put it on again, stopped his team, set his long gait carefully upright in the grass, and let it go. It fell, pointing southwest, and he picked it up and went quietly on his way, the lookers on wondering what this new oddity meant. In a few months he sold his farm and left for Connecticut; in a year he came back and said: "When that priest knocked my hat off, I thought I would set up my ox-gait and see which way it fell, and move that way, and I've found a place where I don't have to take off my hat to the priest."

The parish minister used to be the arbiter as to all public meetings, and his word would open or close the doors to a lecturer on any topic of reform or religion. The anti-slavery movement broke up this, for their lecturers would speak for freedom in every parish, with or without consent of clergy. A general meeting of Congregational clergymen was called in West Brookfield, Mass., some forty-five years ago to see what could be done. One of those present said: "One of these itinerants came to my parish and advertised to speak. I took my hat and cane and walked up one side of the street and told my people not to go, and then down the other side in the same way, and nobody went." Others were less fortunate, and what to do was a vexed question. "A pastoral letter" was sent out to the churches, urging action, but it was met by a reaction disastrous to their efforts. Whitier wrote a ringing poem, of which a verse will show the quality:

"So this is all, the utmost reach  
Of priestly power the mind to fetter,  
When laymen think, when women preach,  
A war of words, a pastoral letter!  
A 'Pastoral Letter,' grave and dull—  
Alas! in books and horns and features,  
How different is your Brookfield bull,  
From him who bellows at St. Peter's!"

A few years since a young clergyman told me of the advice of an old preacher to a group of clerical students. He said: "Young men, never be priests, be ministers; men helping other men, but not priests." He was wiser than those at West Brookfield.

Reverence for sacred places and days was part of the old education, taught but mildly to me, but in the very air. One day, in my boyhood, I went alone to the meeting house on an errand, and lingered to walk up the silent aisles. Curiously led me toward the pulpit, up its steps, inside and to the very desk, where I stood in the minister's place with my hands on the great Bible before me. At once a wave of feeling came over me as though I was a profane trespasser on holy ground, and I ran down the steps and out of the door, fearful and ashamed.

At home the Sabbath was free from the solemnity which ruled in many households. It was deemed a good day for rest and thought, beneficial as such, but not holy after the Jewish idea, and was kept quietly but not austere. A school-master who had boarded with us some time, changed his quarters to another family. On a Saturday morning he came in

and said to my mother: "Can I stay here over Sunday? Saturday night all the newspapers and books are put out of sight, and Scott's Bible and the New York Observer are brought out. Nobody can laugh or look cheerful, and I can't live there." He kept his Sunday in our warmer air.

An elderly woman whom I knew well, a notable housekeeper, whose work was her life, used to sit by her west window Sunday afternoons, trying to read the Bible, dosing a little, and rousing up to look out and measure the height of the declining sun. At last she would venture to take down the almanac that hung beside the old clock by the loop of twine through its corner, find the time of sunset, and then look at the clock. When the sun's last rays shone she would give a stretch and a sigh of relief, rise up from her chair, go straight to the kitchen, get on the big kettle and have her washing done before bedtime. To get on that kettle five minutes before sunset would have been held a great sin, but on Monday morning she would make a close bargain with a poor woman, and take good care to get the best of it.

To exalt holy days and places is to degrade man, I had no doctrinal training, and cannot remember a time when I was ever taught to believe or disbelieve any creed or dogma. I heard the comments in the family, on preaching and church doctrines, which were usually frank but charitable, but was left to frame my own conclusions. I was never taught or influenced to dislike or distrust people for heresy, but rather to respect sincerity in all. My father read a short prayer from a liberal service-book each morning, and reverence for spiritual ideas was a part of my life. In morals and conduct the standard was high. A lie was terrible, a knavish trick was contemptible, vulgarity was shameful. Clean lips and a pure heart, frank and upright conduct, and a readiness always to bear my share of life's burthens, needed little enforcement by direct precept; they were in the daily acts and in the very air of our home. To fall below their high requirements was to forfeit the affectionate confidence and respect of those most near and dear.

For one thing I hold my father in especial reverence. In my youth he said to me: "My son, never fear to hear both sides of all questions fairly, especially in religion. Be careful and thoughtful. Make up your mind without rash haste, but with a clear conscience. When you have decided, hold to your convictions firmly and honestly and without fear." Many times have I blessed his memory for that weighty advice. It stands by me like a rock. At an early day I tested it, and I began to doubt eternal punishment, read the Bible, and thought it all over, and scripture and justice were with me. I went to my father and told him of my change of views. He questioned me a little and then said: "Very well. If it seems right, hold to it like a man; only be sure it seems right." And so, at twelve years old, a black cloud rolled away, and my good father's word was like a strong wind that broke it in pieces.

A few years after I was in Boston and saw an advertisement of a meeting of infidels in Chapman Hall, to be addressed by Robert Owen and others. An avowed infidel I had never seen, and the name was as fearful to a New England boy as was that of "the black Douglas" to Scotch babies, whom their nurses frightened with it in bygone days. I found the hall in a labyrinth of crooked streets, its place, it seemed, for such a meeting, and took a safe seat near the door. The audience was a surprise—intelligent and civil people, as good as the average. Several persons spoke, expressing opinions, wise or otherwise, and, at last, an elderly man—plain, square-built, with large head and kindly, shrewd face—rose to his feet, and all listened with great attention. He stood with folded arms, talking rather than speech-making, and with beautiful clearness and simplicity spoke of the excellence of charity and active benevolence. Every word went home. I thought to myself, Paul wrote well of charity in his Corinthian Epistle, but this infidel Robert Owen goes beyond him. That hour did not change my religious belief, but it cleared away the mist of prejudice, and gave me new respect for courageous frankness. The fresh thought of my father's good advice sent me there, and I made lasting record in my memory of another obligation to him.

[To be continued.]

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT

In the Light of Reason and Justice.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In a theological sense, vicarious atonement is the suffering by Jesus in his own body, of all the punishment or penalty which, under the divine government, has been, or will be, incurred by all the transgressors of divine law, and the application of such vicarious or substituted suffering to the individual case of every transgressor who embraces a belief in such atonement; and the remission or forgiveness of such penalty to every such believer, but to no others. The atoning principle consists, through a belief on the part of the sinner of its truth, in imputing to him the righteousness of Jesus, and in imputing to Jesus, for the same reason, the wickedness and consequent penalty of the sinner; and that God accepts this vicarious (one standing for the other) atonement as a satisfaction of divine law. An orthodox believer in this doctrine would, perhaps, state it in different phraseology, but the principle involved would be the same. Let us examine this doctrine in the light of the highest standard of reason and justice known to man.

It is remarkable, to begin with, that the orthodox plan of redemption, resting as it does upon a reconciliation through the vicarious atonement, depends not upon the power of divine truth, but upon man's belief of that truth. It is the belief, and not the truth believed, that works the claimed reconciliation. The effect of this belief upon the heart and conscience would be the same, whether the things believed were true or false. I once knew a politician whose motto was, that an error well and effectively adhered to, was just as good as the truth. Does this religious theory rest on anything better? Suppose not a single human being ever embraced a belief in this doctrine, would it be a vital, efficient truth in the divine government? How?

Our daily experience teaches us that we often comply ignorantly with the conditions upon which blessings are received, and sometimes we, afterwards, often fail to fully learn what the truth or principle is that brings the blessing. What would be the condition of humanity if God withheld from his children all benefits and blessings of truths which they failed to believe and understand? Think of it! Does God only bless those who know why and how the blessing comes? This is the rule furnished by the theological doctrine known as vicarious atonement. Suppose a disbeliever in any divine truth, but the disbeliever complies with and performs all that truth requires, will God withhold the blessings of obedience because of a want of faith in such truth? Does he not send his rain and sunshine equally upon those who even deny

his being and worship other gods, and those who believe him the source of all blessings?

Man's wisdom is the result of trial and experience, and not the cause of these. The desire to know prompts to activity and thought, and these are followed, not preceded by, consequent faith, knowledge and growth.

But let us further inquire: Must the belief in such an atonement, in order to be available to the believer in the remission of his punishment, be a belief resting on grounds sufficiently reasonable and comprehensible to produce in an ordinary mind a conviction of its truth? The grounds, whatever they may be, must be intelligently productive of the belief. This is the ordinary standard, and the matter is to be measured by the ordinary mind. Let us apply it. It is conceded by all that the way and manner in which the righteousness of Jesus is imputed to the sinner, and the sinner's wickedness is imputed to, and borne by, Jesus, is a mystery. That is, there is no known rule, principle or law, human or divine, by which this can be done. This makes it a mystery. Where, then, are we to look for the grounds of the required belief? The result is that such belief, when claimed, is a mere naked profession, having no grounds, rational or perceptible, to rest upon; and being such, cannot, in the mind of the professed believer, be the cause of a faith and consequent conduct and life going beyond mere profession. The stream cannot raise above the fountain.

No comment need be offered upon the philosophical and mental absurdity of claiming an efficient causal faith, by the intellectual power, in a principle which such power is conceded to be utterly unable to understand.

But why should the innocent Jesus suffer the penalty infinite wisdom and love designed for the wrong doer? It must be granted that the penalty of sin, whatever it may be, was determined by infinite wisdom and justice. Have these divine attributes changed? Do they not require now what they did in the beginning? And if so, why this vicarious principle of substitution? One of two things is inevitable: either the original plan was defective, or the substitution is not required. But says one: The vicarious principle was a part of the original plan. Does this make it any better? The objection is, that it allows and substitutes the innocent to suffer for the guilty. Is this the less objectionable because originally designed?

It is true that it is more blessed to give than receive; that is, that condition of mind and spirit that is not only willing and ready, but anxious to impart of what it has for the benefit and relief of others; brings to the possessor greater blessings than can come to the recipient from what may be given. It is this condition that opens the spiritual nature of man to the perception and reception of divine truth. It is only limited by ability to give. But while this is the law as to the giver, is it not also the law as to the receiver? Has he nothing to do but hold out his hands as a beggar, and take all that is offered? Is he to be esteemed meritorious because he has afforded some better person an unlimited opportunity to give? This would seem to be the merit of those who claim to have appropriated the consideration, and in return sing, "Jesus paid the bill." Do such persons receive the greater blessing that comes to the giver? Imagine, reader, a kingdom where the duty of the subject is a profession of faith in the willingness and ability of the king to furnish all the subjects need, and an unlimited readiness on the part of the subjects to receive, upon condition they devote their time to singing and shouting the king's praises. How can any one be so blind as not to see in this an intense element of selfishness, concealed under the garb of righteousness?

Among all the wrongs and evils of mankind there are none greater than the failures to protect the innocent and punish the guilty. It is mainly for this civil governments are established, and no government could long exist that fails to do this. The weakness and wickedness of its wrongs and errors would overthrow it. What then would be its character and claim to support, if professedly founded upon the principle that it would accept the punishment of the innocent, when offered in place of the guilty, and allow the guilty to go clear? Would the failure of justice be any less, because the innocent was willing to suffer? The protection of the innocent consists in the just punishment of the guilty; and the righteous chastisement of the wrong doer is the protection of the innocent. Vicarious atonement reverses this natural order of justice. The principle itself is a most shocking subversion of the plainest justice and right. It certainly seems to me that the religious world has failed to realize the horror of this doctrine. Instances are not wanting, where men and women have refused to accept grand and splendid gifts because their sentiments of justice and right would not allow them to appropriate to their own use and benefit the labor and hardship of others without compensation. Such refusals have been looked upon as evidences of the highest nobility of character. But suppose the gift to be a release from a justly incurred penalty of painful suffering, to be endured by the innocent giver instead of the guilty recipient, would its acceptance be less objectionable to that quality we call nobility of character? What sort of stuff must a man be made of, who would accept immunity from the consequences of his own acts or omissions, upon such terms? While the common sentiment of humanity would stigmatize him as a selfish brute, the orthodox view of the atonement would extol him as a saint. Which is the higher and better rule? We are told not to cast our pearls before swine, but the divine instructor did deem it requisite to denounce the swine for appropriating the jewels.

I can see but one weak ground for the opinion that this vicarious faith is productive of the least good in the world, and that is the prominence the doctrine gives to the kindness and compassion of Jesus, in offering to take upon himself the sinner's faults to save the sinner from their consequences. In these qualities it could not be excelled; its contemplation may in the process of time inspire such a worship of these divine attributes as to bring them into more practical use, and so overcome the evils of the injustice. Still, it would seem that eighteen hundred years of trial ought to settle this point. But it is difficult and improper to measure things in this way, and say what considerations of justice may be profitably exchanged for those of good-will and kindness. It may be possible that the crucifixion of justice for the time being, will inflict upon the world a less evil than the want of that prominence given by this doctrine to kindness and compassion. But what an alternative for infinite wisdom to present to human weakness.

Clarinda, Iowa. J. L. BACHELOR.

It is stated that the American Tract Society's publications during the year ending with March last aggregated 73,566,000 pages, in addition to say periodicals with a total circulation of 4,000,000.

Apparitions Revealing Crime.

A correspondent of the Toronto News, and whose veracity is vouched for by that paper tells the following story:

In one of the townships of Western Ontario, in rather a lonely part of a leading road, stood a medium-sized log house, used as a tavern, kept by a man of a rather ferocious temper, whom we will call McGrim. Though of a foul and disagreeable disposition, there appears to have been no serious charge of disorder or of crime imputed to him at the time this story begins—about forty years ago. In the same neighborhood lived a pious and amiable young man, who died soon after the strange experience hereafter described:

In a dream, a respectfully-dressed man stood before him with his throat cut. There was a terrible realism in the apparition. He spoke and said that he had put up at McGrim's tavern for the night, that he had been foully murdered by McGrim, who had taken his money and hid it in a place distinctly specified by the ghostly traveler, and that his body was buried upon a knoll of land pointed out so as to be recognized. When the young man awoke, the whole revelation was vividly fresh upon his mind and in his memory, even to the name and address in the United States, of the victim.

He told the dream to some of his friends. McGrim heard of it, and used threatening language in regard to the dreamer if he did not cease to name it, which resulted in the dreamer being hustled up; though rumors of a traveler with a horse and buggy staying at the tavern and never having been seen to leave it were current for a time; of a well on the knoll specified as the place of burial having been filled up about this time, and then a drive-house erected over the spot—all leading the people of the locality to feel that a foul crime had been committed in their midst. After awhile he moved away and kept a hotel in another place. His life became very bad, his wife frequently having to seek refuge at surrounding houses from her brutal husband's murderous fury. Finally, he left his wife and family and ran away to a city of the United States, where he died several years later.

At the time of the war between the United States and Mexico a young man, whom we will call Slade, was lying on a bed in an extemporized hospital in Mexico. His step-father and his mother lived in Ontario, about twenty miles from McGrim's tavern. He had enlisted in the American army and been sent South, where we find him prostrated either from wound or disease, the writer (who has the facts from Slade's mother) has forgotten which. On a bed near him lay a young Frenchman drawing near to death. The dying man having found out that Slade was from Canada, piteously asked a favor of him. He eased his mind by a penitential confession which he requested Slade to make known on his return home.

He formerly lived as hired man with McGrim at the log tavern in Upper Canada. Through an opening between the logs he saw his master murder a traveler who had tarried for the night. To serve a purpose of his own he had afterwards twitted McGrim about what he had witnessed, who, becoming greatly alarmed, gave the young Frenchman the traveler's horse and buggy and twenty-five pounds to go away and say nothing about it.

As the wife and children of the accused man were living, Slade was advised, upon his return home, not to make a public accusation. It was reported after McGrim's death that he had made a full confession of this murder before he died. The writer has had no opportunity to verify the report, and so leaves this strange array of facts to the meditation of his readers.

A Congressman's Story.

Congressman Blackburn, of Kentucky, tells the following story of his experience in the Confederate army: "Four days before I went to the front with my regiment we had a little girl baby. She is now grown, and you always see her with me at any social gathering. Well, in our army the furloughs came very rarely. When we got into line there was no great chance for a man to get home. It was about three years afterward that a few of us were one night going down the Mississippi on a river steamer. I had been sick and was returning to my command, but pretty well broken up, even then. As for money, we did not have any, and the night was hot as I laid down on the deck, my throat almost parched with thirst. Pretty soon a little girl came along with a big glass of lemonade. I tell you it looked good to me. She saw me eyeing it, stopped a minute, looked doubtfully at me and finally came up to my side. 'You look as if you wanted something to drink,' she said, and offered me the glass. It wasn't quite the square thing to do, but I took it and handed it back to her empty. It was like nectar to me. Then I thanked the little creature and sent her away. Soon after, just like every child, she came back, leading her mother to see the poor soldier. By Jupiter, it was my wife, and the girl was the baby whom I had last seen as a baby but just born. You can imagine the reunion. They were with my brother's family, and happened to be going down river. That was the only time during the four years' fighting that I saw my wife and baby, and under those circumstances what man would ever forget it."

Dr. Gross, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Savannah, Ga., has issued a pastoral to his clergy, in which he forcibly urges the necessity of educating the colored man, as well as teaching him religion, so that he may become at the same time an intelligent citizen and a moral man. Instead of agreeing with the average opinion of the white man South, Dr. Gross thinks that the colored man has high possibilities, and that he is capable of being elevated to the highest plane. He condemns colonization schemes, but wants fair play for the negroes where they are now.

The mother of the Siamese Prince Ambassador, now in New York, is a Princess of Pegu, whose name, Khoo Sonu Klean, translated, is Hidden Perfume, which from published accounts of her character seems very appropriate. She has long been a faithful student of the English language, and has made many translations of English works into Siamese, among them "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1867 she took the first step toward emancipation in Siam, now an accomplished fact, by liberating all her slaves and retaining them in her service as paid servants.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

DR. J. C. HOLT, NEW ORLEANS, LA., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and inconvalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."







Among the visitors at the JOURNAL office during the past week, were Col. Van Horn, editor of the Kansas City Journal; Mr. and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins; F. M. Pennock, Jr., Wayne, Ind.; H. C. C. Hodges, Detroit, Mich.; B. Prindle, Elgin, Ill.; J. W. Clinton, editor of the *Pole-Press*, Polo, Ill.; W. C. Piper, Denver, Ind.; D. Boyington, Riverside, Mich.; W. T. Jones, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Dennison Clark, Abingdon, Ill.; A. B. French, Clyde, O.; E. Gerry Brown, editor of the *Bunker Hill Times*, Charlestown, Mass.; T. M. Perot, Philadelphia; Dr. Haines, Cincinnati; L. Hatfield, Jacksonville, Ill.; Maj. Hale, Towanda, Pa.; Bronson Murray, New York City; Newman Weeks, Rutland, Vt.; John T. Latton, Somerville, Tenn.; E. T. Ahrens, Paoli, Kansas; M. Doherty, Cincinnati; W. R. Jewell, editor of the *Danville News*, Danville, Ill.; Juan Lewis, Washington, D. C.; L. H. Anderson, Coshocton, Ohio; Dr. Stevens, Rock Prairie, Wis.; F. Lewis, Cleveland, O.; J. H. Harmount, Kansas City, and Col. Russell, Killbuck, Conn.



JNO. C. BUNDY, CHICAGO, ILL.







BUFFALO LITHIA WATER.

The Theosophist, Madras, India, monthly..... 60  
 Theosophical Society, Atlantic City..... 60  
 Theosophical Society, New York..... 60



The Mind-Cure Craze in Boston.

BY JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

Wherever a rich soil exists that is not carefully cultivated, an abundant crop of weeds is sure to appear. Boston has such a soil—exactly the compost that is fitted to bring forth and nourish a pretentious sciolism, and a variety of transcendental vagaries.

The stramonium and thistles that spring up in neglected spots where the useful hoe, the reaper and mower seldom appear, are too prolific of scattering seeds to make their appearance a matter of indifference. The peculiar compound which sustains the transcendental sciolism of Boston, has been forming and mellowing for many years, as the old Puritan rock has been disintegrating. It consists of:

1. The Puritanical-Phariseism which rejoices in its close and familiar relation to the Deity, and looks down with supercilious indifference upon the unsanctified multitude.

2. The peculiar affectation of refinement and culture, which has made a portion of Boston society a standing jest in other cities—a dilettantism which, without any robust, honest thinking capacity, absorbs whatever is current and fashionable in certain circles, and then feels that it has attained the height of wisdom.

3. A love of the mystic and transcendental, without the capacity to analyze, weigh or comprehend it.

4. A set of shallow prejudices, dissociated from the noblest elements of character in which they originated, and serving only to augment imbecility.

In the midst of these conditions, and sustained by them, has arisen the mind-cure craze of Boston, the votaries of which call themselves Metaphysicians and Christian Scientists, and seem to have perched upon the very pinnacle of Infinite Wisdom, with one sweep of their gigantic pinions, without the aid of any of the sciences which embody the aggregate knowledge of the ablest men of all ages. Although they have risen so far above the plodding students of nature, who follow the inductive scientific method, they do not consider the height of their wisdom inaccessible to others, for, if it were, it would not have any commercial value. On the contrary they are willing to take any of their humbler fellow citizens and lift them in a few weeks to the same dizzy heights of wisdom, in consideration of a fee varying, according to circumstances, from one hundred to three hundred dollars; for which they give, in rotund phrase, their mighty secret of the hygienic redemption of humanity, wrapped up and hidden in a denser mass of mysterious phraseology than the encasements of an Egyptian mummy.

When the great secret is revealed, the quaintness of all philosophy, all healing art and all religion (the three hundred dollar secret), in all its power and glory, what is it? If I have succeeded in comprehending the great secret hinted at in phraseology, that sometimes conveys an idea, and sometimes expresses only the mental impression of the writer, it is in substance: *Nothing exists of which we have any definite knowledge—for nothing exists but the Deity, and no one can pretend to have comprehended him. There are no separate individual spirits of human beings, and therefore there is no foundation for Spiritualism, which is a pernicious delusion, and mesmerism is another delusion. In fact, the whole material world is all a delusion (excepting, of course, the three hundred dollars duly paid in and laid away), for matter has no existence—nothing exists but thought or the Divinity, and Christian Science or Metaphysics is his exponent. (There are many other delusions to be overcome. The medical profession and medical science are but delusions, for disease has no real existence—it is only an imaginary thing, a perversion of thought; and all we have to do is to learn that it has no real existence, and to ignore it. If we cease to recognize it, it will sink into its real nonentity, as our social inferiors do, when we cut their acquaintance. That ugly cancer on your breast, as you suppose, Madam, is no part of God, and therefore it does not exist. When you can realize that it does not exist, it will no longer come into your consciousness, and will exist no longer.*

We will help you to get relief—not from the cancer, for we do not recognize it, but from the erroneous idea of a cancer. We will assist you, by sitting with you (at a dollar an hour for our good company). We will ignore the cancer, and help you to ignore it, and thus we shall bring you into the full consciousness that you have no cancer!!

Moreover, Madam, when we attain the divine realization of the Infinite truth, we are infiltrated with the divine, and it goes forth from our presence—flows out from our spinal column—therefore we shall help you to receive this life-giving influx, by sitting with you back to back, and out of our back shall go the divine healing power! and it shall go into your unsanctified spinal column (one dollar per hour), and great shall be the benefit that you will receive.

This is the substance of the ineffable wisdom—the all-in-all, the grand Avatar in Boston; and if there is anything more than the doctrine of the absolute nonentity of all entities, and the back-to-back philosophy, it is lost in such a whirlwind of metaphysical dust, as to be undiscernible to the common eye. That such stuff as this should have gained considerable currency in Boston, enlisted disciples by the hundred, and assumed something like the appearance of a new movement, would be quite incomprehensible, if we not understand the material from which it is fed; but when we know the number of people whom Spiritualism has roused to a consciousness of the existence of some mysterious power, which they do not understand, who are all agape for something new, but who would not for the world run after anything which is essentially unfashionable and contrary to orthodoxy, who have neither the capacity nor the will to study the mysteries of nature, or to receive any profound scientific instruction, we perceive how large a number are just in the state of mind to be captivated by any boldly pretentious but shallow exposition of mysteries, which keeps within the lines of fashionable orthodoxy, and is very easily acquired.

Does the absurdity, the utter incomprehensibility of the new system constitute any objection? On the contrary the absurdity is the fascinating charm! There are many who, on the brink of a lofty precipice, feel an almost irresistible propensity to leap off to their death. So in the face of a mysterious absurdity claiming to be divine truth, and enveloped in a cloud of mysterious but mellifluous verbiage, weak minds are magnetized into passive submission; and when the power of mystery is reinforced by antiquity and aided by the magnetic power of multitudes, strong minds, too, yield to the fascination.

God is a mystery, and many bow to the God-idea in humble reverence, because it is

mysterious, and by a slight tilting of the mental balance, men feel that God is Mystery, and Mystery is God, and then whatever comes a-mystery, girt around with the clouds and lightnings of eloquence, or whatever comes looming over our sky, surrounded by the darkness of midnight, overawes the submissive mind into an absolute surrender.

Hence men and women of moderate reasoning capacity are fascinated with the assertion that all is God; that man as an independent being has no existence; that this is the interior truth of a holy and infallible Bible; that nothing exists but purity, truth and holiness, and that this diseased, unhappy world is only a degenerate form of our thoughts, and when we think rightly, we lapse into the Divine, and into perfect health.

Does not the majority of Christendom believe to-day, that the Infinite Deity abdicated his position in the universe to show himself stripped of all divine attributes, on one insignificant little planet of a million, and in an obscure corner, condensed into a Jewish teacher, who after being cruelly treated and dying, has for eighteen centuries been periodically turning himself into a large quantity of bread and wine to pass into the bowels of his disciples? Until such delusions as these pass away, we need not be astonished at any craze on religious subjects.

But a craze must have a starting point—a moral force—an enthusiast, fanatic or impostor. The Boston craze appears to have originated in a remarkable woman, of great energy, magnetic force and volubility—a Mrs. Eddy. I have not heard or seen her, but a distinguished and liberal-minded clergyman of Boston, has described her substantially as one who has a very extraordinary gift of volubility—whose speech starts spontaneously, runs everywhere, ends anywhere, or goes on forever—everywhere the same mysterious flood of verbiage inspired by the energy of the shoulder, but destitute of all heavenly or real religious inspiration.

That she is sincere in her belief, or at least earnest, need not be doubted, for one must have faith before he can inspire faith; and if she has this faith, this volubility, and the magnetic force to enlist and command disciples as she does, and make it profitable at the same time, I do not see that any harm is done, except in creating a prejudice against true science and the priceless truths of Spiritualism (against which Eddyism arrays itself) and inflating the weak-minded with a sense of the all-sufficiency of their meagre knowledge; but perhaps in this it is not much worse than orthodox.

If they call their system "metaphysical," I think it appropriately named. It certainly gives another illustration of the familiar jest—"What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind"—but perverts the answer; claiming that what we call matter is only mind, and what we call disease is only delusion, or incorrect thinking.

The term Christian Scientist, which has been assumed, is a deceptive title. The whole affair is antagonistic to true science and pneumatology, and as for Christianity in its proper sense as divine love, I have not discovered any appreciable amount of it—in fact, some things are apparent of a very different character.

As for the science, one of the most conspicuous of the Scientists (?) was asked why it was that poisons always injured us, even when we did not know what they were, if all the effects were produced solely by the mind, as, for example, arsenic? How did that happen to poison in the first instance, when its properties were unknown? The Metaphysical Doctor replied by suggesting that there might be something in the appearance of the plant at a certain stage of its growth, but, said his questioner, arsenic is not a plant—it is a mineral!—which ended the explanation; and I think a half-dozen pointed questions would wind up these theorists, or drive them into an intellectual quagmire.

But is there not something valuable associated with all this folly? Assuredly there is. Pure falsehood never flourishes anywhere; but that which is valuable is as old as civilization, and that which is worthless is the imaginary patchwork which fastens together an ancient truth and an ancient delusion.

Boston worships Emerson. Emerson worshipped Plato with an insane idolatry, but shut his eyes against the noonday blaze of spiritual science. Hence there is a Boston transcendentalism which, in like manner, shuts its eyes to the new day, and looks back into the infantile speculations which occupied men's minds before the dawn of science. Plato (through a thousand of whose monotonous pages I have waded without finding any valuable knowledge) was full of the conceits of ignorant speculation. He denies that anything real exists except ideas. If the carpenter says he makes a table, according to Plato, he tells a falsehood, for the table has no real existence. Nothing exists but the idea of the table. This idea of the nonentity of matter is revamped now in the atmosphere of Boston transcendentalism—the only place where it could flourish. And this hazy speculation, floating on the confines of psychic literature, "the stuff that dreams are made of," has been with Yankee ingenuity brought out as a profitable and practical idea—something to be acted on by half-educated people, and exchanged for their gold.

But all is not absurd and ludicrous. The ancient truth has its value, even disguised as it is in metaphysical rags and tinsel. That truth is the power of one human being, by his life and soul-energies, to uplift another. Christians and pagans have realized this in all ages. Egypt and Palestine, Greece and India, were familiar with it. Modern Spiritualists have given grand and splendid illustrations of this power. Dr. J. R. Newton, the Zouave Jacob, Dr. Grosvenor Swan and many others, have shown what a marvelous and mighty healing power can be exercised by the gifted without contact, and even without the prolonged sittings that the Metaphysical people require, who have simply seized a central therapeutic truth of Spiritualism, and disguised it with an array of tinsel which does not conceal its true character and origin, while they present it as a novelty.

The plan of curing any disease by thinking yourself well is the chief novelty in the Metaphysical programme. It is quite practicable when combined with magnetic power of the healer, who sits with the patient, and the real merit of the Metaphysical people consists in bringing forward this method of treatment and giving it an extensive trial. If they had done this with the simplicity and modesty of true science, without any delusive theories, or hostility to real knowledge that is firmly established in its beneficent mission, they would have deserved only praise. But perhaps that would not have had the imposing charm of mystery—it would not have consoled orthodox prejudices, and would not have extracted such generous fees from pupils. A little humbug, it perhaps, necessary to a grand success when the majority are—well, not very enlightened.

The Metaphysical people have the same kind of success which they might have had

as spiritual or mesmeristic healers, or as practitioners of the prayer cure. They have healed a great many, and, no doubt, some of them think the metaphysical theory an essential part of their business; but as they acquire more enlightenment, they will realize that there is much more in the world of knowledge, philosophy and benevolence, than their narrow circle contains.

I do not, however, concede that the process of believing yourself well, when you are not, is superior to anything we have had heretofore. There is a more speedy and effective process than this, which has been on public exhibition throughout this country for more than forty years. Chauncey Burr called it electro-biology; others have called it psychology and mesmerism. Cadwell, Carpenter and others are still exhibiting it for the public amusement. But no one that I know has used it extensively for the cure of disease. It ought to be utilized in that way more than it has been. It is the credence method, controlling the faith and credulity of the subject, making him, in the passive credence state, believe everything the operator says—as, for example, that a handkerchief is a snake; that a glass of water is a purgative or emetic; or that the subject himself is anything that the operator says, man, woman, child or animal, sick or well. There is an immense power in this method, for it involves an operative control; whereas in the metaphysical method the patient works out his own cure, and has to work up his own imagination. Instead of having it carried along by an outside power.

The Metaphysical craze in Boston may be laughed at (as it deserves), but it will do a great deal of good, and it has some very worthy practitioners. It will cure many who would not have gone to spiritual healers, clairvoyants or doctors. It will introduce new ideas in the churches in the only way in which they would have been tolerated, and when it has run its career it will have added many valuable facts and experiences to our knowledge of the power of the mind over the body, and the efficiency of the imagination.

29 Fort Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Last Words of Great Men.

An exchange speaks as follows with reference to the last words of Charles O'Connor (the eminent lawyer) and other noted men:

The physician's narrative of Mr. O'Connor's death is of singular interest to scientific speculators concerning the mystery of a future existence. Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in one of the English reviews a few years ago, suggested that if proper attention were devoted to careful, systematic observation of symptoms attending death, it might be possible to draw some scientific deduction on that subject from the mass of well-attested facts which would be collected. Mr. O'Connor's physician, Dr. Roth, testifies to a fact, of the nature of those which Miss Cobbe evidently had in mind. He says that, after a long period, during which Mr. O'Connor "made no answer to questioning," he "opened his eyes, and with extended arms, as though seeking something or someone, plainly said, 'My God!'" and fell back and died without a struggle in a few moments. "Some famous men's last words are too plain to be mistaken; for examples, those of President Garfield: 'Oh, that pain!' or those of Alexander H. Stephens: 'Doctor, you hurt me.' But there are many which have gone into history perverted by omission of a part of the phrase, or by suppression of the circumstances. Daniel Webster and Immanuel Kant are cases in point. It is well known now that Mr. Webster's 'I still live' was accompanied with a request to the physician for a stimulant which had been promised to him that he might retain consciousness as long as possible; and Kant's 'It is enough,' on which pages of German rhapsody have been written, receives a very practical construction by the knowledge that at the moment it was spoken the nurse was giving him wine and water from a spoon. Yet Wiansinski, in his 'Memorials of Kant,' calls these, 'mighty and symbolic words,' and Thomas De Quincey interprets them as meaning that 'the cup of life, the cup of suffering, is drained.'

Mrs. Grundy would be at home in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which is considered the greatest whispering gallery in the world. For years this chasm has been a matter of surprise to prospectors and miners, on account of its wonderful transmission of sound, and it has only been since the advent of the railroad that any definite idea has been entertained of the great distance it travels within its walls. A train of cars crossing the bridge at the Needles, can be plainly heard on a quiet day at Cottonwood Island, a distance of eighty-four miles. The life and drum at Fort Mojave is distinctly heard at Bull's Head, a distance of eighty-four miles. The report of the sunrise gun at Fort Mojave can be heard at Eldorado Canyon, a distance of ninety-six miles. It is the greatest whispering gallery in the world.

Campaign Charts and Badges. Hatch Bros. Co., Bridgeport, Conn. See adv't.

A San Diego turnip measured twenty-seven inches in circumference and weighed seven and a half pounds.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting accounts of spirit phenomena, are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The National Aspects of the Mind-Cure Craze in Boston.

BY JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

In my first article on this subject, I considered merely the outside aspect of what may properly be called Eddyism, the chief characteristics of which are its transcendental vagaries, its verbosity, its pretentious assumption and its affiliation with the church. I do not perceive much of either benevolence or religion in that sphere, but a large amount of delusive plausibility.

But there is no small amount of healing business carried on here in the mind-cure fashion, in a less pretentious and more useful way. Many cures are reported of persons who have been sitting with the mind-healers, and thus they are demonstrating some of the most important principles in psycho-physiological science: the contagious nature of health, the power of sympathy, and the diffusive energy of the human mind; these principles are old and familiar, though not generally appreciated, and this new mode of demonstration is therefore of considerable scientific value.

I do not believe the mind-cure healers have done anything yet at all comparable with what has been done by Spiritualists, to illustrate these principles. There are none of them whose names are worthy to be mentioned as healers in the same breath with that of Dr. J. R. Newton, nor have they shown as much ability in transmitting healing to a distance, as is known in the Spiritualist camp. Nevertheless as their theory holds them to a certain method, I am much interested to see its results statistically ascertained.

It is not a matter of much practical importance that they have attempted to wade in the deep waters of theological metaphysics, and getting beyond their depth, have been completely drowned, and their reason thoroughly asphyxiated. It is interesting and amusing to observe them grappling with subjects they are incapable of handling, and floundering from one absurdity to another; but as their intentions are good, we must recollect that they are not the only absurd or visionary people in the sphere of speculation.

I have spoken of Mrs. Eddy as the principal source of the craze in Boston, but the intellectual source of the whole movement was in Belfast, Maine. Dr. P. P. Quimby, who died there eighteen years ago, was a follower of the mystical theological philosophy of the fourteenth century, cherished by a small association of Gottesfreunde, or Friends of God, who believed in the mystical union of man with the Divine; that nothing substantial exists but God, and that our self-will should be surrendered to adopt the will of God. The Dominican monk, Paulus, was the most conspicuous of their leaders.

Dr. Quimby was a man of very limited literary capacity, and his imperfect writings, it is said, have been put into presentable shape by some of his friends, and may in time be published. Dr. Q., however, is said to have had considerable success as a healer, and he had some pupils, one of whom was Mrs. Eddy. A better representative of Dr. Quimby, as an earnest healer and believer in the theological mysticism, is Dr. E. J. Ares, of 33 Union Park, Boston, who is every week giving free lectures at his residence in exposition of his views. Practically, he seems to be succeeding, doing a good practice, and illustrating the curative power of his method, which he, of course, considers vastly superior to everything else, not having much knowledge of other systems of therapeutics.

The muddle of metaphysics in which he deals, is made respectable by his sincerity and earnestness, but when we turn aside from his practical usefulness to his pretensions in teaching philosophy, we find more amusement than instruction, though we cannot but respect his religious sincerity.

The little pamphlet issued by Dr. A., entitled, "Theology or the understanding of God as applied to the healing of the sick, the redemption of man from the bondage of sin and death, and his restoration to an inheritance of everlasting life," presents in a concise manner the incomprehensible mysticism with which he has become fascinated, a sort of intellectual obsession. His language and his philosophy are equally unintelligible, and show a great lack of intellectual discipline. For example, we are first informed that "the life of man, the soul," is "mortal mind," the inference from which is that it dies like the body, and therefore, there is no immortality. The way, then, for us to regain or acquire immortality is by adopting the metaphysical theory, and thus entering into union with God, and acquiring his immortality. "Man (soul) as first made was this image and likeness" of God, but has changed from its original immortal condition by "giving to matter substance, wisdom and sensation." "How could the soul return to its original condition?" "By losing its belief of substance, wisdom and sensation in matter." This belief in the existence of matter is the deadly sin, from which these metaphysicians are to deliver us. Dr. A. says of the soul: "When it took upon itself wisdom and sensation [which one would suppose an immense step in advance], it fell from its original condition into error, mortal darkness, sin, sickness and death."

If that be so, we have only to get rid of our wisdom and sensation, to acquire perfect health and immortality; and Dr. A. thus confers immortality, as well as health and righteousness, upon his converts by helping them to get rid of their wisdom, in which, no doubt, he is sometimes successful when he induces them to surrender their common sense for his metaphysics. He says: "Sin comes through placing substance, wisdom and sensation in matter." "and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death"—a dreadful prospect for the agnostic materialists, who rule the scientific world to-day. There is no future for them, for, according to Ares, eternity is accessible only through the Metaphysical Church. "The moment we begin to perceive the understanding, and accept the truth, that very moment we enter eternity."

The grim alternative of the new religion is not, "believe or be damned," but believe or die, also believe or be sick.

45. Question.—What is it that destroys disease?

Answer.—The soul's firm conviction of the falsity of all material knowledge, and a clear perception of the understanding of God (harmony, or the only reality) to which disease and death are unknown.

46. Question.—How does this destroy disease?

Answer.—Sin, sickness and death are mortal—the result of false belief, confusion and fear. The understanding of God and the perception of truth are the opposites which cleanse the mind and restore it to a state of strength and vigor; therefore a body controlled by this mind is governed harmoniously therewith.

48. Question.—How does mortality disappear, and immortality appear?

Answer.—Matter and all material knowledge are the result of a false understanding of the soul (mind); therefore the soul, subject to disease and death, is governed wholly by error. If the soul leave the teachings of Truth (Adam) for the understanding of Truth (Christ), and enter into union with God, it shall destroy not only disease, but at last the mortal body, or death.

From such theology and pathology it is quite apparent that the disciples of this faith must always remain in perfect health. It is difficult to imagine what apology they could make for being sick; but if the gift of immortality is limited to the disciples of their faith, the prospect for the rest of us is very blue; and evidently Spiritualism is a delusion, for none of the returning spirits profess to have acquired immortality by the metaphysical faith. We must, therefore, add to the "falsity of all material knowledge," while they assert the falsity of all our spiritual knowledge also.

Such twaddle is hardly worthy of serious notice, except as a psychological curiosity—a sample of the stuff that germinates in the morbid mentality of this region. These metaphysicians are not afraid of stating their morbid fancies in positive language, and informing us that diseases have no real existence; that medicines have no curative power, and poisons no power in themselves to poison us.

In answer to the question, "Is it the arsenic that kills?" Dr. A. informs us that it is not the arsenic that kills a child, but the mind of the child that kills it. His explanation is embodied in the following scientific rubbish, which reminds one of the philosophizing of Sambo many years ago on a Southern plantation:

"Materia medica and physiology teach that poison kills. It is, indeed, a universal thought admitted as a fact in every mind. Now thought is action, and this thought produced and accepted by mind, acts upon the mind and life of the child, and produces confusion therein. This confusion produces unconscious fear; this unconscious fear in the child's mind heats the blood, causing the first

conscious action; this disturbs the pulsation. A chemical action takes place in the system, and the result of this action is death, or separation of mind from this body or phenomenon of mind."

We may infer, therefore, that if the child had swallowed the arsenic without any one knowing it, the arsenic would have been harmless. The writer speaks of "this body or phenomenon of mind," which conveys one of his doctrines. He says in answer to the fifth question, that the body "is the phenomenon or coarser fabric of the mind. It is produced by mind." But it is also maintained that material bodies have no real existence, and the soul itself seems to have no real existence in this creed, for it affirms that the soul of man is only "the reflection of the thought of God," and "reflection is nothing in itself but an appearance of something," and as God is the only real existence, and "God takes no cognizance of matter," and all material knowledge is falsity, and the belief in matter leads to the death of the soul (although it has no real existence) it would seem that this whole philosophy or theology might be represented by an old familiar phrase, "the little end of nothing sharpened."

Certainly no substantial science, no enlightened and scientific Spiritualism, could exist in the mental atmosphere which sustains these speculative insanities. Their reality is derived from a religious sentiment with which they are associated. Religion has in all ages been the foster-mother of absurdities—the bastard offspring of its unholy alliance with theology; and these absurdities are not entirely harmless. This metaphysical craze already reminds us of the Salem witchcraft. According to current report one of the representatives of the added metaphysics accuses another of causing the death of a prominent patient by "thinking arsenic" into him! If Mrs. Eddy should visit Chicago, perhaps she could explain this mysterious process, which she, claims, I believe, to understand.

The metaphysical people would have much greater success if they would introduce more of the elements of faith and prayer, and thus enlist the energy of the religious emotions, which are much more efficient than their monotonous proceedings. The cures effected with prayer by Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, of Augusta, Maine (without money or price), are much more remarkable than anything the metaphysical folks have done in Boston. One of these was a complicated case of twenty years illness, and another was a very painful cancerous tumor. Such cases show the close connection between the religious emotions and the hygienic powers of the human constitution. The physiology and philosophy of the colleges entirely fail to explain them. My forthcoming work, "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," brings all such phenomena within the domain of science, by showing the entire correlation of soul, brain and body, in anatomical and physiological detail.

The science of man, fully developed, gives us all of hygiene, ethics and religion, and buries in oblivion a great part of what is current to-day in the colleges, buries in the same grave the false materialism, the pseudo-psychological theories and the effete conceptions of religion.

29 Fort Avenue, Boston, Mass.

## The Spiritualist Meeting at Omro, Wis.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I send you a brief report of a meeting just held in this place by the Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists. Speakers present: Judge Holbrook, Chicago; Mrs. L. M. Spencer, Milwaukee; and G. H. Brooks, lately from Kansas. The Judge's lectures were mainly his own experiences in the investigation of Spiritualism, and were interesting and well received. Mrs. Spencer's remarks were given under control, and at their close she gave tests and described spirits, which were mostly recognized. Mrs. Spencer is not what people generally would call a first-class speaker, but is growing in development, and ere long she will stand in the front ranks of reformers. She is doing a good work in Milwaukee. G. H. Brooks is a young speaker, having been in the field but a short time. He speaks in a semi-trance state, from subjects given him by the audience, and I predict for him a brilliant future. The discussions throughout were highly practical.

This is the first meeting held since our organization was perfected, and gave general satisfaction to all attendants.

We have already a large membership, and would be pleased to have all the Spiritualists in Wisconsin co-operate with us, to the end that in union there is strength. Send your names and one dollar to the Secretary, and thereby become a voter in all that interests the friends of the movement.

The St. Paul, Chicago & North-Western, and Wisconsin Central R. R., extended the courtesy of reduced rates, which will increase the attendance materially in the future. The interest was marked throughout. Chicago, Milwaukee, Oshkosh, Fond-du-Lac, Eau Claire, Ripon, Weyauwega and Milton Junction were represented. The next meeting will be held September 5th, 6th and 7th, 1884.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Kraczewski, the Polish poet, who has just been sentenced as an anarchist, says he believes the truly happy man is he who has no material desires, who connects himself with nothing earthly, and who loves his neighbor better than himself.

## The First Anniversary of the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists of Boston.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

On the 25th of May, at the usual time of meeting, at 170 West Chester Park, the first anniversary of the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists was observed, by its members and as many of its friends as were enabled to get in, many being obliged to go away for want of room.

The meeting was opened by all present singing the old familiar hymn,

"Hail to the tie that binds  
Our hearts in holy love."

which was followed by an invocation by Mrs. M. A. Howes, after which Miss Sarah C. Fisher sang the "Aria," by Handel, "Let Thy hand help me, for I have chosen Thy commandments."

Dr. Hopkins then announced the usual meetings of the Union, and read appropriate selections from "Oahpe," consisting of the Songs of Praise of Uz and Niv, from "Bon's Book of Praise." Miss Fisher then sang in a charming style of music, arranged by herself, the following original poem, which was written for the occasion by one of the mediums of the Union, controlled by the spirit, Henry W. Longfellow:

From the homes of light celestial,  
Wait we through the spheres above  
Greeting to this world terrestrial,  
On the wings of Peace and Love.

The beloved ones, the departed,  
Stand beside you as of yore,  
And with open hearts of welcome,  
Speak a love unknown before.

This Anniversary of the seeds  
Which one year ago were planted,  
Towers above all former creeds  
In your truth and faith undaunted.

Taking root amid earth's brambles,  
Shooting upward to the skies,  
Out from all the briars and tangles,  
We have watched this Truth arise:

And to-day with joy and peace  
Comes the ever blessed Dove,  
That your souls may find release  
Through the eternal fount of love.

Breathing at your open door,  
Thanks and praise for one and all,  
Who amid life's din and darkness  
Heeds the spirit's loving call:

Who upon the thresholds pause,  
Waiting for the guiding voice,  
Sending forth your noble cause—  
Truly, friends, may you rejoice!

Builders are ye of a truth  
Who in silence waited long,  
But to-day you have the proof  
In this Union, firm and strong.

Of brave and willing hands and hearts  
That have manned this Ship of State,  
Held firm its planks in every part,  
And saved it from oblivion's fate.

Excelsior! the immortal soul  
Must rise still higher—higher climb,  
Reaching out toward the Great Whole,  
Until it finds its life sublime.

Hear our voices, loud and clear!  
We join with you in glad acclaim:  
No songs of praise to us more dear,  
Than those which you to-day proclaim.

Thus Jehovah's light divine  
On all thy works—on all thy deeds,  
Will in its full effulgence shine,  
Crowning this Truth as creed of creeds.

ADDRESS BY MRS. S. AYER.

The President, Mr. M. S. Ayer, then delivered the following address, which was enthusiastically received:

One year ago, guided by Spirit Power, we were led to the recognition of principles and the arranging for an organization known as the "Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists," and feeling it especially desirable that the Spiritualists of Boston should have a centre from which to extend their work of usefulness, uninterrupted and unmolested by outside influences, we have carried these thoughts into action, and meet to-day in recognition of the work commenced, and the strength and guidance thus far given us. A few weeks ago, on the 9th of April, 1884, uniting the seen with the unseen forces, we placed in your midst the corner stone of the "First Spiritual Temple," now in process of erection, and to be dedicated to the Spirit-world and the cause we represent.

To-day, we are again assembled in gratitude and praise, that the bark launched in your midst one year ago, has not been stranded upon the rocks of unjust criticism, nor swept away by the volcanic eruptions and disturbances of the present era. Buffeted by the ebb and flow of many tides, we find ourselves to-day in a safe harbor, anchored in faith and trust to a truth which is bringing light out of darkness of the old theological dogmas and creeds, and proving daily its immortal existence.

Trusting in the Great Over-Soul as the beacon light from which the many rays of love and guidance lead us on, up and out into thoughts and heights yet unexplored, we can safely say that, where a few years ago, Spiritualism was ignored and distrusted by the many, to-day we find thousands seeking knowledge of the spirit's continued existence, and daily, hourly, is this truth, this fact, being demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt.

We are happy in saying the "Temple" is fast approaching completion, and before another year it will be dedicated in the interests of this grand, noble cause, which has lifted the veil of the future, and carried us to the confines of the life beyond. We mingle our joy with yours in this common cause for the uplifting of humanity, for higher aims and purposes, trusting we will all feel a united sacredness in this great work, which has been given us to perform. Let the one cause of eternal existence and communion with loved ones departed, be held as a focus from

which must radiate light that will illumine the darkness, and sweep from our midst all doubts, all fears, all discords, bringing us into harmony with all nature and surroundings.

As "in union there is strength," may we be so united that no wind may sweep out, no evil destroy, but standing firm in the cause we represent, let our banner wave over a united country, in which this great truth shall embrace all mankind.

Miss Fisher again followed, by singing, "The Message," a most beautiful song, the words by Miss Adelaide Proctor.

ADDRESS BY MARY F. LOVERING.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, of East Boston, read the following message given for the occasion through her mediumship, by one of the "Band of Workers" of the Spirit-world, engaged in the progressive work of this Union:

To the Society, The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists: Unto you we bring glad tidings and good cheer. One year ago the birth of this Society was announced in this city, and it was heralded forth that a star had again risen in the East, and the infant's feeble wail was heard floating upon the breeze. We come to live, to grow, and be a shining light that in time will be recognized all over the world, for the people will bow down at our shrine and pay their tithes, and recognize the wisdom of the unseen intelligence now at work for the spiritual welfare of humanity, and to glorify the cause of true Spiritualism as taught in the various societies throughout the land.

The counterpart of this society first existed in the spirit-land, and is now reflected back to earth, and through chosen instruments on our side, mediums and directors have been impressed with the importance of the undertaking and the solemn responsibilities resting upon them to press forward in the work amid the discouragements and battling elements of unbelief, criticisms and in-harmony arising.

We say, all hail, thou Babe of Truth and Spiritual Progress! One year ago, as an incorporated society, we gave to the world the name you bear, and although feeble may have been your efforts "to kick against the pricks," your voice has been heard from shore to shore, and upon your cradle rests the First Spiritual Temple, whose corner-stone has been laid, founded upon justice, truth and liberty unto all, and where the flag of the free shall wave its silken folds over the honest investigator, the true worshiper and seeker for spiritual knowledge. As a united band of spirit-workers who gave in our names upon that memorable occasion, do we now congratulate you upon this, your first Anniversary, and bring unto you all needed assistance and strength from our different abodes of thought for the work of the coming year.

From our stand-point we see its length, breadth and influence upon those who have hitherto turned a deaf ear; but in time to come, they will hasten into the front ranks as exponents and admirers of the new enterprise that is to be a shining beacon light of hope in this part of Boston; upon the great ocean tide of thought; and although even in the house of its friends unappreciated at the present time, we already hear music, even from infant voices, vibrating through its material walls into its counterpart temple in the spheres, where we congregate and catch the whispered accents of noble souls who are bravely stemming the flood of bigotry and superstition, and giving vent to expression unto the world—our language floating earthward, and through the organisms of different sensitivities, making plain, verbally and through the pen, our interests in the work, and pledging ourselves, in compact, to prove true to the many promises given. Take heed, then, ye of the faith who are faint-hearted and often grow weary! Do not pause by the wayside for rest, for it is only found in active service below and above, and will bring refreshment and new vigor to waiting souls.

We would again refer to the president, officers and members of this society, and all who convene under this hospitable roof, be diligent in season and out of season, ever ready to respond and heartily endorse the words we give through human mediums, to help advance this cause, which is broadening through the land, and taking into its ranks people of all denominations, sects and creeds.

We promise that, as this babe advances into manhood, grand results shall follow, and although many more veteran workers and mediums lay down the armor and enter upon our side of life, they shall, from the invisible realms of light, see the result of their life labors crowned with success, and their interest in the cause upon earth increase in a ten-fold measure, as they fully comprehend the meaning and mysterious windings of their mortal journey, as they are exercised by divine will-power while sojourners on the earth-plane.

We break in your midst this bread from heaven; a limitless supply is yours; eat ye of it, as said the Master to his disciples; drink deep of the cup filled with the wine of kindness; its healing properties will restore the wounded spirit, and shed new rays of light into the inner abodes of thought, and through self-examination every soul may see clearly where it stands, and how near to the port of safety it has arrived; for the lighthouse of faith is ever revolving in the distance, and no one needs stumble when so much brightness from radiant spheres surrounds him, for the day-star of gladness beacons the grand illumination of the future, and although war may wage, debates and discussions follow,

Concluded on Eighth Page.



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.  
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

# CHAPTER II.

OLIVER SMITH.—SOPHIA SMITH.—ELIZA ANN WARNER.

"Though never sown by word or deed,  
Within us lies some germ of power,  
As lies unguessed within the seed,  
The latent flower."

A frequent and welcome visitor at our home in Hatfield was Oliver Smith, a single man about my father's age, simple in habits, social and cheerful. It was my delight to sit in my corner behind the stove and listen to his talk, for he knew much of men and things, and his genial humor and bright sagacity attracted and instructed us all. He belonged to a notable family. At one time there were six brothers in the town, the youngest over sixty, the oldest over eighty. His home was with the elder brother, "Squire Ben," near the meeting-house, in a great gambrel-roofed house with hipped dormer windows. Once or twice a year the parlor was opened for some great occasion, the close shutters thrown back, and the sunshine actually let into its stately space. To try to sit in the high-backed, hair-seat chairs, in which none but the watchfully upright could stay, and to look at the rich velvet wall-paper, with its regular rows of shepherdesses and poppies, was a great privilege. The family were above putting on airs. They had a decent sense of good blood and genteel breeding, yet their daily life was unpretending and care-taking.

Oliver Smith was the rich man of that region, a banker and money lender. Just and honest, not given to robbing the poor, but exact and thorough, and expecting others to be so. He loaned money at six per cent., spent little, and the surplus grew large. I have known of his rendering great service in money matters, in troublous times, on terms not burdensome to them, yet safe to himself, when a hard man would have coined wealth out of their want. He was called penurious, his own ways were so plain, but I knew of his quiet charities, his left hand hardly knowing what the right hand did. For praise or blame in such matters he cared little. On Mondays he rode to Northampton bank, four miles distant, his old gray horse and green wagon familiar to all. It was rumored that he was worth almost a half-million, an immense sum then, equal to many millions now. He was, besides my father, the only reader of the *Unitarian Christian Register* in Hatfield, and this likeness of views probably helped to bring him to us. At last he passed away, an aged man, and then people first knew that he had an aim and purpose, long cherished and inspiring, the secret spring of his cheerfulness. He left the bulk of a half-million dollars in the hands of trustees, to be invested and used according to the terms of a long and carefully written will. Gifts to poor and worthy girls at their marriage; loans at low interest to young men at their majority, who had some useful trade or industry to pursue, and the education of worthy young people in certain towns, were to be the chief uses of this fund, which was to last for a long time. So far the trustees have done well. The President giving his time to the task, and a solid stone building in Northampton, is the office of the Oliver Smith fund. Seen in the light of this life-long purpose, his careful savings are no longer the gripings of the miser, but the wealth of the benefactor, sacredly laid aside and dedicated to a good end.

Eliza Ann Warner, an adopted child of the family, was for a long time his confidential secretary. An intimate friend of my sister, her visits were always welcome. She was tall and delicate, with high forehead, dark eyes, wonderfully eloquent and tender, finely expressive features, and a singular grace and charm of manners. Her intellect was superior, her spiritual life tranquil and deep. Her vivid imagination would dwell in a world of romance and delight, yet a strong sense of duty led her never to slight any daily task. She was a rare person.

The world wherein she was born.  
I last saw her, gray-haired and in delicate health, I did not give my name, but she knew me after long years of separation. I found, as I expected, that time had ripened, but not impaired her excellence and the beauty of her character.

Another worthy member of this family I knew, Sophia Smith, a niece of Oliver. Her father was a rich farmer, and Austin, Harriet and Sophia—all single—shared his wealth and made their home in the old house. The sisters were reticent and quiet, but once or twice a year they had great parties; inviting fifty or sixty town-folks, young and old, to tea and an evening. The tall wax candles, the lofty brass andirons, the solid mahogany furniture and elegant tea service, gave us a glimpse of old style gentility, which we prized. Brother, sister, and other kindred passed away, and their money came into Sophia's coffers, making her one of the wealthiest women in the State. She was orthodox in theology, earnest, sincere, and conscientious. I remember her mental strength and practical good sense, but she was not known to have any special interest in plans of education or culture of any kind. She kept her own counsel, and so was misjudged during her life. When she passed on it was found that she had left a half-million to build and endow the Smith College for women at Northampton, and seventy-five thousand dollars for a free Academy in her own town. For years all this had been in her mind, and she had held private consultations with the best educators and lawyers, that all might be well and securely arranged. The written directions as to these useful institutions gave proofs of marked wisdom on her part. No doubt this lonely woman had many hours of enjoyment in maturing these plans, and thinking of the benefits that others would derive from them after she had gone from the earth—her neighbors meanwhile wondering who she was hoarding her wealth for. That enjoyment would have been greater, and the prospects of lasting success increased, had she started these noble enterprises in her lifetime, and given them the help of her wisdom in their opening days. Peter Cooper was wise in this respect, and his wisdom brought happiness to his last golden hours. Miss Smith was not supposed to have any marked interest in the education of women, or any advanced views of the matter, but she must have thought much and well on those important subjects; and while she was musing the sacred fire burned to some purpose. Passing through the College buildings a few years ago, noting the excellent devices and helps for the best education, and looking from the windows over the fine old town and the lovely meadows and river beyond, it seemed true, as I thought of that prudent woman piling away her large income with no apparent object, and of this use to which it came, that "It is the unexpected which happens."

(To be continued.)

## MINISTERING ANGELS.

An Inspirational Lecture Written in a Trance State by Mrs. Henry J. Horn, and Delivered by H. J. Horn, President of the First Society of Spiritualists, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., May 25th.

The theme of our discourse this evening is taken from the Jewish Scripture, and may be found in the Psalms of David. It is this immortal passage: "For thou hast made man a little lower than the angels." Thousands of years ago, and before the reign of this great king, prophets and seers were recognized as peculiar people. Gifted with superhuman insight, they were honored and set apart from trivial concerns of life, the better to obtain the hidden knowledge which was time after time revealed to their clairvoyant sight. Among the Hebrew seers David should count as the most exalted. He seemed to comprehend the goodness of the power that created the world and people therein; he did not despise mankind as many of the prophets did; he did not picture humanity as the scum of the earth and destined to eternal torment, but proclaimed that they were made "but a little lower than the angels." After David's kingdom had passed away and the Jewish nation became subject to foreign powers, they forgot the high spiritual position in which David had proclaimed them as placed, and instead of being a little lower than the angels they degenerated almost down to the animal plane. From this low state Christ, their great teacher, endeavored to restore them to the position David had taught them to aspire to. He taught them of a home in the Heavenly Kingdom. That not only were they created a little lower than the angels, but that God, the Creative Spirit of the universe, was their Father, and it is to that point that we, spirits, are to-day bringing back a lost humanity.

A thousand years of darkness followed Christ's coming. An equinoctial storm of nearly a thousand years' duration swept over the earth; clouds and darkness obscured the sun of truth; mankind was like the emblematic sun crossing the line, neither for one side nor the other; something worse than hell and Satan seemed to loom; a theological darkness covered the civilized world; men were proclaimed lost; infants were announced to be damned; an impossible goodness was set forth as the standard of the stern Deity who threatened mankind with a worse torment than burning alive, yes, worse than any slow tortures practiced by the frenzied church of that dark period. Slowly they emerged into the light.

But fifty years ago even, it was thought that God was on the watch to punish us if we forgot a certain day, and made a fire and cooked a meal on that day; that he was watching, ready to pounce upon us like some wicked termagant if we did not read the bible, sing psalms and refuse to smile on the Sabbath; a day set apart for him to roam about like a roaring lion to devour us if we perchance acted in a natural or rational manner on that day.

Now look at the change. Sunday is a day of peace and rest to most men—the poor man can have his home-like dinner now, without secretly going out to gather up his kindling wood; the farmer even takes out his horse. He is not obliged to play the hypocrite and refrain to talk about the field and the corn, but like Christ, he can even pluck it out on the Lord's day. Who has brought about this blessed change? Spirits, I answer! Spiritualism has revealed that man is not only a little lower than the angels, but is walking arm in arm with them; that instead of despising and cursing our race, the angels love us; they place their arms around our human forms, delfed and care-laden though they are said to be. This is the great equalizing doctrine taught us by the angels—by our spirit guides. To promulgate this truth are we convened here to-day; not like our Presbyterian brethren of the General Assembly are we gathered to inform you that we have revised our Book of Discipline, but to tell you that we are indeed capable of associating with the highest angels who wing through the realms of light. To assure you in loving strains that you are not lost; that your names or identities are so indelibly printed in the book of life that you will live and progress forever. That whosoever the footsteps of humanity tread this mark of eternal goodness appears in silvery lines of light beside them, and the illuminated forms of angels can be seen by clairvoyant vision, walking side by side with man, counselling for good, for progress, for elevated thought, for advancement from the animal plane into the spiritual, crying ever higher! higher! until the noble field of love and wisdom is reached, and man becomes one with the great I Am or principle of justice, truth, wisdom and love, which governs the vast Universe!

We are not here to display our strength of numbers, not here to assert as did a Reverend Doctor to the General Assembly in your village, that we can do without the help of angels; that we do not need the shining angel bands to gather around us and give us strength; that we have outgrown ministering angels. Thank the invisible hosts, we proclaim that we can never do without them. They are our guardians, through their aid we learn to develop our spiritual natures. Give us their teaching, and the fearful tragedies whose details fill our daily papers will disappear from the face of the fair earth; give us their teaching, and the crimes that follow in the wake of Christianity, as it is taught, will cease forever. In the face of spiritual teaching can a man murder his fellow man? No! In the face of spirit-teaching will death's besom sweep such fell destruction as it has done? Will the mother, whose babe is cradled in angels' arms, be driven to insanity because her little one is taken from her? No! we will teach her that it is beside her, that she should talk and smile to its spirit as she did when it lay in her arms. Teach men to educate their spirit natures; teach them that they take with them into the next world all their talents, their gifts to construct and design; teach that the art they learn here they carry with them, and the good they do follows them.

A true Spiritualist cannot be narrow, cannot enact narrow laws. Let the light of Spiritualism enter the halls of Congress and the nations of Europe will stand amazed at the enlightenment you will display in your yearly sessions. Whatever will advance the mind of man will be advocated by your spirit guardians. But co-operation is necessary. We spirits cannot act without your aid. You must place yourselves *en rapport* with us for us to efficiently benefit you. Cavilers at the spiritual doctrines ask: "Why do not my spirit friends warn me and advise me as they do those who believe? If there is truth in your spirit doctrine, why do not my friends come as well as yours?" We will answer by a comparison which perhaps the doubters can comprehend. Suppose an onslaught by an enemy is made on a body of men near a telegraphic station, the wires are all about, there are men and soldiers willing to aid the party in danger, but they do not send a message for help.

Finally, one who has learned the art of telegraphy takes hold of the wire and sends the message, and quickly the tramp of soldiers is heard, and the attacked body, in peril of their lives, are rescued.

We have only commenced to read the hieroglyphics cut in stone, and left in mysterious messages upon the grand ruins of mighty temples and monuments of decayed races who preceded our own hundreds of centuries past, so are we only beginning to decipher the angel language of our friends who have gone before us to the spirit land. Year following year, in the future, will these revelations be made plainer. As with the astronomer, age after age the history of those shining planets that sail over the majestic vaults of heaven, become more and more legible, and their interest increases as their wondrous story is revealed by the grand telescope of the present day. So with the spiritual wonders. Each succeeding cycle of time will reveal greater truths. Let us then give to the denizens of the spirit land our aid and co-operation in the arduous task they have undertaken of communicating with us. How patient they have been, every medium can testify. How tender of our faults, even as the mother is of her little child who would fain walk, but falls again and again in its efforts to reach her outstretched hands.

Oh! no easy task is it that the angels have set themselves. No easy task for medium or spirit! The Spiritualist, though he walks with angels, does not always walk over a bed of roses. Our brethren in the church look at us askance and say, oh, Spiritualists have no religion! Their path is easy, while ours is the narrow road. They are mistaken. I would tell them if they commence to investigate Spiritualism they will find it a long and hard road. Knowledge is always obtained by arduous effort. They talk of shutting themselves up in their closets and praying to attain perfection. Our mediums have to shut themselves up in dark cabinets, sit in dark circles, observe strict rules, and in quiet and passiveness wait for the spirit to develop them into perfect mediums.

But, thank the All-Father, it is a labor of love, and the reward is great. Out of the silence of the grave come to us our fathers, our mothers, our sisters and brothers, our children and our dear ones. We would not exchange places with any minister or deacon, clergyman, priest or layman upon the face of the earth! For the truth has set us free, free from the shackles of old superstition, and made us one with the angels; because we comprehend the great scheme of progressive development from a lower to a higher plane. One with them because we are not cramped into a narrow belief and made to fit a certain mold as dissenters were in the days of thumb-screws and limb-wrenching, when the Christian fanatics tore men apart limb from limb because they failed to believe in false doctrines. In those days religion was like an iron cage into which a man was thrust. If he was too large for the cage, they forced him in by crushing him into pulp—a helpless mass of matter. If too small they attached pulleys and drew him out. No wonder man's intellect has become dwarfed under such a system of conversion.

Excommunicated on the one hand by the Catholic church, and damned and sent to eternal perdition on the other by the Protestant—each vying in their fiendish tortures on those who dared to think for themselves. Witness the barbarous treatment of the early Quakers by the Protestants, because they perceived that there was a Spirit-world above, ready to pour down its blessed influence upon the willing recipient.

Ah! compared with the persecutions that have attended the rise of Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopalianism, Baptism, Quakerism and Unitarianism in the days of bigotry, Spiritualism has had a fair field. The Spirit-world has been busy preparing a way for the new truth. And now, Spiritualism treads like a mighty conqueror, before whose onward march no resistance can succeed—a conqueror who comes to bring peace and plenty to the despairing; to bring back the golden age to the world; a conqueror during whose reign Satan shall be chained a thousand years, (as the old prophets foretold). A thousand years? Yes, thousands of years! This fabled ogre—this devouring dragon, who has been said to dwell in the flames of his cavernous den in hell with the soul of human beings, is now chained! Praise be to the blessed spirits who have revealed the myth of this mighty scare-crow—this mighty salamander, whose fiery appetite a lost world was supposed to leave unsatisfied. Oh, blessed Spiritualism, which has opened communication with the next world! Oh, blessed Spiritualism, that has revealed the truth; that like attracts like; that our heaven or hell depends upon our own acts; that this world is but the school house to educate us for the next; that we carry within our own bosoms the magnetic key to unlock the heavenly paradise; that angels of the wise and good are waiting in the fields of space for your spirits to attract them; that they may impart to you their wisdom, their love, and their inspiring strength to lead you through the earth plane to the heights of spiritual light in the summer land.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The Sociologic Society—Report of Second Anniversary.

The Second Anniversary of this Society was celebrated on the evening of the twenty-eighth of May, in the Conference room of the Church of Our Savior, New York City. Rev. Dr. Pullman, pastor. The President, Mrs. Imogene C. Fales, presided with her usual dignity and grace, and made a short, concise statement of the formation and aims of the Society, in which she emphasized its basic principle as an ever-existing law of nature, the fulfilling of which has now, by the continued process of things, come to be possible. Her remarks were listened to with much interest and will be published in full.

She then introduced Rev. Dr. Rylance, who, as may be expected, was enthusiastically received. He made a powerful address, expressing his heart-felt sympathy with the movement, showing the evils of the present competitive social system, and its antagonism to the spirit of Christianity. He defined many of the difficulties in the way of the work in which the Society is engaged; the organized power of wealth; the indifference, and even hostility of many of the churches to anything that tends to unsettle the present order, and the opposition of the press which is bound hand and foot in the interests of mammon. He called attention to these things, not to discourage the reformer in his effort, but to make him aware of the strength of the hostile forces surrounding him. He knew, because it could be logically and scientifically demonstrated, that the truths preached must come to pass; a co-operative civilization is certain, but he feared from the present outlook that a long time might pass before the new social order could be established. The difficulties attending its development all the more strongly show the necessity of right instruction; teaching is what is needed to-day

more than aught else. He strongly condemned Spencer's views; said they were godless, inhuman and heartless, and could they be carried out, would destroy civilization. Reviewing Spencer's philosophy he showed how it has culminated in the article on "The Coming Slavery." For the slavery of the present time, which destroys soul and body, oppressor and oppressed, and renders the moral law a mockery, Spencer has not a word of condemnation; the slavery he dreads is that of the controlling power of the State over the so-called rights of individuals and corporations. In conclusion, he encouraged the good work, and bade the Society not be dismayed because of the hostile forces surrounding it.

Mr. Justus O. Woods made some excellent points upon "Mutualism vs. the Coming Slavery," an able reply to Herbert Spencer's lately published article. In this limited report justice cannot be done to this speech. He said: "Wage-slavery is but a degree above negro-slavery; but Mr. Spencer expresses no pity for it. As our social organization does not meet the requirements of natural justice, and Mr. Spencer fears the 'coming slavery,' which he sees to be the consequence of it, men like him should try by practical legislation to inaugurate one that will be based upon the Golden Rule and the great dynamic law of producing the maximum of results with the minimum of force. There is no more slavery in co-operation than in matrimony, the church, or in a partnership. There is no slavery where there is harmony. Mr. Spencer's fears are groundless; the conservative and the revolutionary forces of society, free to work on the line of justice, will like the centripetal and centrifugal forces of Nature, evolve a harmonious social organization."

Mr. John Thomson McKechnie, of John Swinton's Paper, made some pertinent remarks relating to civilizations: That "the Christian civilization of to-day professes 'peace and good-will to men,' but is glorious in standing armies, immense navies, and improved implements of war. Worse than this, even, is the pressure of Capital upon Labor, which reduces the wages of the miner in Penn., Indiana and Ohio, to little more than a dollar per day, which they are compelled to spend at the company's 'pluck-me' stores, and many of whom are even with this reduction set adrift to make place for the contract slaves—the Huns and the Italians. Even in New England are to be found many corporations whose employees live in tenements unfit for human habitation, where wages are reduced so low that women and children must also work that all mouths may be fed. It is not necessary that all these lives should be worn away to procure bare subsistence, but this condition of things can be cured only by a new birth, a regeneration, a new civilization. The Sociologic Society is endeavoring to do its part by teaching co-operation among the wage-earners, and between capitalists and laborers, by taking for its principle the commandment, expressed economically, 'Thou shalt make thy neighbor's interests identical with thine own,' thus eliminating selfishness from the dealings between man and man."

Letters were read from invited speakers and friends; one from Mrs. Sayles was read by Mr. Henry A. Beckmeyer, Newark, N. J., the efficient Chairman of Advisory Board, a gentleman who has been long conversant with practical co-operation, and is thoroughly imbued with a love of justice. Mrs. Sayles hoped that the period of our gestation and childhood as a society, was passing away, and that the day of practical and useful action was close at hand. One of the blessed signs of the times is, that the teachers in the churches are largely taking up this matter of reform in Labor interests, and it promises a wonderful aid in the dawning of this "New Civilization." She congratulated the President upon her faithfulness, and self-devotion to the call she has received, "Go—work to-day in my vineyard," and said: "the blessing of thousands who are ready to perish, shall be around you, your shield and your buckler forever."

The spirit of the entire meeting was deeply earnest and enthusiastic; all seeming to be imbued with the religious and humanitarian feeling of the occasion. Some one said: "We have had a soul-stirring meeting," and truly it was carried on and concluded in a very satisfactory and encouraging manner. The Society enters upon its third year with improved prospects of success, and with many useful helpers.

Killingly, Ct. LITA BARNEY SAYLES, A. G. Secretary.

## Favorable and Unfavorable Surroundings.

(Light for Thinkers.)

The subject matter of Dr. Fahnestock's reply to my communication of Feb. 16th, criticizing and denouncing his theory of "evil spirits," in connection with their placing paraphernalia incident to exposures in the cabinet, does not seem to call for, and neither is it worthy of being dignified by, any argument in return; but, since he dwells with so much emphasis upon "favorable" or "unfavorable surroundings," and conditions as essentials to and determining the results attained, and as some others advance the same idea and announce their ipse dixit that it is a "fixed law," I have formulated a definition for each of these extremes of condition, such as I gather from their assertions to be correct; and it would oblige the writer, as well as hundreds of others, if Dr. Fahnestock would inform him if he is right—and if wrong, wherein.

"FAVORABLE SURROUNDINGS" may be regarded as existing whenever the party constituting the circle are ardent believers in the possibilities of materialization in general, and in particular that especial phase of it then being exhibited for their edification; and where the individuals making up the circle are perfectly willing, if need be, to have their feet secured to the floor, their hands shackled to their seats, a gag placed in their mouths, and believe implicitly whatever is told them. Under such circumstances, paraphernalia of fraud is not discovered—no attempt is made to discover it; ergo: "good spirits" only found access because of the "favorable surroundings."

Question: Is it not a singular coincidence, that "impostors," as well as "good spirits," desire just such "favorable conditions?"

"UNFAVORABLE SURROUNDINGS" may be presumed to exist whenever the circle is composed as before, with the addition of from one to three others, who are ardent believers in the possibilities of genuine materialization, and in the truths of Spiritualism in general; but, who, in making their investigations, are always critical, object to having (even metaphorically) their feet secured to the floor, their hands shackled, to have a gag placed in their mouths, or to believe any more of what is told them than their reason and the exercise of a sound discretion sanction; who wish to keep their eyes wide open, and their senses alert, for the purpose of detecting fraud, should any exist, or of properly arriving at the opposite conclusion. In fact, impartial and conservative investigators, who, without malice, but solely for the

purpose of developing the exact truth, when they believe they have detected fraud, become "grabbers," "undeveloped quadrupeds," etc., (a la Hazard) and find all the materials in the cabinet and condition of the medium to warrant them and justify them in such belief. Under such "conditions," an article of fraud is discovered. Ergo: "wicked spirits" materialized it and placed it there for the purpose of a "seeming exposure," because of the "unfavorable surroundings." And, again, is it not a singular coincidence, that the only method by which an impostor can be detected and properly exposed, is the only one whereby "evil spirits" can secure access?

Furthermore, is it not strange that the formation of an idea for an attempt to ascertain the truth regarding any particular materialization, is synonymous with the creation of "unfavorable surroundings" and "evil spirits?" But, gullibly and credulously swallow everything. Make no investigation, and you will hear nothing of evil spirits.

Such are the definitions and conclusions naturally derived from Dr. F.'s asserted "favorable and unfavorable surroundings"; but, under the "favorable" cannot any impostor produce materializations with impunity? And, under the "seemingly" cannot any impostor escape exposure, if the theory of "evil spirits" is to prevail? Treasure them by all means, since they alone can produce permanent materializations, such as wigs, mustaches, muslin, silks, robes, and fine apparel in general, which remain as wigs, mustaches, muslin, silks, robes, etc., for all time, or until they evaporate from old age. If cultivated properly, gold, precious stones, and other valuables in abundance, may turn up among the debris usually incident to exposure. Why not? I am striving to secure information; and I should like to inquire, how is it with the great preponderance of "favorable surroundings"—say twenty radical and even fanatical believers, as against one (a strong, determined man) "unfavorable"—that the "evil spirits" attracted by that single man, overcome the good spirits attracted by the twenty, as is the asserted fact in many "seeming exposures?"

Personally, I am a warm believer in the magnificent truths of Spiritualism. I could not be otherwise if I would; because I have had, by means of my own organism, many strictly private communications with the so-called dead. I have never mentioned this fact before; many personal friends, even, are ignorant of it, because I have no desire to be known publicly as a medium. I speak of it now, only to prove the orthodoxy—if I may use the term—of my belief; but I also believe that in connection with Spiritualism, and in connection with materialization especially, there has been and is much imposture and fraud. To every believer in Spiritualism, I say: Expose it relentlessly, whenever you have good and sufficient reason to feel that it exists in any individual case; for, as long as fraud exists, we have no right whatever to expect that skeptics can be induced to believe in the genuine and ever varying manifestations of Spiritualism. Make no attempt, however, that shall result in a fiasco. Let the result determine something, on one side or the other, beyond all question, through a sufficient number of credible witnesses; and if, perchance, it turns out that you have been mistaken in your claim of imposture, and your investigation proves the contrary, then thank God for it on your bended knees. Protect honest mediums to the last extremity. Truth never comes in the guise and habiliments of fraud—so you can scarcely be in error. Punish impostors with unceasing severity; thereby you will do the cause inestimable good, and win respect from every person worthy to accord it; but, above all, regard imposture and fraud as imposture and fraud, and do not dignify it by using the term "evil spirits" to cover its nakedness. Bear in mind that it is not the exposure of the fraud that hurts our cause, but that it is the existence of the fraud itself.

One more inquiry and I am done. I think it is conceded by everybody that such persons do exist, however small in numbers, as tricksters and impostors, in connection with the assumed manifestations of materialization. For the sake of the question, let us assume that, at least, there is one such creature in existence. I will make the question which covers the case, a hypothetical one; and I should feel under many obligations if Dr. F., or some other advocate of "evil spirit" power, as applied, would reply to it, viz:

A smart, intelligent man, with capabilities equal to the demand to be made upon them, who is, or is not, a believer in Spiritualism, but who has observed various materializations sufficiently to become acquainted with their general character, and who makes up his mind that he can succeed in imposing counterfeit materializations upon the public with the view of making money thereby. He enters upon his task with all the paraphernalia, cunning and skill, essential to success. He has his confederates, if need be; meets with no effective opposition, and in his dark or semi-dark scenes, among the multiplicity of his fraudulent "forms" there is here and there one which he "makes up" with sufficient resemblance, in the dark, to the dead friend of somebody; and assisted materially by the eagerness and fanaticism of that somebody, the "form" meets with a partial identification. At all events, his measure of success is satisfactory to himself and to those whom he unwittingly deceives. In a word, he is accorded a position in the ranks of genuine mediums. I put this hypothetical combination for the purpose of ascertaining what steps should be taken, or what method should be employed, that will meet with the sanction of those who denounce exposures, to show such a man up in his true character, that will prove (not assert) him to be a fraud and justify taking some means for holding him up to the scorn and indignation of the world! I ask a reply, sincerely seeking the information. Will you, Dr. Fahnestock, or Judge Cross, or Mr. T. R. Hazard, please furnish it? Do not answer, in evasion, that you could not be deceived by such a one—perhaps not; but, many others have been, perhaps equally as acute as yourselves. Then, too, I distinctly state, that in forming your reply, you are to act upon the hypothesis given. I would further request that you shall not base your answer upon any theory of "transfiguration." Materialization is one distinct thing—"transfiguration" is another, as widely separated as the poles; and yet, I observe that one among your eminent number is apparently striving to render them identical. What I ask, gentlemen, is a plain, frank and clear reply, apropos to the circumstances under consideration; or, in the event of your inability or disinclination, to state how you would proceed. (I hope that neither contingency will arise, because of the many interested.) Will you frankly admit, that the legitimate teachings of your theory of "evil spirit" in connection with this subject, leads directly to the single point, that no certain means exist, within the ingenuity of human beings, whereby an impostor and a charlatan in materialization can be proven to be an impostor and a charlatan; thereby acknowledging that such crea-



tures may place themselves upon a level with honest mediums and ply their utterly loathsome trade without let or hindrance?  
J. FREDERICK BARCOCK, D. D. S.  
Bangor, Maine.

## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
(METUCHEN, N. J.)

I fill to-morrow and yesterday;  
I am warm with the sun that have long since set;  
I am warm with the sun that are not yet,  
I am like one who dreams and dozes  
Softly aloof on a summer sea.  
Two worlds are whispering over me,  
And there blows a wind of roses  
From the backward shore to the shore before,  
From the shore before to the backward shore,  
And like two clouds that meet and pour  
Each in each, till core in core,  
A single self reposes.  
The evermore with the nevermore—  
Above me mingles and cleaves.

[Anon.]

SOUL AND BODY.  
The editor of the Woman's Column has been taken to task, by a friendly reader of the JOURNAL, for magnifying the importance of the body and its uses. The strictures of our correspondent are themselves the proof that such "magnifying" is necessary.

It is, in truth, only the spiritually-minded, devout person who realizes the intimate connection between body and soul, and the wonderful way which the one possesses over the other. As the poet has said of the interior source of life,

"If my beam be withdrawn he is senseless and blind."

I am sight to his vision, I hear with his ears,  
He the marvelous brain, I the masterful mind,  
I laugh with his laugh and weep with his tears  
So well, that the ignorant deem us but one.

The great business of life is to find the true balance between the two; to make the body subserve the development of the soul by helping the interplay, freely, happily and harmoniously. To these ends all social relations, institutions and governments should be directed. And whatever dwells or cripples the free and full activity of healthy, wholesome physical powers, is an evil, though it be finally overcome by the omnipotence of the inward spirit. In the majority of cases it sadly hinders the unfolding of the interior life.

Therefore, I have no sort of sympathy with those who ignore or deny the comforts and deencies of life, while fancying they "live in the spirit." Nor do I believe in spiritual vagabondage in any shape or manner. All persons need good food, proper clothing and shelter, fixed social relations, the aids and inspirations of excellent books and companions, habits of industry and thrift, skill in some regular avocation, and a thorough training in self-discipline and self-conquest as well as self-justice. Then, while above all and through all is inculcated reverence for Deity and love for humanity, obligation, duty, responsibility one to another, have we not the foundation of that character whose every hour shall be a sermon and whose influence no man may measure? That the pendulum has swung, in too many cases, from the extreme of materialism to the extreme of Spiritualism, only teaches the need of moderation and harmony. This world and all it contains are ours, in which to indulge and develop human beings, so that they may begin aright an immortal, progressive and glorious career. It seems to me that many of those who go from city to city or the camp meetings in the summer, living by their wits, as they discourse upon spiritual vagaries; attending circles and drifting along with every new excitement, are the more froth and bubble upon the surface of the great on-sweeping current of progress. They do not even serve as straws to show which way the tide sets, they are revolving around and around in eddies which have no outlet.

I believe in good, honest work for the sake of both body and soul; work which tends to some practical end, which helps keep the faculties alert and vigilant, and the will vigorous. Nothing valuable comes without toil and care and consecration. Such duties as tone up the mental, moral and physical fibres of the toiler. The eternal ages shall respect the one who earnestly devotes himself to that duty which lies nearest, and does it faithfully. If he shall keep his heart pure and tender, his mind open to the best thought of the age, his spirit in communion with the sweet spirit of Nature, which is the Holy Spirit; if he battles bravely for a home and all the ties and interests which cluster about the family, while he wrongs no other—he is a victor, even though the form be bent by age and care and work.

But that should not be. Only enough to strengthen, not break—should be the extent of that industry. May there soon be nothing in our republic which shall prevent a man and woman from enjoying the fruit of skilled labor, and may there be every facility extended by which all persons shall be enabled to acquire the means of self-support.

I do not intend to exalt unduly houses and lands and food and raiment—the soul is first, now and forever. But we are set in the midst of surroundings which do and must affect the soul, and give it a direction that will surely continue long after we have left behind all the cumbering cares of earth.

Therefore, let us glorify this body and this life; let us strive to keep them pure and clean, a center of noble and beneficent influences. Let us radiate courage and hope and love in our spheres, how restricted soever they may be. Only by patient continuance in well-doing can that be done, and to woman is given patience. We will remember that a great soul has said: "Life when real is not evanescent. Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven forever in the work of the world.... God has lent the earth for this life; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, as to us, and we have no right, by any thing we may do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penuries, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath."

### WOMAN'S WORK.

Helen Campbell, whose admirable work as literary editor of the *Continent* is widely recognized, is to have a department in that magazine to be called *Women at Work*. It is an adjunct of the Household department and will "include the wider world in which so many honored women have made for themselves worthy and honored place." Mrs. Campbell continues: "It is safe to assume that all women who think at all, desire progress for women; better knowledge, better lives every way.... Those who have weathered the storms of the earlier and more uncertain period, and marked out the course for present and future navigators, are the ones from whom strength and courage may be drawn, and once the names and doings of such, as well as of later workers, shall find brief record in a column which could hardly have had existence, save for the labor which first opened

the doors for woman's entrance into Journalism."

At the next Woman's Congress, Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert of the *Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, will present a paper on *Woman in Journalism*. It is preparatory to the proposition to establish "a national journalistic committee or bureau, whereby all women connected with the press can be kept informed of educational, philanthropic, temperance and suffrage meetings and movements, and can work to a better advantage for the general interests of woman."

The plan of an Industrial School which was recently sent to the widow of Wendell Phillips has received her approval, and permission to name the institution, when established, the Wendell Phillips Memorial Industrial School. Its location and plan, as far as developed, will soon be made public. We are assured that its originators are capable, experienced and trustworthy.

The school of which the Misses Bush have so long been managers, at Belvidere, N. J., has an excellent record of work. In ten years more than thirty-five girls, while students of the institution, have supported themselves by manual labor or by teaching, staying from two to five years each. Such girls have been, in most instances, among the brightest and most honored pupils. Among other students who have left Belvidere, is a successful young woman dentist in Philadelphia, while others are engaged in commercial pursuits, or as physicians in practice in this country or in hospitals abroad.

There are over 800 women physicians in this country, most of whom are engaged in practice. The obstacles they have met have the good effect of compelling a very thorough training on the part of women students, and only the capable and energetic dare undertake the course. Those who have passed their first youth, even when they have reached middle age, are sought after by resident physicians in hospitals and other institutions where women are patients. In these they have introduced many reforms and improve them.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, Part V. London: Trubner & Co., Ludgate Hill, 1884. Price, per copy, 55 cents.

The Society for Psychical Research has gained a world-wide reputation on account of the extreme care and caution exercised by its different members in the examination of various subjects that from time to time require their critical investigation. They proceed carefully and methodically in their search for truth, never letting any preconceived bias or opinion interfere with their readiness to accept the truth under whatever circumstance it may be unfolded, or revealed. Such being the case, great weight and importance will be attached to the reports of the various committees.

The report of the committee on Mesmerism is especially clear and valuable. After careful experiment the committee arrive at the conclusion that the allegations of certain persons that, e. g., they can make strangers in church or in a theatre turn their heads by "willing" that they should do so, should not be accepted as establishing even a *prima facie* case; till success and failures in such experiments are accurately noted, chance must always be the readiest explanation. It is considered, however, that persons in a normal state of mind, if it is at all liable to have their will dominated, or their action dominated against their will, by the silent determination of another. There are, however, cases where persons, who appeared to be in a perfectly normal state and had not been subjected to any process of fixation or passes, have been impelled to do things by a power which they felt themselves unable to resist; always, however, through the will of some person who had been proved to possess strong mesmeric power.

The committee further assert that outside of the sphere of mesmeric influence it has in possession a few very striking cases of *unexplained* results, where a powerful and emotional desire has influenced the movements of absent persons in a way which it is almost impossible to parallel by a process of deliberate experiment.

To illustrate the power of the will in producing definite results on the part of the subject, one member of the committee on Mesmerism, first told the subject to open the fingers of his closed hand, or not to open them, just as he felt disposed, in response to the question addressed to him. That question, which he always asked in a uniform tone, was in each case, "Now will you open your hand?" and at the same moment he pointed to the word "Yes" or "No," written on a card which was held in the sight of the operator, Mr. Smith, but entirely out of the range of vision of the subject, even had his eyes been open, which they were not. It appears further from the report, that without the slightest change of expression or other observable muscular movements, and quite out of contact with the "subliminal" Mr. Smith then silently pointed to open or not to open his hand in accordance with the "Yes" or "No." Twenty successive experiments were made in this way; 17 of these were quite successful and three were failures; but it was claimed by the committee that these three failures were possibly due to inadvertence on the operator's part, as he subsequently stated that on these occasions he had not been prompt enough to direct his will in the right direction before the question was asked.

The committee also take into careful consideration the "Transference of Motor or Inhibitory Impulses," and the experiments with the subject are highly interesting and instructive, demonstrating beyond doubt, the proof of the existence of a peculiar rapport between the operator and the person under his mesmeric influence. The committee seemed determined to arrive at the whole truth in connection with this subject—Mesmerism—hence critically experimented with reference to the "Transference of Pains and Tastes." In one instance it is related that the operator's left arm was suddenly pinched. The subject, who was sitting about eight feet off with her back to those present, did not know what sort of an experiment was being tried, and was simply asked, "What do you feel?" She instantly started up, as if in great excitement, "rubbed the exact corresponding place on her own person, and complained of violent pain, showing conclusively that the pain of the operator was transferred to his subject."

Another committee take up this interesting subject, "Thought Transference," and through the instrumentality of carefully conducted experiments, many well defined results are obtained, that are very suggestive. The members of this committee, Malcolm Guthrie, J. P., and James Birbal, Hon. Secretary of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, seemed to have been especially adapted to successfully conduct a series of experiments with reference to thought transference. We give one instance illustrating somewhat the general character of their researches. They tried the experiment of producing an article in the absence of the subject from the room, and after concealing it, re-admitting her, and after blindfolding and isolating her, asking her to describe the object they had been looking for. This experiment was successful. Thus a lady's purse, in form of a watch, with a bright metal frame and steel-rod handle above, was thus described: "Is it something not quite square? 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## The Children.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," is an oft-repeated scripture saying, repeated, too, with but little thought in many cases. What is it to train up a child? Is it a sort of martinet discipline and parrot-like memorizing from books, resulting in a posture-maker, a phonograph, talking out what has been talked into it, but with no thought? Or is it the guidance and development of wonderful faculties, in order, freedom and harmony, so that the child may be the man, wise and self-poised, tender, true and brave, free to do right, but bound by his allegiance to the right not to do wrong; or,

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, to command,  
 And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
 With something of an angel's light."

Not so much by rigid drill in word or act, or by exacting discipline like that of a camp, as by quiet suggestion, fine example and guiding influence, warmed by heart-love, are children best trained; or rather best developed, for that is the end of all training or real education. To draw out, is the root-meaning of our word-educate.

Government of children is largely psychological. In homes where there is the most ready and glad obedience, there is the least loud talking to the little ones, but the quiet voice has a wise will behind it, which is felt as a ruling power, and if necessary, the child is told why certain things should be done or not. Something of wonder, reverence and sweet affection must ever uplift and influence all our dealings with children, softening too severe rigor, yet giving a deep sense of the care needed to help these candidates for manhood, womanhood and angelhood into wisdom's paths of pleasantness and peace.

Theodore Parker—a childless man, but very fond of children—said in one of his prayers "We give thanks for those who make music about our fireplaces, whose countenances are a benediction on our daily bread, fairer to us than the flowers of earth or the stars of heaven; for these little ones, born into this world, bringing the fragrance of heaven in the infant's breath; if we dare not be thankful when our dear ones are born out of this world and clothed in immortality, yet we thank them that the eyes of our Father can follow down still to the land where tears are wiped away and the change is from glory to glory."

Andrew Jackson Davis has said: "A child is the repository of infinite possibilities. Enfolded in the human infant is the beautiful 'image' of the imperishable and perfect human being. In the baby constitution we recognize the holy plans of Divine Goodness, the immortal impartations of Divine Wisdom, the image and likeness of the Supreme Spirit."

Something of the ineffable tenderness, and of the clear and far-reaching views of these wise teachers, may well be ours in the sacred task of home care. But it is not so much of this general subject, as of one important part of it, that we especially wish to say a few words to our thinking readers. What are you doing for the spiritual culture of your children? Do you allow them to be drawn into the classes of orthodox Sunday-schools, to hear in churches doctrines and dogmas you deem erroneous, and all this without any counteracting influence or effort on your part? These are important questions. Progressive Lyceums or Sunday-schools where religious ideas are taught without dogmas, are not so common as they should be, and there are many Spiritualists who are not in reach of them, but are surrounded by orthodox influences and efforts. It is not easy to cut off and seclude children from their neighbors, and is not wise sometimes, and it is well to bear in mind that they gain some good from a part of what they hear; yet the dogmatism and bigotry, the false and degrading views

of Delly and of man, we should guard against.

To catechise or drill children in Spiritualism may not be desirable, for it is well to let their intuitions of spiritual things develop freely in their fit season. Formal and rigid religious teaching of any kind is not the best, but the way will open naturally for answers to their spontaneous questions, for encouragement of liberty of thought on their part, and for statements of how the matters they ask about appear to you. All conscientious and earnest parents can, and should, impress in the plastic minds of their children, the ideas which they hold as precious, yet they can, and should, respect the conscience of the child; and let it form its own views by its own best light.

Surely, when children hear common orthodox preaching or Sunday-school lessons, their parents should lead them to tell what they hear, to discuss it, and to get the convictions of their parents. Not to do this is gross and guilty neglect. Spiritualism is natural to children, inspiring hope instead of fear, if they but hear and see it pleasantly. We have known little boys and girls to gather in the family séance, joyfully eager to hear from the dear grand-parents over the other side, and accepting the fact of their presence as natural and cheering.

Let every home be a place where this spiritual education and free inquiry are held as sacred duties not to be put aside, and where this all-important home-work is well done, creeds and dogmas will make small impression. Neglect that work, and your children lapse into bondage and superstition, and the breaking of those bonds will be to them, as it has been to many of us, painful and trying.

Let every home be provided with the best books on the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, on the higher aspects of religious progress, and on the great practical reforms of the day, and interest the family in their reading and discussion. Surely have a weekly journal devoted to Spiritualism and these kindred topics, to keep up a knowledge—not elsewhere to be had—of the world's views, and to keep alive a warm interest which dies out without such knowledge.

Much more might be said, but to suggest thought is better than to exhaust it. We feel deeply in regard to the duty of parents in guiding and helping their children in free thought and spiritual life, so that they may be ready to go out and "face a frowning world" in defense of the truth. No parental duty is more sacred or more important.

## The Religious Press on the Republican Nominations.

The religious press, which claims to have an insight and understanding of the mysterious action of God with reference to his dependent children, has lately been giving expression to various opinions in regard to mundane affairs in connection with the recent nomination for president. The *Christian Union*, high authority in some respects, divine and otherwise, says:

It is too early to say what form the opposition inside the Republican ranks will take. If the Democratic party ever acted with wisdom and courage it would elect the next President of the United States. That is a thing not to be hoped for. Its capacity for making mistakes has been so thoroughly developed that neither in its nominations nor in its legislative action can it be expected to do better than it has done. At this moment the only danger to the republic is the intense, radical, and, we believe, permanent dissatisfaction and disaffection.

The editor of the *Christian Register*, under a conspicuous heading, "A Check to Reform," and as if inspired by one of the prophets of the Old Testament, presents his views in a strain decidedly earthly in its nature. He says:

It is unnecessary here to consider the personality of either of the candidates. It is sufficient that they represent the machine method—the method of bossism in politics; that they represent the selfish political theory; that "to the victor belong the spoils"; that they represent party methods with which a large and independent portion of the American people have become thoroughly disgusted.

The *Independent*, which administers to the welfare of its readers in every conceivable style in matters spiritual and in matters temporal, gives expression to its opinion with confidence, as follows:

No one suspects Blaine and Logan of an earnest desire for a single reform. They are not known as advocates of a pure civil service, of frugal expenditures of the public funds, or of the purification of political methods. On the other hand, they have the reputation of being shrewd and unscrupulous party dictators. Their chosen, eager friends, who have engineered their success, have been the star-rousters of the West and the bummers of the East, whom Mr. Arthur flung away when he became President. We have no heart to go into Mr. Blaine's personal record, but we regard it as not that of a man who is fit to be the candidate of the Republican Party. We can advise no vote for men who represent not the conscience of our party, but the profits and the prejudices of its camp-followers.

The *Interior* (Presbyterian) published in Chicago, is the only religious paper that has expressed any views with reference to the Republican nominations, and connected Delly therewith. It says:

The candidates chosen are men of high position, closely identified with the worst records of their party. These facts, together with the absence of any great issue, are likely to lead to a personal canvass and great party spirit in the campaign. But whatever may be its character, after other nominations are made, it is to be hoped that the religious and virtuous elements that so largely pervade both parties will hold themselves above the criminalities and low methods resorted to by unprincipled politicians, and will help by word and effort to keep the question of the choice of a President from dragging in the mire. God rules, and by his providence directs the choice of rulers; and the country is safe when ruling upon him, whatever may be the personal character of the candidates.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, devoted to the promulgation of Methodism, simply publishes the Republican platform, but makes no comments commending or condemning the candidates.

The *Religious Herald*, of Hartford, Ct., as calm and serene as a midsummer's day, under the heading, "Republican Convention," says:

It is a noticeable feature of the Republican Convention at Chicago that a colored man was chosen as temporary chairman. We believe that no colorless body in the country, unless composed of colored people, has bestowed such an honor upon any one of the race. The platform adopted is decided and positive on Civil Service Reform. On the primary question it is explicit in its demand that the duty of Congress to enact such laws as shall promptly and effectually suppress the system of polygamy within our territory, and direct the political from the ecclesiastical power of the so-called Mormon church, and that the law so enacted should be rigidly enforced, by the civil authorities if possible, and by the military if need be. This will command the assent of all patriotic and Christian men. The time has come to act decisively on the Mormon question.

The Catholic Mirror, of Baltimore, Md., says:

But Mr. Blaine is shrewd. If the Democrats expect to beat him easily, they are mightily mistaken. Mr. Tilden said many years ago that the Democratic party would have to poll two-thirds of the popular vote in order to elect a President. The same axiom holds good to-day. They may have the majority of the electoral college; but after all remains the *vis inertia* of the electors, the power of patronage, the force of possession, which will be stretched, as in 1876, to the utmost tension in 1884.

If the religious press express the voice or wishes of the kingdom of heaven, the probability is that the Republican candidates will experience many difficulties, and be compelled to overcome many obstacles in order to be elected to the responsible positions they are seeking. There is, however, another "kingdom" to be heard from.

## Another Attack on Spiritualism.

Perhaps emulous of the notoriety Talmage has gained by his abuse of Spiritualism, perhaps because he believes himself a victor over Ingessoll, and, like Alexander, "sighs for more worlds to conquer," Rev. Father Lambert has appeared as another "exposer" of Spiritualism. Though he felt sure of his victory, he determined to leave nothing to chance, and as fraudulent mediums often do, he supplemented his logical power, which is great, and his imagination, which is abnormally expanded, with a sufficient amount of apparatus and a judicious selection of confederates. So, triply armed, he appeared at Boyd's Opera House, Omaha, May 28, and, in presence of a large audience, substantiated his claim to be considered a first-class juggler, both with words and things. To the latter there can be no serious objection—a clever deception of the senses is amusing always, and sometimes instructive. As Butler says in "Hudibras":

"The pleasure sure is near as great  
 In being cheated as to cheat;  
 As lookers-on feel most delight,  
 Who least perceive the juggler's sleight."

Spiritualists look at these things with an amused indifference. Wonderful things can be done with the aid of machinery, but Spiritualists know of things more wonderful that are every day done without help from the machinist. Chemistry has its surprises, but spirits produce more astonishing things without going to the expense of purchasing chemicals. The Rev. Father should learn a little modesty, however, and when some of the most eminent jugglers confess that the phenomena of Spiritualism transcend all the resources of their art, not think that a mere turo in jugglery, as he is, is likely to succeed where they confess failure.

But the verbal jugglery was not quite so successful. It is easy to explode a pistol without showing how it is done; it is impossible to do the same with an idea. It is easy to produce raps when the apparatus works right, but very difficult to prove that the logical inferences resulting from genuine spirit raps are false. The Omaha *Herald* says:

"Speaking of mediums, Father Lambert said that there never was a medium who was certain with whom he or she was talking; and there never was a certainty that a similar voice was that of a dead friend. The power of these spiritual mediums is very small and very limited. Again, he gave instances to show that the spirits, or the devils, or whatever they are, cannot touch or deal with sacred things."

This may be called a verbal juggle. A medium entranced, does not usually know who is manifesting, but the investigator often does. That there "never was a certainty that a similar voice was that of a dead friend," might be dismissed without remark, for, if it were true, Lambert does not and cannot know it. The power of mediums is small; in fact, they do not claim any power as belonging to themselves, but the power frequently manifested is neither small nor limited. If this be doubted, the only answer needed is—Look around you; see how much of consolation and peace, what vigor and intensity of thought have come, are daily produced as a result not of the power of mediums indeed, but of the revelations made by spirits through them.

According to Lambert these spirits "cannot touch or deal with sacred things." They can and do inspire earnest prayer, but as these prayers are not always in Latin, perhaps they don't count. There sometimes come iconoclastic spirits, and when one of this kind manifests; "sacred things" are touched with scant courtesy. Holiest of all things is a pure, unselfish love, and such a love predominates in all the higher spiritual manifestations. Such manifestations stir memories of all good things—not of beads, or robes, or altar, or man-made God, but of human help and love, the glory of life on earth, the crown of life in the beyond.

The report found in the Omaha *Herald* was brief, and the lecture may have had more in it that was worth answer, than was reported. But as at present advised, we may say as a result of the attack: "Nobody hurt."

## Religion and Beer.

Roman Catholic pluries have usually been very profitable to the church, and no small part of the profit has come from the large consumption of beer. Of course, partial intoxication has seemed out of place in a church plenary, and sometimes there has been much disturbance. Bishop McNary of the diocese of Albany, seeing the evil, has applied a decisive remedy. He says:

"Our object is to discontinue the practice of farming out the bar, as has lately been the custom. A plenary or an excursion boat with an open bar attached, is generally a scene of more or less drunkenness and disorder, and the decree is issued to prevent trouble. We are trying to discourage the habit of drinking among our people, and to do this we are taking measures to lessen temptation to drink. Of course there are those who will have their drink in spite of all that can be done, and such persons attend plenaries and excursions with bottles or flasks in their pockets, and that can't be very well prevented. But open bars can be." This decree, with several others, will be delivered to the priests without delay.

The Protestant churches have not usually made the mistake of attempting to combine religion and beer, but they are not entirely guiltless of another sin, gambling. Grab-bags, lotteries, ring-cakes, etc., are not entirely abolished yet, but the signs are that they soon will be. It is not impossible that the church oyster stew will, in time, be found to be made of oysters. With Catholics converted to temperance at plenaries, and Protestants to dealing honestly—There's a good time coming, in the sweet by-and-by.

## Lulu Hurst.

Lulu Hurst, who has been designated as the "Electric Girl," and whose exhibitions in the South have aroused a great deal of interest, men of science regarding her as the wonder of the nineteenth century, has lately attracted the attention of a wiseacre, who presents his views in the *Medical Record*, carefully detailing some of her very interesting experiments—one in which two or three scientific persons take hold of the handle of an open umbrella, and hold it fast. Miss Lulu then touches it with her open palm, when, presto! the umbrella is turned inside out or snatched away, notwithstanding their exertions. Then three, strong, scientific men lift up a chair and hold it in the air. Lulu places her hand upon it, and it sinks to the floor despite every effort. The explanation given by this medical expert with reference to this phenomenon—"It is the experimenters, not the subject, who knock themselves and the umbrella about"—is about as satisfactory and reasonable as the statement of the old lady, who, having seven marriageable daughters, fed them eleven on a fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches, you know. When Lulu was at Charleston, S. C., after the crowd had left the hall, a prominent young physician who had all along refused to believe what his own eyes had seen, remained on the stage and tried the billiard cue test. He could not get the cue to the floor, although Miss Hurst simply held one hand flatly on the side of the cue. The physician was converted, and he will be very much surprised when he learns from a reputable medical journal, that he alone prevented the cue from touching the floor.

## GENERAL NOTES.

Hon. H. E. Parsons of Ohio, gave the JOURNAL office a call last week.

Charles Ellis, formerly of Boston and now of East Saginaw, Michigan, spent an hour with us last week.

Dr. J. W. Haines will speak before the Spiritual Truth Seekers' Society in Martine's Hall, Ada St., next Sunday evening at 7:45. Subject: "Progress and Modern Thought."

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, trance speaker, requests us to state that he would like to make engagements for June 22nd and 29th. He has been lecturing at Sturgis, Mich., where he can be addressed, in care of postoffice box 137.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Pittsburg, Pa., June 1st and 8th, in public hall. He also held several interesting parlor entertainments in Alleghany City, the twin city of Pittsburg. Address him at Milan, O.

The Boston *Investigator* says: "There is only one minister in Boston, out of the hundred or more, who can properly be called candid—and he is Minot J. Savage. When we hear of another, we shall give him the second place of ministerial honor."

"The latest triumph in science is said to be muscle-reading. It is claimed that any exertion of the mind produces a muscular contraction, and by placing himself in immediate contact with the person, the muscle-reader can tell what such person is thinking about.

A correspondent writes: "I learn that T. Walcott, the husband of the gifted medium, Rachel Walcott, of Baltimore, has been murdered by Navajo Indians in Arizona. He was a kind, amiable gentleman, beloved and respected by all who knew him. He met this sad end, probably, in consequence of his sympathy with, and confidence in, the Indians."

The past week we have received the following generous contributions: A "subscriber" at Waukegan, Ill., \$5.00, for Mrs. N. Wigle and Mrs. Mary R. Graham, each one year's subscription to the JOURNAL; Mr. E. Terry, New York City, \$5.00, and \$5.00 from some modest benefactor who did not give name nor address, both for the poor fund.

A lady has written to the *Christian Union* denouncing the theory that the Bible verses were intoxicating. "My Christ make intoxicating wines," she cries; "never! Prove to me that He made intoxicating wine, and you destroy my faith in Him forever." The *Christian Union* thinks she is suffering from orthodox indigestion.

A New York chemist is quoted as saying that the genuine attar of roses "which is made in India and Australia, costs \$100 an ounce at the place of distillation. It takes 50,000 rose blooms to yield an ounce of attar. They are the common rose, and grow in great profusion in California, where the distillation of attar could be made a very profitable industry."

The Michigan State Association of Spiritualists is not able to get the grounds at Grand Rapids, where it was expected to go, and, therefore, we are told, it is changed to the well known and convenient fair grounds at Lansing, where there are halls, rooms, fences, etc., all in readiness. Beginning August 28th, the camp meeting will last ten days, with good speakers and mediums, and doubtless the good management and results of all their previous meetings, which have been marked by both enjoyment and benefit.

Mrs. Silverston will leave Chicago for Cincinnati about the 21st, en route for the Look-out Mountain camp meeting, near Chattanooga, Tenn., where she can be addressed during the month of July, or at her residence, 178 W. Madison street. Mrs. S. goes south to fulfill an engagement at camp meeting as platform test-medium and psychometrist. She is open to further engagements.

Prof. M. Westbrook of New York City is trying the experiment of subsisting exclusively on a milk diet. He says: "Milk is nature's diet; it makes bone, sinew, muscle, brain and blood. Nature compels its use in babyhood, and men ought to have sense enough to follow up the teaching in manhood. If I find after a week or ten days' trial that my health is at all impaired, I shall conclude that my theory is wrong; but I am confident that I will succeed."

Communications in reply to Dr. Talmage's sermon against Spiritualism continue to be received at this office; as the JOURNAL has already given up much space to this matter, hardly seems worth while to devote more. Talmage's attack was a weak effort at best, and but for his sensational method of reaching the public his sermon would have fallen flat. The JOURNAL would rather give him a rest.

There are two institutions in New York City where the sick in body resort to be cured by faith. One has been in existence three years, and the other a year and a half. The former is the Home for Faith and Healing at 328 West Twenty-third street, conducted by the Rev. B. Simpson, who retired from the Presbyterian church to teach and preach independently of any church organization. The other is the Faith Healing Institute, conducted by Mrs. Anna J. Johnson, at 200 and 202 West Fifty-ninth street. Both institutions have been recently enlarged to gain more room for patients.

## "For the Poor Fund."

The above words were all the letter said; no name, no postoffice, but a five dollar bill lay snugly within the folds. Care, even, had been taken, apparently, to prevent the P. O. defacing-stamp from showing where it was mailed. Thanks, kind friend, in the name of those to whom the JOURNAL will be sent in consequence of your benevolence.

Mrs. Clara L. Reid of San Francisco.

Testimony in Favor of Her Good Character Given by J. J. Owen, Editor of the San Jose (Cal.) Mercury, and T. D. Hall and Others.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL of May 31st, I noticed a communication from the pen of Wm. Emmette Coleman, which, while affirming the genuineness of the psychic powers of Mrs. Clara L. Reid, independent slate-writing medium, lately of this city, seems to me to go far out of the way to cast a most serious hearsay imputation against her moral character. It is true that Mrs. Reid has separated from her husband; but this she did for reasons that every right thinking person could not but approve. Since that separation, and for the last two years she has resided in this city, with the exception of the last few weeks. She occupied rooms here, giving public and private sances—to ladies only, except when gentlemen came properly introduced, or vouched for. Many of the best people of San Jose visited her, and all, as far as I am able to know, regarded her as leading a most circumspect and well ordered life. Through her wonderful mediumistic-powers—and I know them to be genuine—hundreds have been brought to a knowledge of the truths of spirit communion. Several ladies were in the practice of taking their own slates to her rooms, and obtaining long communications written thereon without the contact of the medium's hands with the slate. Communications are written sometimes in German and French, while Mrs. Reid understands only the English language. It seems that no medium, however honest or pure—especially if young and prepossessing—can expect to pursue her God-given calling without subjecting herself to unjust aspersions. I write this in common justice to a modest and worthy lady, and a true medium, and hope you will give the same a place in your columns.

J. J. OWEN.

San Jose, Cal., June 5th, 1884.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I noticed in your paper of the 31st of May, an article headed, "Psychic Phenomena in San Francisco," by Wm. Emmette Coleman. In regard to the power, I will not expatiate upon, as it seems to have been written with the sole object to slander the lady's character, which all of her friends, who have known her for years, protest against. The article was unjust, and I hope you will rectify the very grievous mistake, as it will be nothing only just and manly.

T. D. HALL.

37 31st St., San Francisco, Cal.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having seen in your paper of May 31st, an article derogatory to the character of Mrs. Clara L. Reid, spirit medium and independent slate writer, and knowing the lady as well as we do, we deem it our duty to at once refute the false statement therein, as she has been a resident of this city, at times, for a period covering six years, and a permanent resident for the past two years. We know her to be a true, good, moral, worthy woman; highly esteemed for her rectitude and rare gifts.

DR. H. B. STONE. MRS. H. S. ASHLEY.  
 DR. E. A. CLARK. MRS. E. M. KUGES.  
 MRS. C. H. CORRY. MRS. JEANNIE PAUL.  
 MRS. DR. G. I. BENTLEY. J. N. EWING.

San Jose, Cal., June 6th.

If Mr. Coleman has made statements concerning Mrs. Reid which he cannot substantiate, we have no doubt he will cheerfully correct them and publicly apologize for his mistake. In all personal matters, it has ever been the policy of the JOURNAL to publish only what could be proven; and the editor-in-chief stands ready to justify, by proving its truth, every charge or assertion made in his editorial columns. He will also with alacrity correct errors or misstatements made by correspondents. Impartial justice, and prompt reparation for any wrong done to another are parts of the JOURNAL's creed.



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
The Doctor Question.

Dr. King Reviews Tuttle's "Plea for the Doctors"—Tuttle Replies.

Without any desire to flatter, I must state that I have enjoyed the writings of Hudson Tuttle. His "Plea for the Doctors," in the JOURNAL of the 10th of May, however, either did not please me, or I have not understood it. If in trying to understand the plea, we get into some discussion, I want that profitably enjoyed. He claims that he is "not in favor of the so-called 'Doctor's Laws.'" Why did he use the qualifier "so-called," when no party but doctors would or did ask for a law making it a criminal offense for one neighbor who has not attended medical college, to prescribe a remedy for another? Does such an arbitrary monopoly, that "may not be infallible," need a plea?

"Why the Spiritualist press should be called on to berate and belittle the medical profession, is difficult to answer," is an item in Brother Tuttle's plea. Of course, it is difficult to answer, and no branch of the press should attempt "to berate and belittle the medical profession," but when a part of the medical profession, no matter whether such part is a majority or minority, attempts to stay progress by passing oppressive laws, or by boasting about acquired knowledge which is a curse to society when carried into practice, then all the press should come to the defense of right and truth. How can the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, devoted to spiritual philosophy, the arts and sciences, defend its name and claim without coming to such defense? Inasmuch as the condition of the soul is affected by the condition of the body, how can the Spiritualist press refrain from noticing things which are injurious to both soul and body? How can an editor, who deals vigorously with the orthodox treatment of the spirit of man, at the same time ignore the orthodox treatment of the house in which such man lives?

On the 6th of May, the American Medical Association met in the city of Washington, and Dr. Austin Flint delivered the annual address. He had much to say about what he termed "irregular practitioners," and he claimed that the "regular profession" should not fellowship or consult with them, even if they are "legally qualified practitioners of medicine." What a boastful or insulting use of the word *regular*, as if one "legally qualified practitioner of medicine" is not as *regular* a doctor as another. When any party has grown too big to be respectful of right and truth, has it not begun to "belittle" itself?

In the thirty-first annual announcement of the University of Vermont for the year 1881, is this expressive paragraph:

"To prevent any misunderstanding with regard to the requirements for graduation, the Faculty desire to state that the only courses of lectures recognized, are those taken at Medical Colleges recognized by the American Medical Association. The tickets and diplomas of Eclectic, Homeopathic, or Botanical Colleges, or of colleges devoted to any special system of medicine, are considered irregular, and will not be recognized under any circumstances. Certificates from preceptors, who practice any particular system of medicine, or who advertise, or violate in any way the Code of Ethics adopted by the profession, will not be received under any circumstances, even if the preceptors be regular graduates in Medicine."

Where would innocent blood, which years ago flowed so freely, now flow, if there never had been any "irregular practitioners"? Who has modified heroic doses and furnished substitutes for the ruinous and deadly drugs which the "regular practitioner" prescribed, and consequently allowed more patients to die without being killed? Is it possible "to berate and belittle the medical profession" by publishing the sad mistakes of its leading branch?

How hard it is to reform an organization from within. Over thirty years ago I advertised some lectures against mercury and blood-letting for remedies, and invited an old Allopathic physician who was bleeding and poisoning his patients, to go and hear me. He declined. I then told him that I wished he would attend and reply to any mistakes I should make. He claimed that my subjects should not be discussed in a public meeting, and that I should take them into his medical society. I claimed that I would not be allowed there, and referred him to cases where men had been educated as Allopaths and practiced as such for years, and finally went into the Homeopathic practice, which caused them to be expelled from Allopathic societies. The old doctor replied: "They ought to be; they are nothing but quacks." Such knock-down or kick-back arguments, reformers have to receive, if any, and their replies are often treated by "regulars" as "flings and insults."

The usual argument of "regulars" against common-sense is silent contempt, which passes with the ignorant or prejudiced as much latent wisdom. One of them said about my lectures, which were published: "They are not worth answering." Dr. Flint's reasons for claiming that what he terms irregular, yet legally qualified practitioners of medicine, are not being "disassociated in consultation," are fully expressed in these words of his: "Self-respect and respect for our profession," without a proper admission that the public have any interests to be respected. When a reformer has to contend with such selfish reasons, how can he do it with a pen without points? How can he have any feelings for ignorant, deceived and abused humanity, and say nothing? When Dr. Flint claims or intimates that those physicians who are giving demonstrations of the errors and nonsense in his "regular medical profession," are thereby showing a "hostility to medical science" in its purity, and consequently are not worthy of "professional fellowship," he is as wild or wicked as Garfield's "regular" physicians were when they located Guillean's bullet.

Last winter a bill was introduced, read, referred, reported, committed and re-committed, in the New York Legislature, requiring the governor to appoint nine practitioners of physic and surgery to examine all medical students who have received diplomas, before they enter upon the practice of physic and surgery. The bill was so "humane" (using Dr. Flint's word) in its provisions for "self-respect and respect for our profession," that six of said nine practitioners were to be Allopathic, two to be Homeopathic, and one to be Eclectic. When such encroachments upon the rights and liberties of the people are attempted, how can conscientious lovers of truth and justice keep out of the war provoked by what Brother Tuttle has called "trained physicians?"

He asks: "After a person has given at least three years to the exclusive study of the structure of the human form, its diseased conditions and the most successful methods of treatment, does it not stand to reason that he knows more on these subjects than an Indian juggler or a 'natural bone-setter'?" Yes, but if a person has made a mistake and not "studied the most successful methods of treatment,"

how should the answer be? Can the Indian juggler, with simple roots, barks and herbs, do more harm than a mistaken, trained physician with powerful drugs?

It has been demonstrated over and over again that the most popular medical colleges are not teaching "the most successful methods of treatment." I will give one among many illustrations that could be given of such fact. I was called to see a lady who was suffering from uterine hemorrhage. She had been for months under the unsuccessful treatment of a trained physician, who was unable to treat her longer on account of his own sickness. Aside from the use of improper drugs, he had tried to stop the hemorrhage with cold treatment. He respected the instruction he had received in a popular and "regular" medical college. I sat down by the bedside of the patient, and said to her: "Let us use a little common-sense. Do you think some internal bloodvessels are open in your case? During coldness of the surface, is more of the blood forced to internal parts than when the surface of the body is warm?" She gave an affirmative answer to my questions, but had been so long under the influence of a "regular" and "trained physician" that she was afraid of anything warm which would favor a flow of blood to the surface. She consented to receive the warming treatment on condition that I should remain with her and see her die if it killed her. I remained, and she began to be "healed in the self-same hour" that she began to get warm. I could give equally as plain illustrations of the superiority of common-sense treatment over the "regular" kind, in cases of measles, small-pox, diphtheria, pneumonia and fevers.

So long as many doctors think more of the terms *regular* and *self-respect* than they do of common sense, and do all they can to keep the latter out of colleges, societies and sick-rooms, where should its advocates go for a hearing? If some people require or need humbugging, a better class should not claim that there ought to be preferred or privileged humbugs; in other words, should not let collegiate or "regular" cranks have any advantage over illiterate quacks. Truth is precious wherever found, even if its discoverer is not a regularly trained person; and merit and success should not be suppressed by deception nor law. The law of progress will be annulled when the foolish are not allowed to confound the wise and the weak cannot confound the mighty.

G. W. KING, M. D.

HUDSON TUTTLE IN REPLY TO DR. KING.

I appreciate the kind and friendly words of Dr. King, and regret that we do not more fully accord in our views. If, however, the object is merely to convince each other, or to test personal strength by argument, it would not be worth the effort. I don't wish to engage in a discussion, for which I have neither inclination or time, and were it not that questions of vital importance were raised by Dr. King, and inferences drawn which I regard as extremely detrimental to the public welfare, I should rather have unnoticed the erroneous interpretation of my brief article, than reply. As it is, I do not expect to reply in detail, but go to the main point in issue, which seems to be the "Doctor's Law." I said I did not favor it, and the only fault found with me is, that I wrote "so-called" before it. To please Dr. King I will take off this qualifier, and so narrow the issue.

Again I repeat that it is no part of the Spiritualist press to "berate and belittle the medical profession." This is exactly what it has been doing constantly for many years. No joke has been too stale, no wit too far-fetched for some Spiritualist papers to publish, if the doctors were hit.

Dr. King, like many others, argues as though all improvement in medicine came from the irregulars, and had it not been for these there would have been no progress in that direction. A more gratuitous assumption could not be made. The great body of regular physicians of this country and of Europe are bound together by the closest relationship, and governed by a stringent code of ethics. Every one is seeking for improvement, and making discoveries. They are bound by their code to publish to the profession any discovery they may make. They can have no secrets from their fellows. If they do so, and claim a speciality in remedies, they are at once set down as quacks, and justly, too, for human life is too precious to be made a subject of selfish greed, and if any method for the cure of disease is found, it should become common property. Even in surgical appliances patents are forbidden. It being held by the profession that a physician should be devoted to first curing the sick, and that recompense should be held secondary. It is such a violation of this high moral code, which is founded not on selfishness, but on the highest and noblest morality, that the sentence quoted by Dr. King with so much gusto is aimed: "Certificates from preceptors who practice any particular system of medicine, or who advertise, or violate in any way the code of ethics adopted by the profession, will not be received under any circumstances, even if the preceptors be regular graduates in medicine." The doctor who claims a special cure or method, which he conceals for the purpose of his own emolument, is not recognized by the regular profession, even though he be a graduate of the best college in the land. Is not this right?

At the best medical colleges three years of study are required, and year by year a higher standard of scholarship is demanded. Those three years are devoted to the great branches of medicine and kindred sciences. Everything relating to medicine—all the various systems—are reviewed. The whole vaunted system of Hydropathy is but a page, and Homeopathy is another, and everything permanent and true in them, as in all other systems, is retained, and forms a part of regular practice to-day, as it did before they were drawn out of it. True, there has been improvement. The graduate of ten years ago is rusty and behind the times unless he has been a close student and read the medical publications. Rapid progress has been made, not because of the irregulars, but from the students in the ranks. Is it not more consistent that discoveries should be made by those already trained by a long course of study, than by those who are ignorant of the laws of health or action of remedies? Or are we to suppose that "doctoring" is a sort of inspiration, a bestowed gift, abiding most with ignorance, cunning and rascality, which go hand in hand to make the popular quack? I well know this is exactly the popular conception. It is not so in surgery. There are no "irregulars" there. The work of the surgeon remains to attest his skill and hold him responsible. The quack dares not follow here, where years of study are required, and the results are at once apparent. When the surgeon has a difficult operation to perform, he goes to the dissecting room, and on a dead body, he essays it over and over, until fully understanding the relations of the parts, the nerves, arteries and muscles. Whatever his anatomical skill, he takes this means to refresh his memory, so that when the living flesh is cut there will be no mistake. In

medicine, where the processes of life are vastly more complex, and the action of remedies dependent on fleeting conditions; where the most attentive observation and careful comparison may fail, the very element of uncertainty lets in the quack, and his blunder is buried with the patient. True, the "regular physician" may blunder also, but the argument rests exactly the same as with the surgeon, who, however practiced, may sometimes fail; but if I had a broken limb I should trust him in preference to one wholly ignorant of anatomy.

Dr. King says: "Where would innocent blood, which years ago flowed so freely, now flow, if there never had been any irregular practitioners?" By this, he implies that blood-letting was stopped by their protest. A very slight acquaintance with the "regular" therapeutics would have shown the error of this statement. The theory of blood-letting is held to-day by the regulars as firmly as it ever was. Why, then, do they not bleed? Because they have discovered remedies, which by producing the same vital results, take the place of blood-letting. Had not these remedies been discovered by "regulars," the irregulars would not have effected the least change.

Again: "Who has modified heroic doses, and furnished substitutes for the ruinous and deadly drugs, which the regular practitioners prescribed, and consequently allowed more patients to die without being killed?" At nearly the same time that Homeopathy was advanced, chemists began the remarkable series of discoveries of the alkaloids, or active principles of various remedies. In consequence a large bundle of Peruvian bark was reduced to a few grains of quinine; a large mass of opium to a small quantity of morphine, and so through a long list of roots, barks and herbs. Their active principles were extracted, and the rubbish thrown away. Thus freed, they became more reliable and active. The result is that the pocket case now contains far more of the "deadly drugs" than the huge saddle-bags of former times, and though the powders dealt out are apparently so small in quantity as to be homeopathic, actually the dose is not diminished. The clamor of the "irregulars" has not made this change, but it is the work of professional chemists in the "regular" ranks.

As to the relative value of any drugs given, I will not pause to discuss, but as the "irregulars" give them even in greater quantities than the "regulars," they, of course, rely on them; and so far as vegetable remedies having an advantage over the mineral, the most deadly poisons known are from the vegetable kingdom.

Lastly I would notice the reliance placed by Dr. King on the mistakes of the "regulars," in proving the unworthiness of their system. There are a great many incompetent doctors with diplomas. I admit, but this method of proof may be turned, and the failures, blunders and ignorance of the "irregulars," will make interesting reading, except that its volume would be so immeasurably vast.

It is no Wonder

that so many people sink into untimely graves when we consider how they neglect their health. They have a disordered Liver, deranged Bowels, Constipation, Piles or diseased Kidneys, but they let it go and think they "will get over it." It grows worse, other and more serious complications follow and sorrow is too late to avert them. If such people would take Kidney-Wort it would preserve their lives. It acts upon the most important organs purifying the blood and cleansing the system, removes and prevents these disorders and promotes health.

A NEW BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA RIVER has been opened within a few weeks which makes an important link in a great railroad line, and is itself reckoned an engineering wonder. It is situated a few hundred feet south of the old suspension bridge, and was built to give the Michigan Central railroad a complete line between the New York Central and Chicago. The connection is over the Canada Southern, now a part of the Michigan Central, between Niagara river and Detroit, and whole trains are now run through between the end of Vanderbilt's famous four tracks and the Garden City. The new route will prove specially attractive to passengers because of the opportunity it gives for seeing the great cataract. There is a fine view of the falls from the bridge itself, and then trains run up by the river on the Canadian side and stop at a station called Falls View, where is a platform from which all can take an observation—Springfield (Mass.) Republican, April 11, 1884.

Origin of Ammonia.

Ammonia is obtained in large quantities by the putrefaction of the urine of animals.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Every housekeeper can test baking powders containing this disgusting drug by placing a can of the "Royal" or "Andrews Pearl" top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash, Bone Phosphates. It is prepared by a Physician and Chemist with special regard to cleanliness and healthfulness.

The Japanese Store 547 Fourth Avenue, Louisville Ky., tender the ladies of this denomination a complimentary offer. They write us that they will send to all our churches who contemplate holding a Japanese Tea Party, fair or Entertainment of any kind, an elegant assortment of Real Japanese Novelties, including pretty cups and saucers and Real Pure Tea, that can be sold by them for 25 cents, cup, saucer, Tea and all. You need not pay for any of these goods until the Fair is over. Anything not sold can be returned to us. Ladies who are anxious to do good for the benefit of their churches, should avail themselves of this generous offer, which will be very profitable to them. One of the churches in Louisville sold over one hundred dollars worth of these salable Novelties in one evening. Why can't we do the same or proportionately so. Write to them at once for particulars or send them an order for an assortment to open a Bazaar.

Business Notices.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn will lecture for Spiritualist and Liberal Societies within one hundred miles of New York. Address, 463 West 23rd Street, New York City.

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Continued from First Page.

truth will shine forth and be seen by all whose faces are turned heavenward.

We would clasp hands at this time with every individual, and say Godspeed to you, brother and sister, in the good way; angel bands attend, and mete out unto every soul what the aspirations demand, and answer every honest inquiry through the still small voice of conscience, which makes plain the spiritual path leading to the highest realms of light and knowledge; and when again you shall thus convene together to celebrate your second Anniversary in your new Temple of worship, our voices will again be heard. Although some who may hear or read these words shall have closed their eyes on material objects, memory will be revived, and in the spirit land they will seek our ranks, and hasten on wings of love to participate in the joys and victories of well-earned labors.

We know the laborers are few at the present time, but in the advance movement, we see thousands rising and testifying to the gifts and manifestations of spirit power as conferred upon them by the spirit host, and as mortal mind comprehends more plainly the conditions requisite and requirements needed to receive abundant proof of spirit identity, so the outpouring of the spirit shall be as of old, as seen in "cloven tongues of fire" over the heads of individual sensitives, who did not even then understand the meaning of the Nazarene as he conversed with them while under the inspiration of ancient prophets, and who were at times as short-sighted as the present generation.

Many who grope in the material delights of this world, and whose aims and aspirations are for worldly honors, fail to discern the spiritual beauties of holiness as revealed in the hidden mysteries of heaven's choicest blessings. We would in this communication leave a lasting impression upon minds engaged in this noble work of tearing down the old and building and rearing the New Gospel Dispensation of this, the nineteenth century! Work in earnest; boldly advocate the truths and facts we make plain in our telegrams, which are vibrated through the telephones of thought connecting the two worlds; and as you develop gradually under our instruction, we can more clearly bring into you what we glean from the higher spheres, as we soar upward and upward.

We thank you for your patience in listening to us. Your songs of service arise like sweet incense to the skies, and the melody of your voices finds an echoing response in our souls; thus united we stand, joining hands with you in the great work of upbuilding humanity in all that pertains to its elevation for the spiritual good of human progress. I have spoken as an individual mind, though chosen in the council chambers of wisdom, by the assembled Congress Band of Spirit Workers, to add in this message, with others, another stone in the Temple of Progress, and to congratulate you upon your success thus far, and that the life of this babe has been spared, and will gradually grow in wisdom and knowledge until all shall be united in one faith, one Lord, one baptism, the faith which is practical, exemplifying the Christ-principles; one Lord, even the spirit of truth and love, and one baptism, that of spiritual light and wisdom.

After another beautiful song by Miss Fisher, Mrs. M. A. Howes read an interesting essay upon Mediumship, given by one of her guides, which was fully appreciated by the audience. Mr. W. B. Van Volkenburg and Mrs. Lovering then sang the beautiful duet, "Far Away."

ADDRESS BY DR. HOPKINS.

Dr. Hopkins then made the following closing remarks, which were listened to with deep interest and attention throughout, notwithstanding the audience had been seated for nearly two hours:

Friends, I would not appear before you today, were it not in order to obey the directions of the Spirit-world, for I know that you would much rather hear from other mediums we have present with us. It befalls me, in the position that I have occupied in and for the society since its first inception, that I should take this place now, and that I should speak what is impressed upon my spirit, or is given me from the Spirit-world. Did I refuse to utter what it gives me, I would feel that I was not true to my trust; therefore, bear with me again as I stand before you, because I have no interest here except that which is for the interest of every man's soul has been placed upon me in my connection with this society. We were anxious as a society to bring out on our Anniversary some prominent speakers, some whom you would all like to see and hear, who are, perhaps, better instruments in the hands of the angels than we, but such was not to be the case today.

From time to time as we have needed assistance, we have trusted in good faith upon our spirit-guides, and have done at all times what has accorded with our best judgment, and as we have been inspired by them; therefore, as a result, our work for the past year is before you.

It is well known by many that our friend and medium, Mrs. Dyer, of New York, has been with us for the past few weeks, having been brought to us as a laborer in this field, by the angel world, and many have come here to-day expecting to listen to the mysterious voice of the spirit through her. We hoped the same, but, perhaps, it is for the best as it is. I was told that it was ordered thus for a wise reason by the Spirit-world, and I will give to you as it was given me, and thus explain why I am before you in her place. Yesterday, at early dawn, I was impressed to call and see this medium, knowing that she was ill, and as a member of the society entitled to our care. I called during the day as I had been impressed, and found her suffering intensely. I at once saw the improbability of her being with us at our Anniversary, which she regretted very much, and she said: "In heart I am with you. I have come among you by the direction of my spirit band, but I am not permitted to be with you to-morrow, you may know that I am there in spirit, as a worker for truth and humanity."

Instantly she was influenced by her controlling spirit, who said: "We impressed you at early dawn to come and see our medium. We are glad you followed your impressions. She needs what sympathy and strength you may be able to give her, as coming from her friends and from your society, but we are sorry to tell you we shall be unable to bring her to you to-morrow, for several reasons. This enterprise is the work of the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists. She has but recently been brought to you for your needed encouragement. For the past year members have been the workers; to-morrow will close the first yearly cycle. It is fitting, it is but just, that the old members of your society should close their year's labor through the old workers from among your ranks. The laborers of the year being done, from this time forth commences a new era of prosperity; and please state, as coming from the far away angels above me: 'We say to

the members of this Working Union, that for your services during the past year, and for all you have undertaken, all honor is due to you. We would not take one single well-earned sheaf from your harvest; therefore, we say to you and your President, Let not your hearts be troubled, for with troubled thoughts and fears enter in; with fears come doubts, and then comes a loss of faith. Keep the door to doubts closed. Trust to us, and whenever the emergencies come, when the need is felt, in that hour when angels are most needed, remember we shall not fail you. Then we will be with you, to assist you and give you the needed assistance that is required at that time. Be ye not troubled. Have faith, and remember that it is the line of faith that gives strength to the ladder that enables us to come down into your atmosphere to do our work."

I am impressed to say some words that come from my immediate surroundings and from those invisible ones who have been with me so often, daily and hourly, within the past year; those that were with me at the first inception of this work, for they are with me today. They wish to add their testimony. They say to the world: "Our work is but just commenced, and remember, thus will it be in our work. As atom by atom has been brought together, so is your work to be; not like the flashing ray of sunshine in the morning from behind an intervening cloud, but in the natural order of universal growth as illustrated before you in nature, that you may learn to know and understand the way. Quietly, slowly and surely, will you rise spiritually, being based upon principles of 'doing unto others' as you would that they should do unto you," and having for your motto, 'Love one another,' that last and best commandment of all. Let those within the hearing of our voice, henceforth try to apply it unto themselves more assiduously, as it alone is the only key that will unlock the gates of Heaven and happiness. By it are we enabled to throw off our earthly prejudices that have grown to be the hindering circumstances of our surroundings. Discipline—that which you call educational—enables us to overcome the lower forces of the spirit, and makes them become to us our servants to lift us into the highest steps of harmony. It brings to all the same invisible force and power. We understand physical science, but the science of the spirit, the science of the unseen, which is the primal power, the forces that act and are manifest in the moral and spiritual, we do not fully reach. We have said in our 'Declaration of Principles,' that we recognize them to be true. We do not expect nor ask every one to believe them or recognize them yet."

The higher angelic voices would impress upon us that, if we wish to have better surroundings, better mediums, better men, better women, better fathers, better mothers, it is within our reach to secure this for ourselves. I have many questions coming from the audience to me, struggling to be answered. Those who have come in here for the first time, are sending up to go on? What do you propose to do in the future? We answer that, as you see in your Temple, day by day, stone after stone is laid, so our work will unfold, we doing each day the work we have to do as it is brought before us. We work as servants of the angel world. We expect, as in the past, to be guided in all that comes before us each day, therefore we let each day take care of itself, and no one who sits before me to-day can say other than well done thus far. There is much to be done. There is much that we require from our membership. There is much that is required from every human soul.

We do not ask any one to come to us, who does not come inspired by the spirit to work, and to become co-workers with us. Wherever there are other fields, to which you may feel it is best for you to go, it is not for us to say, "Stay." We say, "Go where the inspiration of your higher spirit guides send you." We do not dictate to any one. We say, "It is well with us." Our work is here, and in the future we shall "stand shoulder to shoulder." We are here as workers. We trust in the Infinite Jehovah. We wish that the spirit that lives in these flowers, the spirit that speaks to us in nature, whether in the perfume of the flowers or that which reaches our inner consciousness through the voice of the Infinite Jehovah, and he who learns to live in consonance with them, will find corresponding harmony within his own soul. I will not occupy your time any longer, but thank you for your kind attention, for the quietness and interest with which you have listened, and for the sympathy that has come from you to us in this work. We hope that when another anniversary comes, we may assemble, so to speak, "under our own vine and fig tree," and may be able to ask in, not only the members of our society, but also the spiritually hungry "from the byways and the hedges," that we may tell them of all that the angels may bring to us for the benefit of humanity. This is our purpose.

Then followed the singing of another "Aria" by Miss Fisher, after which the audience arose and sang with earnest feeling the old hymn, "Work for the night is coming." After closing, many lingered long in the rooms, loth to leave the place where the angels seemed so very near to them.

J. COMMODORE STREET, Secretary.

The Orion Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The meeting of the First District Association of Spiritualists, of Michigan, was opened, June 6th, at Park Island grounds, and closed June 8th at Predmore's Hall in Orion village. The expressions of thought were so rich and varied, and so interesting and instructive in their various phases and forms of logical and practical discussions of subjects pertaining to the spiritual well being and progressive development of humanity; also in conference and personal experience of demonstrated phenomena, that to give even a brief statement of the variety and results would require too much space; I therefore touch upon some of the main features of the good meeting which we had. Representatives from many places throughout the State were present as listeners or interested workers. The weather was favorable and the attendance fair until Sunday P. M., when the numbers increased to goodly proportions, and order, good-will and harmony prevailed throughout. Friday, the first day, was conducted by President Whiting and Chairman Kwell, after the usual order of conference, short speeches, etc. Saturday P. M. the former officers were re-elected and the membership list was largely increased. Mrs. Hilliker, a lady from Kansas, a member of the Kansas Liberal League, gave a brief and interesting report of the movements of the spiritual and liberal elements there.

Sunday was made up of lectures and short addresses from G. B. Stebbins, Detroit; Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Discip; President J. P. Whiting, Milford; Dr. J. A. Marvin, Detroit; Mrs. Sarah

Graves, Grand Rapids, and F. O. Willy, Madison, Wis. Mrs. S. C. Allen, of Flint, Mich., read original poems, and Miss Carleton, of St. Clair, eloquently, gave recitations, both in Scotch and English, which were grand and pleasing. Wm. Mansfield, of Grand Rapids, Mich., the independent slate-writing medium, was fully occupied during the day, while each evening he held sances for materialization of spirit hands and demonstrations of invisible power and presence. I have, as yet, been unable to learn of any dissatisfaction through his mediumship. There was also present: Fred. H. Pierce, of Milwaukee, Wis., who gave public tests from the rostrum, which were recognized in nearly every instance, and I also learned that he is controlled to play beautifully on musical instruments, without any personal knowledge of that art. He also gave correct tests to individuals privately. The Laper Singers furnished music at intervals, and we believe the meeting to have equalled in its bearings, any we have had in the past, with additional strength and purpose for future work. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was freely circulated, and I know no better reason that I have not a subscription list to offer you, than that everybody is already a reader of your worthy paper. That was the responsive reply to nearly all my endeavors in your behalf.

MRS. F. E. ODELL, Sec.  
Farmers Creek, June 11th, 1884.

The Proposed San Francisco Discussion.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I fail to perceive that much good can be observed, so far as the readers of the JOURNAL are concerned, by a public discussion in San Francisco with Mr. Massey. Were the discussion continued in the JOURNAL, its thousands of readers would be reached thereby; but a debate in San Francisco could only reach that small portion of its readers resident in this vicinity. Moreover, the subject-matter under discussion is not one calculated to edify the interest of the general public here. A dry, jejune discussion of abstruse points in archaic mythology and typology, of philologic subtleties and Rabbinical anachronisms, possesses little attraction, I ween, to the average San Franciscan; especially in the hands of two matter-of-fact, prosaic disputants like the parties to this controversy. Were it enlivened with the eloquence and wit of an Ingersoll or a Gough, it might perhaps be made attractive; but a purely scientific discussion of this character would certainly be "caviare to the general," and, in my opinion would result in dismal failure. For both our sakes, then, the part of wisdom will be not to make the attempt. Were circumstances propitious, I should be well content to discuss with him the matters involved, either in print or in oral debate; for though I freely concede Mr. Massey's superiority, both as an orator and writer, yet convinced as I am that every argument and asserted fact he advances in sustentation of his Jesusonian theories, can be easily refuted, I am not afraid to venture to oppose the few smooth stones gathered from the running brook of historic truth and hurled from the primitive sledge of scientific verity, against the ponderous armament of pseudo-mythologic lore and archaologic-astronomic imaginings in which the author of "The Natural Genesis" has entrenched himself in his Goliath-like attack on the historical existence of Jesus of Nazareth.

I am not anxious to make Mr. M. out a liar, as asserted. I simply state the plain facts; that is all. If those facts seem to indicate that his writing is sometimes so loose in construction as to be scarcely consonant with exact truth, that is not my fault. I am not responsible for the facts. Precision and accuracy, in contrast to looseness of statement and inaccurate quotation, are desiderata in scientific authors especially; and a little wholesome criticism of these defects in parts of Mr. M.'s writings may tend to foster in him that attention to matters of detail characteristic of the true student and lover of exact science. What are the facts? I called attention to a misstatement in Mr. M.'s book. He denied its existence point-blank. His words were, "My book does not say" so-and-so. I replied, quoting his exact words, proving that it did say just that and nothing else, and expressing surprise that a gentleman and scholar should thus deny his own language, instead of confessing the error. Mr. M. now acknowledges the "error," and says "the paragraph was loosely written." He also complains because I try to make him a liar. He is mistaken; it is not I, but he that places himself in so equivocal a position. If a gentleman makes a positive misstatement, thereby charging me with misrepresentation, and I in reply state the exact facts, proving I was correct and he wrong, am I to blame if the truth appears to those facts, as regards relative veracity and accuracy of statement. Lies with those to whom the facts pertain.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.  
Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

The Fallacies in "Progress and Poverty," etc.—This is a new book now in the press of the Fowler & Wells Company. Its author, Mr. William Hanson, discusses, in a series of five essays, the leading points and arguments of Henry George; in his well-known "Progress and Poverty," and "Social Problems."

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National Board of Health Bulletin, Supplement No. 6, page 33.  
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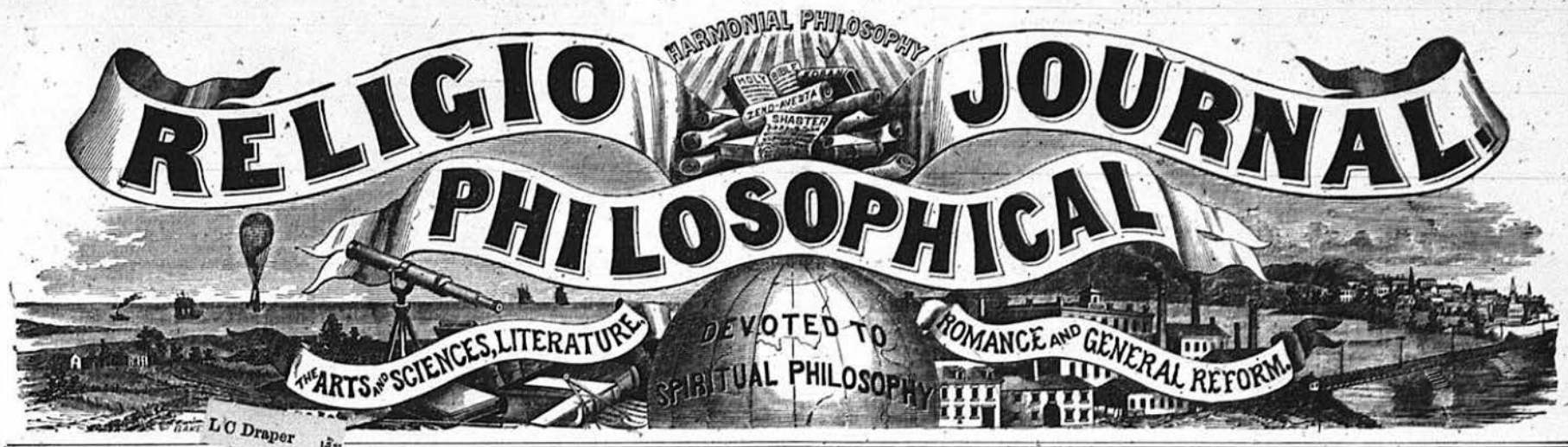
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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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#### MAGIC AND LAW.

A Sermon by the Rev. M. J. Savage.

Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi. 7.

Laurence Sterne, the classical English romance-writer and humorist, was also a preacher, though an eccentric and not specially reverent one. The story goes, that, having read as his text one morning the words, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," he startled his hearers by beginning with the blunt assertion: "I deny that." Whether or not Sterne was justified in such a statement we need not now discuss. But if I read over again my text—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap"—and then declare you deny that, I think I shall not be far from the truth. For there is not one in a thousand of us who does not deny it every year of our lives. In matters of health, in the training of our children, concerning our intellectual attainments, our social positions, our financial losses and gains, in regard to almost all the practical affairs of life, we are perpetually wondering that this law holds good. We are astonished that something does not grow; and yet, as we stop and reflect upon it, we are obliged to confess that the appropriate seed has never been planted. Or, on the other hand, we are astonished at certain results, when, as we stop and think about it, we are obliged to confess that we have been industriously at work planting the seeds for the production of just those results for years. We wonder that certain things do not happen; and yet we have never done the things necessary to make them happen. We wonder that certain things do happen; and yet we have been doing all we could to make them come to pass. In other words, we are constantly finding ourselves surprised because whatsoever a man soweth that he also reaps. And yet if any one, in formal terms, should deny the principle, we should call him a fool or insane. Mrs. Whitney sings:

"God does not send strange flowers every year;  
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,  
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces;  
The violet is here."

Of course. What else should be here? Where violets grew last year, where they dropped their seeds, where their roots lived all winter, snugly tucked in through the long, cold days and nights by the kindly coverlet of snow, we expect to see again the old, familiar faces. We should be naturally astonished to see anything else. As we watch the green spears of grass thrusting their keen blades through the sod in the first sheltered sunny spots, and then, with their serrated ranks marching across the parks and squares, we never think of doubting that they came from the roots of a previous year. When the water-lily floats on the surface of a pond, we never question that there is a root in the dark soil at the bottom. We recognize the force of Jesus's question when he asks, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" In short, we never dream of doubting the force or universality of this law so far as what we technically call "the natural world" is concerned. But the minute we come up into the world of human forces and affairs we think and talk and act as if the action of this law had ceased. We smile at the story in "The Arabian Nights" of the man who says "open sesame" and sees the mountain slide open; or of him who rubs the lamp and has all his wishes realized; or of the magic carpet that transports its owner with the rapidity of thought. And yet we expect events for which no adequate preparation has been made; and we are surprised at other events, that we have been really making necessary as the natural results of things we have done. In other words, we are not yet

sufficiently civilized to have outgrown a theory of human life that is essentially magical. For a magical world is nothing more nor less than one in which the law of cause and effect is not recognized as the method of its rule. The essence of magic is this: It is when a certain thing is supposed to happen as the result of something other, when, all the while there is no natural or necessary connection between the two things, so that one can be looked upon as the cause of the other. The magician on the stage calls out, "Presto, change!" and the ball which you saw him put under one cup is found to be under another. Of course you know it is all a clever trick, and that his saying over his magic formula has nothing whatever to do with the movements of the ball. And yet, in the gravest affairs of life, in business, in society, in politics, in religion, men, who ought to know better, have still an almost unlimited faith in the solemn utterance of the prescribed "presto." Magic reigns almost supreme still in the popular religion. Priestly jugglery, like the putting a little water or oil on the forehead of a child, or of a dying old man, is still supposed, like "open sesame," to fling wide the golden gates of the Celestial City. But the juggler theory of life is by no means confined to religion, nor have the old traditional churches any exclusive monopoly of it. And yet it is doubtless from the religious theories of the past that we have chiefly inherited it. And, since religion used to cover and include the whole of life, it lingers still in those departments that we now call secular.

That you may see how naturally we come by it, I wish to call your attention to a few phases of the biblical teaching that bear upon it. The Jews believed that, whatever else he might be, Jehovah was peculiarly their national God. As they supposed, he had commanded them to do certain things; and attached to their disobedience or obedience were certain arbitrary threats and promises. He was their king. Now a king may say, do thus and thus and I will do so and so. There is no necessary connection between the people's acts and the king's punishments or rewards. It is simply a matter of the king's will. Now their heavenly king made them no clear revelation of any future life. His supposed threats and promises were, in the main, confined to this world. He said, do as I say, and I will give you long life, many children, wealth and social position. Or, if you are disobedient, you shall suffer the deprivation of these. Note the history of Job as illustrating this. As a reward for his constancy his later life was crowned with all worldly prosperity. So one of the Psalm writers says, "I have been young and now am old; yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." He must have had a peculiar experience, or else he had not been a very careful observer. I have been young, and am not yet old; and yet, I have many times seen the righteous forsaken and his seed begging bread. And I have learned enough to know that this particular Psalmist's theory of life is a very shallow one. A man's righteousness, in the ecclesiastical sense of that term, his goodness, as the church ordinarily uses the word, may have nothing whatever to do with daily bread. A Vanderbilt on the one hand, and a sick and starving widow, working herself to death to get bread for her fatherless children, on the other, are enough to settle that theory forever.

This same theory the Jews applied also to their national life; and it had more than all things else to do with their downfall. They found that the Levitical ritual and the sacrifices in the temple were not very effective weapons against the Roman legions.

Let us now take one or two illustrations from the New Testament.

You will remember that, concerning the blind man whom Jesus is said to have healed, the disciples asked, "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" It did not occur to them to look for any natural cause; somebody had sinned, and this was God's judgment. Among barbarous tribes in the past, such a thing as natural death has rarely been recognized. "Who bewitched him?" is the question. Somebody has put him to death by magical arts, it was supposed. The early Christians had not outgrown such ideas. But Jesus is once represented as having taught a more rational doctrine. He says, "Those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, think ye they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell ye, nay. And yet he adds, making one question whether, after all, he did not share their ideas more or less, "but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish"—ye are as bad as they and are liable to the same punishment. And, if he be correctly reported, he does teach in the last chapter of Mark a purely magical doctrine of salvation. He says, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." But his clearer teaching in other places, on this same point, makes me more than question whether he ever gave utterance to any such words.

But when we come to the church and trace its history for the last eighteen hundred years, we must declare that its predominant principle has been magical all through. Its rites, its sacraments, its priestly formulas, its miraculous relics, its exorcisms, and its prayers, have all been supposed to produce all sorts of supernatural and unnatural results, though in no way connected with those results in the way of cause and effect. "Presto, change!" That is the key to the old Church's claims and pretensions to this day. So I said above, that we come naturally

enough by our unnatural and magical theory of human life. Let us now take some common illustrations of it; and see what it practically comes to.

I was talking with a friend the other day—a clear-headed, blue-natured gentleman. The present subject was up for discussion. Said he, "I recognize the fallacy of the position; and yet I find myself every little while reasoning in this fashion: I have always tried to be honest, I own no ill-gotten dollar, I have knowingly injured no man, I have been as good a husband and father as I know how; I have tried to do my whole duty as a man; and yet I have never got on in the world as it seems as though I ought to have done. I know it is all nonsense, and yet I find myself feeling that way." It was a comfort to talk with him, for he did not see the *non sequitur* of his reasoning. But I met a great many people who reason that way in dead earnest. "I try to be good, and yet I don't get ahead and make money as fast as some who do not seem to try to be good at all." So strange! Let us try a parallel argument, and see how it works. Suppose some man should say: "I had a race on the road the other day, with a man whose horse could make a mile in 2:20. To be sure my horse never yet beat 2:50; or, though my horse was equal to his, my buggy was out of order, or he had the best of the road. Any way, he had every advantage of me as to conditions. I have always tried to be good, and yet he beat me." How does such reasoning as that look? But it is just as good in the one case as in the other. Though you plant ever so much goodness, it is not at all certain that the crop will be gold. There are many seeds that develop a stock whose flower and fruit is wealth. Great financial ability; the passing of a railroad near, or the springing up of a town on your land; the sudden rise of a stock you have happened to buy; strict, patient, prolonged economy; being born of rich parents; combinations of others that happen to affect your interests—a thousand things may be the seed to give you a harvest of money. There are very few men who cannot lay up money, if that is really the great object of their lives. They may have to starve their brains, to pinch their families, to forego the pleasures of art and travel; they may have to harden their hearts, and turn a deaf ear to the higher welfare of their fellow-men; but if they are willing to pay the price, most men can get money. But it is not the necessary fruit of moral goodness; and that may have very little indeed to do with it.

If, therefore, you cannot be both, and you care chiefly to be a man, to get the beauty of the good out of life, as you go along, and to help your family, your friends, your neighbors and the world to get the best things out of life, why then be a man, and do not grumble because you get the thing you work for, and do not get something else besides. If it is a question between manhood and money, and you really prefer the manhood, do not find fault with the universe because the money crop is in another field. You may be able to get both. If so, take them and be glad. Only remember that God does not pay cash for good behavior.

One more illustration. Hundreds of times in my life I have had people say to me, "I don't know what I have done that this trouble should come upon me." Perhaps it is a mother, bent, heart-broken above, and raining hot tears upon the white, still face of a child. And she says, "I have tried to do my duty by my child; why did God take it from me? My neighbor's family circle is unbroken; and yet I know they did not live so happily together as we did. Such a family is poor, so that they are not able to train their children as well as I could mine. There is a man who is a drunkard, and his children are growing up to be vicious. But they are spared, and mine is taken. Why does God treat me thus?"

Such words reveal the fact that those who utter them still hold a theory of life that is essentially magical. They forget that the world is one in which the law of cause and effect is universally true. She still listens to and believes the words that ignorant tradition has so long uttered—"Be good, and long life and happiness and prosperity shall be yours in this world." But there is no necessary causal or logical connection. Love your child as much as you will; be as pure and noble as Jesus himself; but still the health of your child is under the natural law of cause and effect. Suppose your child has inherited a weak constitution; suppose your house-drain to be out of order; suppose the germs of scarlet fever have been breathed at school; suppose any one of a thousand so-called accidents; suppose your own vanity, your desire to make your child outshine some other child in beauty, has led to unhealthy dress or exposure; what then has your goodness, your love, your prayers, your tears to do with the result?

"Streams will not curb their pride  
The best man not to conform,  
Nor lightning go aside  
To give his virtues room."

The laws of health, of life and death, are God's laws. So are the laws of love and goodness. But the laws of love and goodness work to the production of goodness, and the joys that accompany it. And the laws of health work to the production of health and its joys. God does not undo with one hand what he is doing with the other. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Each seed produces its own fruit; not something else.

If a man wishes a good crop of potatoes or wheat, he must find a good soil, and then plant good seed; then he must see to

the proper culture; and the sun and the dew and the rain must do their part. Destroying insects and blight must be kept away. If he does all these things and then spends all his leisure time in profanity and the breaking of the entire decalogue, God's forces of agriculture will move on the same, and his crop will be good. But if he neglects these things, even for the sake of prayer, or labor among the poor, he may be cultivating his own character and growing in piety, but his crop will surely be a failure. Prayer never hoed any potatoes; and alms-giving never killed wild-grass, or made it rain on the thirsty ground. The appropriate effect follows the appropriate cause. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap;" not something else;—that.

When I was living out west there was a disastrous fire in a neighboring city. The ministers all went to preaching about it as a "judgment of God." But it struck me as a curious sort of judgment. For, in the first place, this city was no worse certainly than others, and perhaps not so bad. And in the next place, the last thing the fire burned was a church, and it left standing, right next door, a liquor saloon. If it was a judgment at all, it seemed to me very poor judgment. I should not have respected a sensible man for such a proceeding. It is all plain enough when we remember that fire has its own laws, and that carelessness will burn upon an orphan asylum as readily as it will a gambling house; and if we could not count on the laws of fire as uniform, it would interfere with the progress of civilization more seriously than a hundred conflagrations. Do not think I disbelieve in "judgments." I rather believe they are on our track forever; only I believe they come as the natural, appropriate penalty of broken law in its own department of life or conduct. If a man breaks the laws of health, the judgment comes in the form of sickness. If he is careless about fires, he gets burned out. If he is mean, the penalty is just that meanness, and the contempt and loss that attach to such a character. If he is noble and true he reaps the rewards of satisfaction that only such can comprehend.

I have been told that the Cunard steamship line had fewer accidents than any other; and I have often heard it said that it is because of the piety of the founders of that company, and because the proprietors or their wives were accustomed to pray for the safety of each ship as she sailed out of port. But give me a well-built ship, and officers who are skilled and faithful, with a well-trained and trustworthy crew, and though the air be full of profanity from New York to Liverpool, I would trust my life in it sooner than in a poor ship, badly officered, and indifferently manned, though every day opened and closed with prayer, and every rope was hauled to the music of hymns. And to do so would be true trust in God; for the laws of ship construction, of winds and tides, of the magnetic compass, of screw and wheel, all these are God's laws; and it is by obedience to them—not to the laws of a good prayer meeting—that a ship is to be successfully sailed on the sea. There is no causal connection between a prayer and an ocean current. There is no causal connection between an ecclesiastical ritual and an iceberg, or a broken shaft. Any supposed connection is only of old-world magic. Piety is good, but it is not the best thing to sail a ship by.

Now let me say here in general, and as covering the whole question, that all the confusion on this subject is from thinking that the government of this world is magical instead of being one of law. It springs from the old idea that God is an arbitrary king, separate from, and sitting outside of, the laws of nature, and governing the world by means of interference with those laws. As a matter of fact he is in and through those laws, and they are only the methods of his working. The only way then to have God on our side in these matters is for us to find out his method of working, his laws, in that department of life in which we wish to produce a certain result, and then obey those laws—comply with the necessary conditions, whether it is health, or wealth, or goodness, or learning, or what not, the one law of cause and effect must be recognized. If we would only remember this, it would abate much of our complaining, and make us see that when we find fault with God, it would oftener be just for us to find fault with ourselves.

I had wished to discuss at some length this same principle as it applies to the question of forgiveness and salvation, but I find I shall have time only to hint a truth that is large enough and important enough to be treated by itself. The popular doctrine of salvation is pure and simple magic. A life of sin, it is supposed, can be wiped out by a prayer; erased by a sacrament, or swept out of existence by a flood of emotion, or washed away by a rain of tears. A few drops of water on the forehead of a child, a touch of consecrated oil—extreme unction—on the forehead of an old man, and the past is gone, the gates of heaven swing wide open; and the beatific vision is gained. No more baseless, no more demoralizing doctrine was ever invented by the fantastic imagination of man. Every thought, every word, every deed writes a sentence of good or evil on your character; and that which is "written is written." No tears or prayers or sacraments can ever undo a fact. That which is past is past forever. Omnipotence itself cannot make it not to have been. You may indeed recover yourself, outgrow the evil, and rise in spite of the past; but the evil record, and the fact of the injury it is done to others, can never be effaced. It is mercifully true that just before the feet of even the farthest

wanderer there is the foot of a ladder like Jacob's, on which angels ascend and descend, and on which, if he will, he can rise even to the foot of the throne itself. But blessed are those who do not have to drag up that ascent the eternal memory of a wild and wasted past.

And heaven is not a place into which, if by hook or crook, you can enter, you will at once taste the happiness of saints and angels. Happiness is the music which delights the soul when a well-ordered life and character and a finely developed capacity are played upon by fitting surroundings of place and companionships. Music is music only to those who love and can appreciate it. The delight of art is for those whose souls are in accord with beauty of form and color. Joy in a wide landscape of hill and vale, and tree and ocean, is for those with a sense of the life and harmony of nature in her moods of the picturesque or the sublime. So heaven is only for those who can appreciate those things which make heaven.

Liberals are sometimes accused of looseness in their doctrine of retribution. But the loose doctrines are held by those who teach that the magic of "conversion" or "sacrament," a few tears and a prayer, can land one in heaven and give him a place beside Paul or John. We teach that a man makes his character by his life, and that he can never get into any more of heaven than he first gets into himself. As Lowell sings:

"Thou need not beauty save thou make it first.  
Man, woman, nature, each is but a glass;  
Where the soul sees the image of herself."

The soul makes its own hell, and its own heaven. In the eastern apologue, when the disembodied soul heard behind the falling footstep of a pursuer, and looked round only to be horrified at the hideous shape that pursued it, this shape replied to the question, "Who art thou?" "I am thine own actions; night and day I follow thee." If we wish beauty and peace and joy to be our companions, we must create them out of daily thoughts and words and deeds. It is the law of this world, and of all worlds, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If, therefore, you choose to lead a life of selfishness and wrong, do not fool yourself with the fancy that a magical reversal of seventy years can be wrought in five minutes. If it is a mile down hill it will not delude yourself by supposing that it may be only a few rods back again.

But there is one phase of our subject that seems at first to be a real difficulty. We reap many a crop that we did not sow. "The fathers eat sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," is an ancient proverb. A child dies, or drags out a diseased or crippled existence because his father sinned, or on account of the selfish indulgences of some remote ancestor. A wife, with her dependent children, reaps a harvest of poverty and distress because her husband sowed financial folly or dishonesty. Our country reaps a bloody field and harvested a hundred thousand corpses, because our fathers planted with so little political foresight. Modern Spain has reaped long ages of intellectual weakness and dearth of all prosperity because her stupid and superstitious kings sowed the Inquisition and a short-sighted policy of persecution toward the noblest of her citizens.

This is a part of the truth, but there is another side to it. Clear brains, noble hearts, spotless reputations, are crops that we reap as the result of our fathers' sowing. Not disease only, but health as well, may be inherited. And though one woman and her children may suffer for the financial mistakes or the moral weakness of him on whom they depend, a hundred others reap homes and education, and happiness, though they never sowed the seed.

So from the toll, the study, the devotion, the martyrdom of all the past we reap the literature, the art, the freedom, the moral and religious culture that make up all the nobility of the modern world. The seeds planted in Palestine, in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, watered by tears and blood, and growing through many generations, are ripening and bearing fruit to-day.

What does all this mean, but the unity of humanity? As in the body, when one member suffers or rejoices, all the body suffers or rejoices with it, so is it of the world. We reap evil we did not sow; but we also reap good we did not sow. This is a warning to us not to sow evil to make other eyes weep, and other hearts ache in the reaping; and it is an incitement to plant good seed in the glad confidence that, even though we reap not with our own hands, the harvest shall wave to delight the eyes of other generations. And we may do this the more hopefully because the lesson of all the ages is that evil is weaker than good, and is gradually, surely though slowly, dying out in the field of the world. Evil is outgrown and left behind; but—

"No account of the Holy Ghost  
The homeless world hath ever lost."

Good remains and grows to more and more. The harvest of a perfected humanity shall surely wave its ripened gold over the autumn fields of the old world's future. When that day comes, may each one of us see the blessed fruit of some seed our own hands have planted; and in the gladness of such fruition we may then rejoice that the divine law has made it eternally certain that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"Young man," said the landlord, "I always eat the cheese-rind." And the new boarder replied: "Just so; I am leaving this for you."



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
From Puritanism to Spiritualism.  
1817-1884.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS.

CHAPTER II.

TRANSCENDENTALISM—BROOK FARM, HOPE-  
DALE, AND NORTHAMPTON ASSOCIATIONS—  
SAMUEL HILL AND OTHERS.

With the growth of transcendentalism in New England came efforts for associations on the Fourier model, or in societies where families could live together, work in unity as stockholders, do away the jar of selfish competition, help to truer education, and cultivate fraternal relations. The transcendentalist held intuition and reason as beyond and above books or creeds; truth in the soul as above all outward authority; institutions as helps and servants, to be maintained for good order, but never submitted to when they would compel conscience to yield to the wicked law. James Russell Lowell put this in glowing words, applied to the evil demands of the slave-power:

"Man is more than Constitutions; better not beneath  
The soil,  
Than be true to Church and State while doubly false to God."

In the presence of their ideas sectarian dogmatism was impossible, for the spirit of man—fluent, penetrative and ever fresh for new discovery—could not stop in the narrow limits of a creed, whose claims, indeed, violated the inner sanctity, and so were sacrilegious. Inspiration was not a miraculous gift to Jewish prophet or early apostle, but a divine endowment for all who lived fit to win it. Samuel Johnson put this in noble verse:

"Never was to chosen race  
That unstinted life confined;  
Thine is every time and place,  
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!  
Secret of the morning stars,  
Motion of the oldest hours,  
Pledge through elemental wars,  
Of the coming spirit's powers.  
Rolling planet, flaming sun,  
Stand in nobler man complete,  
Precient laws thine errands run,  
Frame the shrine for Godhead meet."

In the touch of earth it thrilled;  
Down from mystic skies it burned;  
Right obeyed and passion stirred,  
Its eternal goodness earned.  
Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
Freshening time with truth and good."

Life of ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flow still in the prophet's awe,  
And the people's liberty."

Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and a gifted company of co-workers, were the heralds of these views, and their winged words filled the upper air of New England thought, and went far over mountain range and sea. Theodore Parker's earnestness was lighted up, and his strong soul made cheerful and buoyant, by this flood-tide of spiritual life. Whittier's verse was full of it, for it was close akin and of like origin with his Quaker views. It spread like a contagious healthfulness, uplifting man and woman, enlarging thought, inspiring effort, and melting away the icy barriers of false conservatism.

HOPEDALE.

A new enthusiasm sprang up for useful and homely work done in fraternal spirit; for a truer culture and a simpler life; for a social state with more harmony and less antagonism, and Associations were formed to realize these ideals. They did not succeed, yet surely they did not fail, for those who engaged in them testify to enjoyment and benefit in an experience that has helped their later life. Hopedale community in Worcester county was a stock enterprise, with capital and labor paid at adjusted rates. A hundred people or more were there, living in families, working together, with Adin Ballou—a wise and good man, widely known as an abolitionist, a Universalist minister and a Spiritualist—as a leading officer and religious teacher, and E. D. Draper and others leading in business and education. They were practical workers on the farm and in mechanic shops, bound together by kindred religious views, and by interest in reforms—non-resistance, anti-slavery, temperance, etc. "The Practical Christian," their neat little weekly journal, had a name telling their ideal. They kept united for years, and won respect by their integrity and fearless fidelity. It was pleasant to enjoy their hospitality and listen to the thoughtful discussions in their meetings.

BROOK FARM.

Brook Farm at West Roxbury was most noted, for there were George Ripley, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and others as gifted but less known. Theodore Parker used to walk over to the farm from his home. Emerson lighted up the old farm-house with his serene smile, and Boston's transcendental thinkers went out to enjoy the rare society. I was there but once, and my distinct memory of persons is meeting George Ripley, just from the plough, with cowhide boots, coarse garments, gold glasses, a stout body equal to farm-work, and a noble head—the ploughman and the scholar oddly put together. This incongruity impressed me everywhere. Hoeling corn and reading Plato; cleaning stables and writing essays; learned talk and calling *huc* and *ecce* to the cattle; milk pails and artists easels; peeling potatoes and conning fine philosophy; making butter and poetry, seemed all in strangely fantastic conjunction. The talk and study were admirable, the homely work was awkward, for they were versed in the one and not in the other. Its life was not long, but it inspired many noble labors, and left memories full of light and strength.

NORTHAMPTON.

On the west side of the Connecticut river, just on the verge of the broad meadows, is the town of Northampton, county seat of good old Hampshire county, with its great elms, winding streets, ample old mansions, elegant modern dwellings and neat cottage homes. For a hundred and fifty years it has been noted, not only for its beauty, but as the centre of a good deal of influence, the home of men of mark in Church and State, the seat of intelligent conservatism and elegant hospitality. Jonathan Edwards, the great preacher and thinker of his day, there taught the stern doctrine of a depravity so total as to consign even the infant, dying "with the fragrance of heaven in its baby breath," to eternal fire. His meeting house was swept aside to make room for an imposing wood building, a noble specimen of old church architecture, and that has given way to a great stone structure, more costly but less attractive. The creed is the same as in his day, but the old rigidity has weakened, as a little incident will show. A few years ago a friend of mine went to the minister of that church, who was chairman of the town library committee, and asked him to take a copy of "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages" for the library. Edwards would have looked at its preface, and kept it for his private use or consigned it to the fire, but his successor put it on the library shelves to be read by the people.

Ezekiel Pomeroy, a staunch Federalist in Jefferson's day, was told the State might change its politics. "Well," said he, "I don't believe it; but if it does, this will be the last town to change, and I shall be the last man in it to vote anything but the Federal ticket." Such was the town in those days, and the old type yet exists.

Three miles west, on the banks of the swift Licking Water, stood a three-story brick cotton mill not used; a saw mill, a small sewing silk factory and a few dwellings. Along the stream was a belt of valley and meadow, on either side the slope of wooded hills and the spread of level plains—a right pleasant domain, with its paths winding amidst great pines and oaks and birch-trees, and bordered by laurels and wild flowers. Here the Northampton Association of a hundred and fifty members, found an abiding place. It was a joint stock company, factory and saw mill and farm were carried on under a board of managers.

The dwelling houses were filled. The factory was divided into rooms with board partitions, a common dining room and kitchen fitted up—all of the plainest. Social life was unconventional and free, going sometimes to the verge of propriety, but not beyond. I did not know, in a year's stay of a single grossly depraved or vicious person, and there were no tragic outbreaks of vice or crime. I never but once knew wine or liquor used on the premises. Vulgarly was less common than in the outer world, and the little swearing one heard was the emphasized indignation against meanness. They were thinking people who had gone out from the old ways. They came with an inspiring purpose—to make education and industry more fraternal in their methods than seemed possible elsewhere. They sought, too, a larger freedom of thought, a place for hearing different views. No unity of opinion was asked or expected. There were anti-slavery "come-outers" from the churches, those who sympathized with the liberal religious views, and a few atheists and materialists.

Most of the members believed in Deity, duty and immortality—the solid ground-work of all spiritual life under whatever name,—but did not believe in the creeds and confessions of faith of the churches, as authority, and so they were a peculiar people. There was a strange charm in the daily contact with persons with whom opinions could be freely exchanged, and no austere sneer be seen, no cold wave of self-righteous bigotry be felt. This and the hope for fraternal industry, free from excessive toil, made them cheerful amidst difficulty and discomfort. There were many visitors—eminent persons in thought and literature, intelligent inquirers, and curious spies among these strange fanatics—and meeting them was a constant source of interest and amusement. One day Rev. M. Woodbridge, a grave D. D. from Haddam, came to see the silk-worms and their care-takers. He fell in with a young man named Porter, and asked: "What do you do here Sundays?" The answer was: "We rest; sometimes do some pressing work; read, think, hold meetings, visit, amuse ourselves decently, and try to behave as well as we do Mondays." The preacher asked: "Have you no minister?" and the reply was: "No. We all speak, if we wish to, women and all. We have no objection to a person speaking to us. You can come and say what you please. We shall treat you well, but we may question you and differ from you." This was strange to a man whose pulpit words had hardly been questioned in his parish for forty years, and he said: "Do you all think alike? How do you get along when you don't agree?" The young man picked up a stick and rapped repeatedly on the same spot on a fence rail near them; then he rapped along the rail so that the sound varied, and said: "You notice when I rap on one spot the sound is monotonous; when I move my stick it varies. Don't you like the variations? You are not foolish enough to quarrel with my stick, or with the rail because these sounds differ, but you like to hear them and to make up your mind which is best." The puzzled preacher went away, and doubtless had some deep studies over that new lesson in free inquiry.

The Sunday meetings were always provocative of thought, usually interesting, but sometimes cruel. They were held in the factory dining room, or on the hill top under the shade of an immense pine. Wm. Lloyd Garrison spent some weeks there, and spoke often at these meetings. The listening group, the speaker in its centre by the great trunk of the tree, his bold yet reverent utterances, the fragrance of the pines, the mountains far down the valley to the south-east, and the blue sky over all, seem like something of yesterday. N. P. Rogers, editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, used to come from his New Hampshire home to visit us, and was warmly welcomed. He spoke with charming simplicity and clearness, uttering the most startling heresies in a bland way, as though they must be as delightful to all others as to himself. Occasionally an orthodox clergyman would put in his word, heard respectfully, but criticised frankly. Women spoke at their pleasure, acceptably and well. A wide range of topics came up—practical, reformatory and religious.

The daily work was done under direction of overseers, and here came the difficulty of keeping all up to the mark without the spur of necessity. A woman complained of this to a friend, who humorously said: "Well, in association you must learn to work for lazy folks—a hard lesson which many would not learn, and justice did not demand. For a time all went well, but business troubles and poor management abated the enthusiasm, and a final breaking-up came; yet the Association looked back with pleasure to that experience, and retain a strong fraternal feeling toward most who shared it. I was not there as a member, but to take lessons in languages and literature of some noted teachers. It was a study of character, as well as of books;—marked individuality, moral courage, conscientious devotion to duty and right, and warm sympathies abounded. I remember a wedding at the breakfast table of the factory dining hall, with no cake or cards, but brown bread and wooden chairs, and a Squire to make all legal. The ripe wisdom and beautiful tenderness shined forth in words, or in delicate acts, by those who went from the wedding table to their work in mill or field or kitchen, made some weddings where stiffs and diamonds and shallow compliments abound poor in comparison.

David Ruggles, manager of a successful water-cure, sat at that table; a colored man who, being blind, diagnosed diseased conditions by some fine power of touch, and won great regard from his patients and friends. I owe a great deal to him. Sojourner Truth was there, too, in the prime of life; although about seventy, erect as a palm tree. Mrs. Stowe described her as "The Lybian Sibyl." For a time her self-assumed task was to do the washing for sixty persons in the factory family, and she tossed off this great labor as mere child's play, never seeming to know of weariness. Her wonderful voice, ringing out like a trumpet, or subdued to tender pathos, her

intuitive wisdom and ready wit, quaint word-painting and power of personal presence, made her notable and attractive. After a heavy day's work she would watch all night by the sick. The touch of her magnetic hand was coolness to the fevered brow. Her words, "There honey, we'll help you," was help, and she could lift a sick man in her strong arms, as tenderly and as easily as a mother turns her babe in its cradle.

David Mack, one of my teachers, was a man of great excellence as well as learning. His wife, a gifted and eminent woman, had no faith in the Association, but said to him: "I will go with you and do my part cheerfully,"—a promise she well redeemed, doing more, and in better spirit, than some who professed far more.

William Adam was my principal teacher—a native of Edinburgh, and a graduate of its famed Scotch University. He went to Calcutta as a Baptist missionary, learned the native language of the Hindoo, and the old Sanscrit also, wrought in that field for years, and then became editor of the *Calcutta Gazette*, the journal of the English people in that far land. Coming to this country he was for a time Sanscrit Professor at Harvard University, and then came to the Association with his wife and family. He was a ripe scholar in books, but knew little of practical industry, or of common life. In Hindoostan he knew Ram-mohun Roy well, and helped him select from the New Testament the moral precepts of Jesus, to be translated for his countrymen. This eminent Hindoo, the founder of the Brahmo Samaj, was a Brahmin of high rank, learned and accomplished. He understood Greek and Hebrew, but wanted Mr. Adam's aid to make all surely correct. He was an inquirer for truth, an admirer of the New Testament morals and of the character of Christ, but not a believer in Christianity as taught by the missionaries. His Mohammedan lineage on the mother's side made him a Unitarian, a believer in one God, as are all Mohammedans, and he was in unity with Theodore Parker in many respects. Mr. Adam noticed that he did not translate any of the New Testament miracles and asked why. The answer was: "That would throw discredit on the whole work, for the Hindoo miracles are so much greater than these that our people would say that a religion with only such poor wonders to support it must be far below theirs and not worth attention. These precepts of Jesus must reach the Hindoos by their intrinsic merit."

The Episcopal Bishop of Calcutta wanted to see Ram-mohun Roy, and Mr. Adam planned an interview, and went with him to the Bishop's great palace. They met for an hour's pleasant talk, in the course of which the Bishop intimated that it would be for the Hindoo's advantage to favor the Episcopal Church. The hint was not taken, and as soon as courtesy would allow, they left. As they passed through the gate of the ample grounds the Hindoo drew himself up with an indignant flash of the eye and said: "That Bishop thinks to buy me! I shall never see him again," and he never did. He afterwards visited England and was highly esteemed there, his presence impressing many with a higher sense of the courtly grace and wide learning of the upper-class Hindoos. He passed away years ago, greatly honored and revered.

Asking Mr. Adam about the Juggernaut festivals, he told me he had attended them several times; that by some accident pilgrims might be crushed beneath the wheels of the great idol-car as it was drawn by ropes in many hands, but no pilgrim ever threw himself under the car to be crushed. Only flowers and fruits were offered to Juggernaut. Other festivals had cruel rites, but this never, for this was one of the kindly gods. So the old story in our *Missionary Herald* falls to the ground, for their testimony confirms that of Mr. Adam. Doubtless that story is honestly repeated and believed, but it started from the soul of some bigot.

[To be continued.]

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Anterior Probability of Spiritualism.

BY WM. ICHIN GILL.

Spiritualism is oppressed by many of its associations, old and new. To many strong minds in the olden time it appeared ridiculous because it could be described partially in the language of an immortal writer as a courting of "spirits which peep and mutter." Then while it was often associated with respectable priests and noble temples, it was more frequently connected with ignorant old crones and unscrupulous knaves, and in too large a degree it seems to be so yet. Many of its moves have been calculated to bewilder and deceive. Many of its attestations are in their very nature incapable of being proved, and the possibility of illusion belongs to a vast number of the exhibits of alleged spiritual phenomena. In its general aspect Spiritualism is the antipodes of the modern modes, which are allowed to be scientific.

On the other hand, there are some considerations which create an anterior probability of the truth of Spiritualism, and even some of the things just mentioned admit of being presented with equal justice in quite a different aspect.

Naturally, it would always be the weak in body, in will and earthly resources, who would have most recourse to spiritual light and aid. The prosperous and the powerful did not need it. They seemed to be masters of their own fortune, and they saw that it could be held only by the use of material forces, and in conformity to material laws. When there was nothing critical in their circumstances, no serious contingency pending in the balance of events, they could be at ease, and oracles were not called for, and were, perhaps, sometimes despised; yet the strongest and least superstitious of even these, in every great conjuncture, would seek light from sources which transcended the human mind. Consistent materialists and skeptics were very rare. Very nearly universal was the belief in the conscious existence of human spirits after death, and that they were not oblivious of their past life, nor of the friends they had left behind them, and that they sometimes reappeared on the scenes of their former life. Modern Spiritualism covers in the main all the ancient philosophy and religion concerning the state after death, without subscribing to the notions and superstitions which prevailed, and which were the product of their imperfect development, and Spiritualism would explain all the best attested oracles and apparitions, and the abiding convictions and experiences of spirit presence and help, which the best and greatest of men uttered and cherished.

In all ages, and never more than in the Christian era, there have been innumerable phenomena, which find their best solution in modern Spiritualism. It is very easy to say "pooh-pooh" and mention the words, "hallucination" and "illusion" whether of the senses or of the understanding, and insinuate charges of "uncritical" or "unscientific" habits of mind, and to tell of the power of expectant attention. But it remains a marvel-

ous fact, that large numbers of the ablest men and thoroughly competent witnesses gave testimony to such things, and they gave names, dates, places and circumstances in detail and all of such excellent quality that they would have been accounted good and sufficient evidence on any other subject, as the most skeptical writers of our age confess. This kind of testimony has been continued through the ages, and in all ages it has carried the convictions of many in all ranks of society and of all grades of talent and culture. This is, indeed, a very wonderful phenomenon. It shows a vast power of proclivity in that direction, which is the least that can be said; but this implies much. It shows that spirit communications would be very agreeable if they could be had, and probably be beneficial; and that hence, if there are any of our spirit friends in existence they would be glad to communicate with us if they could; and if there is any great being who has a controlling power over the conditions of men, and a kindly interest in them, there is a probability, however small, that he would bestow this beneficence upon them at times, to keep alive the generous and happy feeling that they are not utterly surrendered from their beloved and honored dead.

Further, if there is a future state and if that state is more or less affected by the course we pursue now, and especially in our moral action, as all religions and poetry, and nearly all philosophy have taught, it would naturally be expected that there would not be any impassable gulf between the two states or worlds. It was recognized that men could always pass into that state at will. Why, then, should they not be able, under certain conditions, to return, at least, for a little while, for the gratification or some special advantage to their friends or country? No wonder, therefore, this has been a universal thought, if not conviction; it is so intrinsically apostle, rationally, ethically, socially, to our whole nature and the apparent order of things. Atheists and materialists may doubt and deny, but dualists, especially, if they believe in a God, and in a future state, whose character is determined by our action here, must ever recur to this notion and cherish it as a very great probability, as surely as the hearts of friends turn toward each other.

Of course, it will be observed that it is only the old age of superstition that we have been contemplating, an age which has passed away, and with it the credulous disposition we have been describing. That age was uncritical, and had neither the faculty nor the data for scientific judgment; but with the dawn of the modern age of science the principles of science begin to leaven the general public, and all those old superstitions and all affinity for them have to pass away. No argument could refute them in past ages, because argument is unavailing against prevailing and overwhelming proclivity; and no argument is needed for their refutation as soon as the new age begins to work on the popular mind. Such is the way Mr. Lecky disposes of all questions on the existence and the manifestation in our world of any supernatural or supernatural agency, especially in relation to witchcraft and the Christian miracles.

Now we are free to admit that there were many things in connection with witchcraft, which were either wholly craft or delusion, and which were antecedently improbable, or are now to every one. But these, we claim, are not the total and ultimate facts in the case, but only the accidents thereof. It is always on the circumstantial that blind credulity seizes, and it thus discredits everything. Witchcraft was conceived by its credulous persecutors as a compact with the devil for evil purposes; and the popular imagination in each case suggested the particular end sought and the method of its attainment, which were, therefore, generally equally grotesque and horrid. But the folly of all that being admitted, is no argument against facts which were numerous and incontestable, and which the commonly admitted physical science cannot explain or assimilate. The facts to which we refer have never received any adequate attention as objects of scientific investigation. "The declining sense of the miraculous," and the assumed "antecedent improbability" of every thing of the kind, shut them out from the sphere of legitimate inquiry, and debar them even from a serious hearing. No committee from the Royal Society was deputed to make a rigorous search for the source of the strange noises which disturbed the Wesley family so long at the rectory of Epworth; nor from that time to this have other phenomena of a similar character received any better treatment at the hands of what chooses to honor itself as peculiarly and exclusively "science." Some individuals who are eminent in science have given to them due attention, and these have become convinced of Spiritualism. Some few others, like Tyndall, have pretended to give them an examination, and have done it on the theory and feeling of the "antecedent improbability" of their truth, and have, therefore, "discharged the duty" with a ludicrous inadequacy; and their wisdom has been approved of by their children.

Heine tells a story of one of the kobold's, a sort of imp which used to haunt the houses in Germany, and sometimes were very serviceable, and at other times disliked. A cottager, wishing to get rid of one of these, determined to move, and just as he had got started the kobold put his bald head out of a milk can, and said, "We fitting." This is the story of the kobold of Spiritualism. It is one of the most striking phenomena in the history of the world, that in spite of "the decaying sense of the miraculous," and the general assumption among material scientists, which have been greatly ruling the world so long, that the kobold and the fairy are gone forever, and that all faith in extra-human or supernatural phenomena is past or fast passing from the civilized world, there has never been any remission of such phenomena.

The fairy or the brownie, the kobold, ghost or spirit visitor, call it by what name you may, has flitted with the human family in its transition from the medieval to the modern age; and just now when physical science is achieving its greatest conquest in the law of the correlation of forces and in materialistic evolution, these phenomena which purport to be the effect of spiritual agency, have broken out with unprecedented vigor; have become vastly more articulate than ever before, and in many cases have changed their style conformably with the more materialistic and scientific taste and habits of our times, and belief in their essential claims is spreading rapidly over the world. It is also very remarkable that the adherents of these modern miracles and witchcraft have seldom any faith in the existence of a great personal devil with whom they can make a compact in different places at the same time; but they believe in the existence of numerous spirits, good and bad, who seek to make compacts with men, and secure community of thought and action in various ways. It is surely a very obvious reflection that the extending diffusion and manifest power of Spiritualism at this time, is a phenomenon which deserves study and demands a scientific explanation,

and that as yet no adequate explanation has been furnished, unless it be found in the verity of its claims. The essential idea of modern Spiritualism, taken in connection with all the antecedents to which we have adverted, the irrepressible and almost universal belief in the occasional communication between departed spirits and this world, the various forms this belief has taken, its survival of every effort for its extinction (whether persecution or neglect or ridicule and contempt) its recent extraordinary outburst in the most enlightened, the materialistic and scientific countries in the world, taking all these facts together, I claim that Spiritualism possesses and presents an "antecedent probability" in its favor, and has a just claim upon the generous and hopeful investigations of all competent men, and that those who enter upon such a work with this feeling have the support of a rational justification.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Reply to Some Criticisms of J. M. Peebles.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I am not favorably inclined to discussions of personalities, and had I appreciated the tenderness of Mr. Peebles in regard to his introduction of Mrs. Woodhull, or a statement in reference to the standing of Christianity, I should have refrained from mentioning it; but the "deed is done," and what now is made to appear vain assertion, must be supported. I assure Mr. Peebles that I never fall because of a "memory a little treacherous." I may be misinformed, but I do not write at random, nor have I any desire to support personal views, otherwise than that I regard them as true.

I wish to refresh Mr. Peebles's memory. At the Troy Convention, which gave the American Association into the keeping of a wily adventurer, the first ballot for President was as follows: Dr. Gardner 25; Dr. Hallock 25; Mrs. Woodhull 23; and Blank 2. Second ballot: Levi Wheeler 1; Dr. Hallock 2; Dr. Gardner 39, and Mrs. Woodhull 42. This was a tie. Some one moved to make the vote unanimous for Mrs. Woodhull, which failed; this, however, was not published in the records. The President, Mrs. Brown, in full sympathy, cast the deciding vote. We presume that Mr. and Mrs. Peebles were the lone 2 voting for Hallock.

In December, 1871, the Board of the American Association drafted and published "a constitution for the United States of the World." Woodhull as president came out with a message, threatening Congress with a rebellion, and issued bonds payable when she became President—in the language of Mr. J. O. Barrett, of "these United States."

She used the Troy Convention to prostitute Spiritualism to the support of her unparalleled selfishness, and when in her speech she said the spirits had foretold her election, she gave a glimpse of the fraud and deception by which that event had been consummated. Fresh from this Convention, Mr. Peebles came to Cleveland, and introduced Woodhull to the Lyceums assembled, that never met again, for they went to pieces on the rock of blatant socialism. A day or two after the meeting, Mr. Peebles called on me, and having seen in the papers a report of the proceedings, and deeply chagrined thereby, I asked him how he possibly could identify himself with such a character. He referred to Tilton's enamored biography, and said: "Why, is she not a good woman?" This was the only time we ever conversed on the subject, and he expressed no thought otherwise than that she was a good woman. Even his "pencil manuscript" says nothing to the contrary, but confirms this estimate.

Mrs. Woodhull, suffering from sad social experiences, full of zeal, aflame with energy, has by some been compared with Joan of Arc. The succeeding events brought out her character in a very different light. The question, whether he said that he, or "some," compared her to Joan of Arc, was not raised at that time, nor even mentioned since, and has little or nothing to do with the real issue,—which is, that he introduced her, and that, too, with most fulsome praise or laudation. We have not the least doubt, however, that this was done, through the mistaken ignorance of her true character, transparent as her tactics were to the world.

About the dying out of Christianity, after all the tremendous array of figures made by Mr. Peebles, I do not feel like retracting, for figures will lie, and the most lying figures are those used by churchmen in stating the number of their members. If any one will read Giles B. Stebbins's article in late *JOURNAL*, wherein he describes church ascendancy when he was a boy, and compare it with the present, I think he will find an answer. There is not a great leader in scientific thought in the civilized world to-day, but is a doubter. The ministers, as a rule, are maintained at a dying rate, and with all the boast of millions, fairs, festivals, grab-bags, lotteries, and every sort of makeshift, are employed to raise the necessary means to support the church or pulpit. Confessedly to-day the pulpit has no attractions for first-class men; and the great tide of vigorous thought sets by the churches.

But Mr. Peebles will say: "This is nothing. I don't mean the churches. I mean the living Christ, and the living, quickening spirit of the New Testament." Well, of these we know nothing until Mr. Peebles explains. We suppose, however, every church member in the world would say the same, and it happens strangely that the more alive this living Christ is, and the more quickened the New Testament, the sadder has been the day for free thought. This "living Christ" and quickened New Testament burned Servet us, imprisoned Galileo, chained Giordano Bruno at the stake, and sent Rogers, Huxley and Joan of Arc up in flames; burned 500 persons in Switzerland as witches; 1,000 in Como, Italy in 1515; 1,700 in 39 years in Scotland; executed 340,000 in England and France from 1600 to 1680; became extremely "quickened" and "living" at Salem, at Bartholomew massacres, and auto-da-fes, and has been the nightmare and curse of mankind, the scapegoat, excusing all the diabolic cruelty perpetrated in the name of religion.

A living Spiritualism and a quickened knowledge thereof are of more importance, than all the records of dead gods and dead men the world has ever seen.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

James Rumsey, of Shepherdstown, Va. (who is immortalized by having a Hoboken ferry-boat named after him), according to the discoveries of Colonel Alexander H. Boller, of West Virginia, was the real inventor of the steamboat. When, therefore, the statue of Robert Fulton is presented to the United States, the voice of West Virginia is to be raised in protest.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN LIVER AND KIDNEY TROUBLES.  
Dr. O. G. CILLEY, Boston, says: "I have used it with the most remarkable success in dyspepsia, and derangement of the liver and kidneys."



## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
(METHUEN, N. J.)

## JUNE.

Ah, June! my lovely June,  
Sweetheart, dost thou not see  
I stay to watch thee pass?  
What hast thou brought to me?  
Thy mystic ministries  
Of glorious far skies,  
Thy wild-rose sermons sweet,  
Like dreams profound and fleet  
Thy woodland harmony  
Thou givest me.

The vision that can see,  
The loving will to learn,  
How fair thy skies may be,  
What in thy roses burn,  
Thy secret harmonies,  
Ah! give me these—  
—Ellen M. Hutchinson.

## MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

The family relation has long been considered as next in sacredness to the rights of the individual, from reasons that are self-evident and universal. By our imperfect development as well as by imperfect conditions and laws, there is always more or less of a struggle between the individual and the organized laws of society. As these laws are made for the benefit of individuals, why not break them when they cease to become benefits, but grow into curses? Why not have divorce as easily as marriage?

The Catholic Church declares marriage to be a religious sacrament and therefore indissoluble. There can be separation for certain grounds, but neither party is free to marry during the life-time of the other. One consequence of this bond is, that relations are formed outside of wedlock, "left-handed," in which woman has no rights; her offspring receive the stigma of illegitimacy, and are entitled to the support of their father only by his good will. In France, Italy and Spain, where such laws are operative, the greatest immorality exists; in some districts from one-third to one-half the children are born outside of marriage.

Of course, their social standing is less affected than it would be in a more rigid community, yet even there they are sorely handicapped in the race of life. The common sentiments of humanity declare that children have the right to be born in a home owned and occupied by both parents, where justice, honor, industry and all the elements of a stable character are inculcated and exemplified by both father and mother. Citizenship implies all this and more, it implies the relationship of the person to neighbors and society at large. All this is sorely imperilled by any set of laws which totally ignore the rights of the individual to break bad marriages, upon due showing that they are bad in their effects upon either party.

## UNDER PROTESTANTISM

Divorce is obtainable for various reasons in different countries and States. In this country the absurd conditions prevail that what is divorce in one State is not in another. A person obtaining a divorce five hundred miles from New York, might marry and take his wife to that city only to learn that by the laws of the State of New York he could not marry. The lawmakers have made a pitiful jumble of it, and they are agitating the matter of a uniform code of marriage and divorce laws in the United States. Meantime a wave of divorce is sweeping over the country which conservatives are endeavoring to stem. From the pulpits, from the judge's bench and from the religious press, come notes of warning and alarm. A great deal that is said on the subject is merely cant. Few touch the key-note, or go to the bottom of the subject.

It is not an idle thing for young persons of twenty or twenty-five to marry and share one another's hours and months and years, to throw off restraint and learn the real man or woman. The glamour with which each has invested the other fades before the mid-day sun of real life. Few are so just, wise or unselfish as never to impinge upon the rights or the feelings of the other. The inevitable comes, with real cares and duties, when each stands face to face with a life-partner who has many faults and shortcomings, and who needs much forbearance. Recriminations are likely to follow and estrangement and disgust may come, unless there is consideration, tenderness, patience and a feeling of duty and self-sacrifice on the part of both. If they are determined to do right, to adapt themselves to one another, to look at marriage from a higher standpoint than from the senses or selfishness, the advance in true friendship, which includes love—the "thorough good understanding," which Emerson, philosopher in this as in other things, declared to be the result of true wedded life. It is a trial of disposition for two people to live together and share one room. The magnetic conditions become equalized and so they are mutually repelled, or one becomes exhausted and depletes the other. They quarrel and go apart, before they have learned that separate rooms, rest, or refreshing social relations, would have restored them to as much harmony as earth generally affords.

## DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

The advocates of following feeling which is too often blind impulse, are inclined to ignore duties and responsibilities. These are educational and not to be evaded. When once this all-important relation is entered upon, it deserves the most delicate and dignified attention, it should be surrounded by every safeguard and treated with perfect reverence. To do this properly, those who desire to enter the sacred compact, should be compelled by a self-protecting social law, to go through a species of physical and mental preparation in which the neophyte is to learn all experience can suggest and love dictate, regarding the relation so vital to themselves and to posterity. We can not doubt that there will, one day, be a rigid censorship of wise men and matrons, who shall pass judgment upon the fitness of candidates for matrimony, and advise or direct those who are not ready for its onerous duties, so that deficiencies may be supplied by the study and labor of the applicants. Health and the mental and moral development will reach a certain grade before license shall be granted.

Perhaps the Sociologic Society of Brooklyn may help educate community to desire such a bureau.

## DIVORCES BECOME INFREQUENT.

Divorces would diminish in frequency under such a regime, and would not then be hard to obtain. That class which now goes lightly and carelessly from one relation to another, losing all capacity for pure, profound feeling, will grow small by degrees and beautifully less. Those who grow callous and soiled in those sensibilities, which, once degraded, produce wreck and ruin for this life, have brutalized those intuitions which are alone capable of pointing out the ideal of the best manhood and womanhood.

Tender, patient and faithful, these should be the characteristics of conjugal love on the part of both.

As for those who base marriage chiefly upon passion, they shall have the legitimate fruits after a little time. The burned out ashes of life yield their bitterness to every draught, and no right favor remains. Sad beyond description are such spectacles.

What is the will intended for, if not for self-government. Even in the case of marital unhappiness it is better, often, to do one's duty, to wait and trust in the rectifying principles of the universe to bring all things right, when these lessons of forbearance have been learned, rather than destroy the relation about which may have clustered little clinging children whose lives may be marred by the disruption.

Of that the parties and none other should be the judge. It cannot surely be in the interests of morality, that two who poison one another should be bound together during their lives, and no legislation has a right to declare that such shall be the case.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal,  
Mistakes of Investigators.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

It is obvious to experienced Spiritualists that the proved fraud of some public mediums leaves a vast assortment of various mistakes, false prophecies and frivolous communications, to be accounted for under some other title than "fraud." It is comparatively an easy matter to assure the honesty of your trance medium, since sensitives are found in every class alike, and probably your investigations may be made in your own family circle or amongst intimate friends. But no matter how favorable the conditions, if you take notes at every sitting and preserve them for reference, you will be sure to find contradictions or mistakes; but at the very threshold of our subject, we must note the constant misapprehension as between sitters and control. It is almost impossible to avoid feeling that you are conversing with an intelligence who should discern your meaning, however imperfectly expressed. Here is the first error, and the second is in your own misunderstanding of the somewhat confused and indefinite expressions of the control through the lips of the medium. Of course there is a difficulty in the use of a foreign organism by the spirit, but that may be supposed to be partially overcome by practice. The real trouble is that the spirit is possessed of faculties beyond all power of earth expression.

Have you noticed the limitation of the human faculties here upon earth? We hear and we see, but how do we hear and how do we see? Both sound and sight come to us in tremendous vibrations through the atmosphere. Whether it be the hum of the insect in the bright sunshine, or the booming roar of thunder clouds in conflict, their sound is limited by the construction of our ears to 35,000 vibrations per second. If this number be exceeded, it becomes silence to you and to me; but these vibrations have not ceased because we cannot grasp them. They go on and on increasing in rapidity, and when they reach four hundred and seventy millions of vibrations per second, our eyes perceive them as color. But this great gap, which is a desert, a Sahara to us, is not a wide waste to the spirit. It is a whole universe of beauty, knowledge and power, that is opened up to our loved ones "over there," of which we have no powers of conception in this life.

Now, notice the difficulties with which the spirit, who would communicate, must contend. If I bring you to a prisoner in his cell, and tell you that you can only comfort and instruct him in words of one syllable, your task would be at least possible; but how can the advanced spirit bring to us thoughts we cannot grasp, sounds we cannot hear, sights we cannot see? To him words are heavy fetters, for he converses in ideas.

You hold before me the morning paper. I must slowly, word by word, wend my way down its columns to grasp the editorial thought. How is it possible for our spirit friends to so dwarf himself? Suppose you take your music box playing our national anthem. Quickened its movement by one-half, and we must yet at least catch the air. Still again hasten the revolution of that barrel, every note shall be in place; every interval in proportion, yet to me it is a meaningless buzz, whilst to the spirit, its soul of harmony remains full of life. Yet ignoring these stupendous difficulties, we demand of mediumship that it shall compass the impossible, and bring us into free and full converse with mortals. But this is only the beginning of our difficulties. The mortal brain is an instrument of many octaves; and, remember, it is no question of a material force pressing down a material key. Will-power can only express itself just so far as there is harmony between the medium and the control, and no spirit can compass the entire brain of a mortal.

The spirit may seek long and wide ere he find a few poor mediumistic notes subject to his power, and then if he be utter a name known to fame, the investigator laughs him to scorn; and if he be a spirit, so purified from taint of earth-life as he can reach us, how quickly the investigator grows impatient and cries "fraud!" But the fact that many spirits have not attained all these glorious privileges is equally unnoticed, though it constitutes another serious drawback to mediumship. Earth-bound and unprogressed spirits know little of these higher gifts, and so come closer to an unprotected medium, but, alas! for those who take them as their guides.

It is much to demonstrate immortality, but all of value beyond that must be intelligence to be worth having. Look at the delicacy of the conditions, and you will wonder not that we have so little of scientific value from mediums, but rather that we ever get anything at all.

A lady in this city was recently startled in her bedroom by a telegraphic instrument unconnected with any wire, calling the letter "R" incessantly for an hour. In a week or two she heard from her mother in New Orleans that a spirit writing through the hand of a medium there, had said he was going to sound this instrument, but could only make the letter "R." It was an excellent test; a proof of the immortality of the human soul, but nothing more; and it seems to me that spirits often find the human organism adapted to sound the letter "R," and very little more. We hear such spirits using their medium at every possible opportunity, but never get a whole word of sense or a new idea, but just the endless rant of a salvation army exhorter.

Mediumship has its glorious privileges, and at times its practical uses, but wise spirits know its limitations. They bring you the fact just as it is, in conditions permit; and how lovingly they work, our experience will testify. But when they come to draw an inference from that fact, to analyze the

present, and preview the future, they recognize the difficulties, and are always cautious and usually vague. But when the controls are inexperienced and unprogressed, they hurry along the magnetic chain from place to place, catch at a halo, a color or a thought, and point you eagerly to fortune, with the certain result of heavy loss and bitter disappointment.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

(All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

**FIRESIDE STORIES, TOLD BY MY GRAND-MOTHER.** By Edith Saville, London, Eng.: E. W. Allen. 240 pp. 12mo. cloth.

A grouping of five stories, all dealing with the darker experiences of human life, and the occult influences which often so strangely sway it. It is well written and interesting.

**WHAT IS TO BE DONE.** A Handbook for the Nurse. By Robert B. Dixon, M. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 67 pp. 16mo. Paper, 30c.

There are often occasions in the family history when a portion of the knowledge offered in this little book would be simply invaluable. It gives clear directions. What is to be done in cases of accident or poisoning, also proper mode of treating some of the simpler forms of diseases until a physician can be had.

**THE READING CLUB, No. 13.** Edited by Geo. M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 102 pp. 12mo. Paper, 50c.

A good selection of brief pieces for occasional reading or practice in declamation.

**THE HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY OF ATHEISM IN FOUR LECTURES.** By Prof. A. H. Darrow. Butler Mo. Published by the author. 72 pp. 8vo. paper 25 cents.

Written evidently by one who has deep convictions on the subject, but who is not profound in thought, nor exact either in statement or spelling. The author leaves many loopholes in his defenses, through which the devout enemy he attacks could send damaging thrusts.

**WILD WOODS LIFE, A TRIP TO PARMACHENESE.** By Cap. Farrar. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 408 pp. 12mo. cloth \$1.25. Illustrated.

"A realistic story of life in the woods," the title calls it. The volume is one of the "Lake and Forest Series," which is so well-known. It is a good book for the boys, and children of a larger growth can find much to interest them in its well-printed pages.

**WHIRLWINDS, CYCLONES AND TORNADOES.** By William Morris Davis. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 60 pp. 12mo. cloth 50 cents.

This little work was the basis of a course of lectures by the author at the Lowell Institute in Boston in January 1883. It is now reprinted from "Science," and is an attractive work with numerous fine illustrations.

## Books Received.

**COOKERY FOR BEGINNERS.** By Marion Harland. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, stiff covers, \$1.00.

**ONE THOUSAND QUOTATIONS.** Comprising the choicest Thoughts and Sayings of eminent writers of all Ages, together with nearly three hundred original and choice selections, suitable for writing in Autograph Albums. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Price, paper cover, 25 cents.

## Magazines for June not before Mentioned.

**CHOICE LITERATURE.** (John B. Alden, New York.) This number, as usual, contains many articles from the most popular writers and will be found interesting.

**THE PAINTER.** (Published at 100 Canal St., Cleveland, Ohio.) An illustrated monthly magazine devoted to painting and decorating.

**THE VACCINATION INQUIRER.** (Published at 114 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., London, Eng.) A Health review, being the organ of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

## Partial List of Magazines for July.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.** (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Contents: Choy Susan; Five Quatrains; The Gospel of Defeat; A Cook's Tourist in Spain; Bird-Gazing in the White Mountains; Blood-Root; In War Time; Question; Chimes and how they are rung; Beaten by a Giant; The Haunt of Galilee; The Underworld in Homer, Virgil and Dante; The Growing Power of the Republic of Chile; Recent Poetry; Peter the Great; Schlemmer's Troja; An American Story-Writer; The Contributor's Club; Books of the Month.

**THE MAGAZINE OF ART.** (Cassell & Co., New York.) Contents: "The Gladiator's Wife;" By River and Sea; On Mantegna's Sepia Drawing of Judith; "The Tempter;" Greek Myths in Greek Art; Raphael and the Fornarina; The Marvel of the World: Prolific Exhibitors; Fine Art in Whitechapel; Current Art; The Chronicle of Art; American Art Notes.

**CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.** (Cassell & Co., New York.) Contents: Within the Clasp; On letting off the steam; The real cost of Coal; The Garden in June; How to form a Tricycle Club; The Shadows; A Pilgrimage to Holy Island; The Gatherer, and many more interesting articles.

**ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE.** (St. Louis Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: The Vagrant; A True Story of Real People; Morning Glories; Flowers; Her Platonic Love; Editorial Marginals; Etc.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.** (J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., Philadelphia.) The contents of this number is as usual filled with interesting articles, Fashion Plates and Engravings.

**YOUNG FOLKS.** (H. Cherouney, New York.) A monthly magazine containing the choicest German and English productions for the young, given in both languages.

**BABYLAND.** (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) A monthly for the youngest readers, with short stories and illustrations.

Professor Goltz, of Strasburg, lately exhibited a dog possessed of no part of that portion of the brain which some physiologists call the "motor tact," or the seat of power for voluntary motion. Yet the animal had perfect freedom of action, and knew how to effectually resist any interference with him at meal time. The printed volumes are many in which attempts are made to prove that such a thing is impossible.

Little Rodolph one day begged an invitation to dinner at the house of a little friend with whom he had been playing during the morning. At the table his hostess anxiously inquired, "Rodolph, can you cut your own meat?" "Humph!" said Rodolph, who was sawing away, "can't I? I've cut up a great deal tougher meat than this at home."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A man has been arrested in London for simply laying up something for a rainy day. In his room over 900 umbrellas were discovered.

Another installment of Mormons, 270 all told, came to hand at New York last week.

## FREE.

A lady's fancy box with 25 Articles and 60 pages book illustrating games, tricks, etc. Send 10c to help pay postage. E. NASON & Co., 120 Fulton St., New York.

## AGENTS

Wanted for The History of Christianity. By Abbott. A grand edition. A 44 book at the popular price of \$1.75. Liberal terms. The religious papers mention it as one of the few great religious works of the world. Greater success never known by agents. Terms free. STIMUS & Co., Publishers, Portland, Maine.

## PROF. W. PAINE, M. D.,

1250 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Has discovered living parasites that eat out the nose, throat, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, womb, etc., and has also discovered a Catarrh Vaguer, Liver Pills, Stomach Tonic, Nerve Tonic, Blood Purifier, Worm Expeller, etc., that destroys them as water extinguishes fire. Book sent free.

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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request. When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, June 28, 1884.

## NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

## Evangelical Inconsistency.

We are told that many of our orthodox ministers and church members, do not believe in the old dogma of an endless hell to which the large majority of the human race are consigned by the Divine decree. It would be honorable to these ministers and members not to believe it, and for their good and in honor to human nature, we trust and hope that they are growing skeptical on that question. Skepticism as to such hideous dogmas, opens the way for belief in spiritual truths; but, in the name of honest consistency, we ask that, if they are skeptical, they frankly say so, and make their words and acts agree. Let them blot out the doctrine from all their creeds and confessions of faith, and thus say what they believe and believe what they say. Shall not Wall Street be insincere so long as the orthodox church is? Shall not the sharp broker say one thing and mean another, so long as the pious professor of religion subscribes to a creed which he does not believe? In the writings of men whom the churches revere, as well as in their creeds, are assertions of the very doctrines which we are told are fading out of the souls of their members. Rev. Dr. Withrow of Park Street Church—the "Brimstone corner" of the Boston Herald—was greatly exercised a few months ago because Rev. Dr. Ellis, Unitarian, said that "the evangelical belief taught that a vast majority of the human race are victims of eternal woe." Dr. Withrow denied that it is taught extensively to-day, and even says the Scripture does not teach it—a large concession for him. Let us look facts in the face.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, popular, and upheld by all the churches, says:

"To send the gospel to the heathen is a work of great exigency. Within the last thirty years, a whole generation of five hundred millions have gone down to eternal death."

In their tract, "The grand motive of missionary effort," they say:

"The heathen are involved in the ruins of the apostasy, and are exposed to perdition. Six hundred millions of deathless souls on the brink of hell! What a spectacle!"—*History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, p. 544.

A missionary from China said to an audience in this country:

"Fifty thousand a day go down to the fire that is not quenched. Six hundred millions more are going the same road. Should you not think at least once a day of the fifty thousand who that day sink to the doom of the lost?"—*Id.*, p. 544.

Flavel, in his "Method of Grace,"—a favorite in pious evangelical homes and Sunday school libraries—says:

"How great a number of persons are in the state of condemnation! (Italics are his.) That is a sad complaint of the prophet.—Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? (Isaiah 53: 1.) Many talk of faith, and many profess it; but there are few in the world unto whom the arm of the Lord has been revealed. In the work of faith with power. It is put among the great mysteries that Christ is believed on in the world. (1 Tim. 3: 16.) Oh, what a terrible day will be the day of Christ's coming to judgment, when so many millions of unbelievers shall be brought to his tribunal to be solemnly sentenced!"

Canon Farrar, in England, wrote "The Eternal Hope," and called up a storm by doubting eternal hopelessness. In a reply to his critics he said:

"I assert and shall prove that the Christian writings of every age abound in assertions that the few only will be saved."

Here is some of his proof:

St. Chrysostom, in his Twenty-fourth Homily on the Acts, preaching at Antioch, said: "How many, think you, are there in our city who will be saved?"

It is a terrible truth which I am about to utter, but yet I will utter it. Among so many thousands, a hundred cannot be found who will be saved, and even about them I doubt." (Page 149.)

Writing on the "great multitude which no man could number" (Rev. 7: 9), Cyprian, a Lapide, the eminent commentator, says: "From what has been said, we may estimate that in the end of the world the total number of all the saints and elect who have ever lived anywhere in any age will make up some hundred millions. The number of the reprobate will, however, be far greater, which will come to not only hundreds, but even thousands of millions. For out of a thousand men,—may, even out of ten thousand,—scarcely one is saved. Cornelius says elsewhere that 'a crowd of men sink daily to Tartarus as dense as the falling snows.'"

"Du Moulin, a history professor at Oxford, published a book in 1680 on the number of the elect, of which part of the title was proving plainly from Scripture—and let us observe, in reading, what a most astonishing variety of doctrines, utterly irreconcilable with each other, are in the opinions of the propounders, 'proved plainly from Scripture'—that not one in a hundred thousand (say, probably not one in a million), from Adam down to our time, shall be saved."

"He next adduces the opinions of the Fathers, and quotes in his favor, St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory. Then, he tells us, from the Abbot Nilus, a revelation to St. Simeon Stylites, that scarcely one soul was saved out of ten thousand, and the vision of a bishop, referred to by Trithemius in his 'Chronicon,' about A. D. 1160, in which a hermit appeared to him, and said that at the hour of his death three thousand others had died, and the only one saved among them was St. Bernard, of Clairvaux, and three who went to purgatory. He further adduces another vision of a preacher who says that sixty thousand stood with him before God's bar, and all except three were condemned to hell; and yet another, of a Parolan master, who appeared to his bishop, announcing that he had been damned, and added that 'so many souls were daily thrust down to hell that he could never believe there were so many men in the world.' Indeed, he asked if the world still existed. For he had seen so many tumbling into the abyss that 'he thought that none could remain alive.'"

The Canon sums up by saying:

"It is needless to prove that this has continued to be the popular opinion. It is very rarely that in common religious literature I have found even a trace of any other."

Evangelical pulpits and Sunday School books teach it, and the hymn books are full of such verses as the following:

"Broad is the road that leads to death,  
 And thousands walk together there;  
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,  
 With here and there a traveler."

It is not the alleged growth of disbelief of which we complain. That growth is a good sign of spiritual development, but all honest people have a right to ask, and will ask louder and louder, that church members be consistent, and demand that the hideous dogma, which they do not believe, as we are told, shall be expurgated from their creeds and books and repudiated from their pulpits.

From the needed, yet repulsive, display of these fossils from what has well been called "the Saurian age" of theology, let us turn to the spiritual idea of death, as given by Andrew Jackson Davis:

"The philosophy of death is the philosophy of change; not in the personality of the individual but in the situation of the human spiritual principle; which, instead of being in an earthly body is placed in a spiritual organization; and instead of living among the objects and personalities of the planet on which the spirit was born, its situation is so altered as to fit it to live amidst more benignant forms and in higher societies. . . . Believe not that what is called death is a final termination of human existence, nor that the change is so thorough and entire as to alter or destroy the constitutional peculiarities of the individual; but believe righteously that death causes as much alteration in the condition of the individual as the bursting of the rose bud causes in the situation and condition of the flower. Death is, therefore, only an event, a circumstance in the eternal life and experience of the human soul. As the death of the germ is necessary to the birth and development of the flower, so is the death of man's physical body an indispensable precedent and indication of his spiritual birth or resurrection."

The contrast and change is like that from the dreary desert swept by the burning sirocco, to the fertile plain with its waving grain kept in motion by balmy breezes laden with the fragrance of summer roses.

"Ring out the old,  
 Ring in the new;  
 Ring out the false,  
 Ring in the true."

## Value of Church Blessings.

The Rev. Father McCarty, pastor of St. Augustine's R. C. church in Brooklyn, lately preached on the efficacy of Church blessings. From a summary of his sermon the following is extracted:

The Church of God is the only one that has been delegated to bless. The church alone has power to bless. The world, then, is at the feet of the church, and unless she dispenses the blessing God has given into her keeping, the world must groan on still under the malediction pronounced against it. This malediction overpowers the entire world. There was not an atom of God's work that escaped it. It was leveled first at man, the lord and master of creation. All surrounding him was made for him. When man sinned all nature sinned. When man was stricken with the curse, it permeated all creation, as when one member of the body suffers the entire body suffers, or as when a strong blow is inflicted on one of the principal members of the body, the entire body dies. Therefore, every thing needs God's blessing. Objects need it, nature needs it, and we ourselves need it. Our houses need God's blessing. How many have it? There is a peculiar blessing established for that work, but the multiplicity of houses makes it hard of application. You ask then how it can be done? There is holy water. This element blessed by the church which possesses a peculiar holy influence, should be sprinkled in order that the confound of the house may thereby be sanctified. Homes should be supplied with blessed objects. Some regard these as superstitions, but they don't think. They are radically mistaken. When an object is blessed by one having power to bless, it is changed, because it then possesses a spiritual influence; just as when you light the gas in your home; it throws an illuminating influence around the rooms, and you are prevented from walking against objects that otherwise you would not see. Around every object that is blessed, there is a luminous and spiritual influence which exercises a good effect. Consequently, there should be no home not sanctified by the sprinkling of holy water, and not adorned with blessed statuary and blessed pictures.

One cannot readily prove a negative, nor just now is it necessary to deny the church power to bless. But it would be satisfaction to discover just what the blessing is worth—what it accomplishes. For instance, if a house be blessed, is it thereby guarded against a leaky roof? Will bath-tubs never overflow, and may the hard-worked "angel of the house" light fires with kerosene with safety? Will disease pass by a house so protected, so that doctor's bills, at least, may be saved? Will a blessing change a bad, uncomfortable house into one replete with every convenience? Will it obviate the necessity of a mortgage, or, if there be one, render foreclosure impossible? The blessing is needed for the house, the priest claims; what does it change about

the house? Holy water will bless it, the preacher says. It may be so, but if it does, what does the blessing amount to?

"Homes should be supplied with blessed objects. Objects having a luminous and spiritual influence." Objects having a "luminous influence," so they can be seen in the darkness, are familiar enough, but they can be bought in many stores—they cannot be the "blessed objects" alluded to. There must be blessed marriages—are they protected against dispute and bitterness and desertion? Blessed children, also, the church provides for—are they protected against infantile diseases, so they shall not fill untimely graves? Or, if the blessing, as applied to humanity, transcending the physical, will the blessed child be guarded from evil temper, from a tendency to raiding the pantry, from sleeping or being unduly active in church, from disobedience to parents, and occasional pronounced inaccuracy of statement? But there are also offered "blessed graves," consecrated ground. The question has been asked, how deep does the consecration go, what is the scope of the blessing? but he who asks such a question as that is held to be a man to be shunned, hence, that must not be discussed now. No matter how deep the blessing goes, the puzzle will still be, what does the blessing of the church accomplish for the earth, how is it changed in any way thereby? Some have had water brought from the river Jordan to be used in baptism; others have had all vacant spaces in their coffins filled with earth from the Holy Land. Holy water, holy earth, and the church's blessing, too; but the water was not as good as that found in every house, apparently, and the earth seemed to be no different from that found at home. Though extreme unction be administered with strictest regard to the rubric, the body will decompose just as it would have done without it—the use of the blessing is undiscoverable, so far.

How shall the questions be answered? If we admit the blessing given, and by the only authority competent to bless, the Church, still the question is unanswered—What is the use of a Church blessing? When that point is settled, we shall be well on the way to knowing, also, how much power there is in a Church curse.

## Baby Farming on Christian Principles.

Great outcry has been made many times at the shameful neglect, the misery and death of foundling children when confided to the unwatched care of women whose interest lay in diverting the pittance paid for the children's support to their own use. Taking advantage of this fact, remembering how often the Commissioners of the Poor or other parish authorities had been berated for their un-Christian neglect of these friendless children, a Miss Simantha S. Nivison issued a flaming prospectus, glowing with sentimentalism which seemed like piety, urging as a Christian duty that these orphan children be not left to the cold charity of a sinful world. The idea was a good one, though the result shows that the worst failures among the sinners have been overmatched by the terrible wreck of infant life under so-called Christian care. Some wealthy men, prominent in the churches, took hold of the matter, and the Summit Grove Sanitarium was duly furnished and opened last January, near Hammon, N. J. One by one the foundlings were gathered in, twenty-three unfortunately in all, up to the present time. Miss Nivison claimed to have had a medical education, but her ideas of diet and medication were extraordinary. It is in evidence that the children were cruelly neglected, kept in cold rooms, fed only with milk diluted to the last degree of attenuation, and when sickness came, as come it surely would under such a dietary, dosed with aconite, belladonna and morphine. It was this Christian philanthropist's theory that milk and tea were sufficient as food, and morphine was specially adapted to infantile disorders. She followed out her theory, as she says, "fearlessly"—and the children died. Of the twenty-three children received in this devil's Sanitarium twenty-one have died, and the orchard back of the house holds their emaciated bodies. Small care had there been given to the children in life, and when dead they were hurriedly put into rough pine boxes, sometimes two in a box, and buried without rites, often, perhaps, without witnesses.

The discovery of these facts raised a storm, as assuredly it ought. There was a Board of Trustees, wealthy Christian men; there were the Protestant Episcopal Bishops of Central New York, of Michigan and New Jersey, who had written letters endorsing the Sanitarium, and the public asked why these terrible things had been allowed to happen. One and all answered, "Everything was left to Miss Nivison." They gave money and influence, and trusted to this cold-hearted fiend to administer all the charity they paid for. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," and gives because he considers, because his heart is stirred by human love or pity, but the blessing that comes to him who gives without considering is of the smallest. The Trustees and Bishops are individually guilty in this matter. They knew how similar enterprises had turned out before—the case of the House of the Good Shepherd was not unknown to them, they ought to have scrutinized, judged, been sure that the charity was properly administered. The mocking world will say and say truly, of all the known houses of baby-farming, those under Christian auspices have proved the worst. They will say, and say truly, that Trustees of a Sanitarium (what a mockery is the name), where all but two of the children die, are guilty of a neglect deserving legal punishment, and that Bishops who write in praise of such a slaughter house are not fit for their

office. Whether they knew the facts or not, they are almost equally criminal, for it was their duty to know that they spoke truth in praising the institution. Christian Baby-Farming is a horrible failure, a hideous crime. Let us hope that all parties, the respectable Trustees, the venerable Bishops, the smooth-tongued murderers, may each receive whatever of penalty may be found to be due, so there may be no more irresponsible trading in the lives of the poor who have none to help them.

## "What does it Mean?"

Is asked by Rev. N. M. Mann, Unitarian, Rochester, N. Y., in *Unity* for June, as follows:

"Splinters of light and chunks of darkness," is the telling phrase in which Mr. Ingersoll used to ridicule the ancient way of thinking about some things. Mr. Savage's Easter sermon, noticed in the last *Unity*, contains a stinging rebuke to the supposition that water recalls that saying very forcibly. This, either, regarding all space, is, we are told, "immensely more solid than steel." The statement is repeated with emphasis, "harder and more elastic than steel." In the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, when I saw the sermon—the words are quoted from memory—the statement appears as from the late Prof. Jevons. The statement and the question were alike amazing to me, and I was disposed to attribute both to a periclit of the *Journal's* types to say startling and incredible things. It did not seem to me possible that any one would be likely to accept such a grotesque and unthinkable conception as that of planets and suns having their motion through a medium "harder than steel." But I see Mr. Stebbins and others have taken it in without a question.

Prof. Clerk Maxwell deduces as the coefficient of the rigidity of the ether,  $\frac{1}{2} \times 10^{10}$ . The coefficient of the rigidity of steel according to the same authority is  $\frac{1}{2} \times 10^{10}$ .  $\frac{1}{2} \times 10^{10}$  million, to be used as steel is nine hundred and forty-nine million, two hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred and forty-four times harder than the ether. The same writer makes the density of the ether twelve quintillions times less than that of steel. (See new edition *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Vol. viii, p. 571.) He finds nothing anywhere so little dense as the ether except the attenuated atmosphere of the earth as it exists some millions of miles away. His expression for the density of the ether is  $\frac{1}{2} \times 10^{10}$ —or  $1,008,408,000$ .  $\frac{1}{2} \times 10^{10}$  million, that is, that of water is  $\frac{1}{2} \times 10^{10}$ .

"In the face of these deductions I turn to the statement referred to in the sermon and ask, what does it mean?"

So far as we are concerned, it means that we published, in full, the best report of Mr. Savage's sermon we could get. So far as Mr. Mann is concerned it means that he only "quoted from memory," and, therefore, did not quote exactly. Our report makes Mr. Savage say that by "the undulatory theory of light, which science regards as established, . . . this apparently empty space is filled with a luminiferous ether that Prof. Stanley Jevons says 'is immensely more solid and elastic than steel.'" This, and the rest of the paragraph, shows plainly enough that Prof. Jevons was not treating of the rigidity of steel and ether, but aiming to show the elasticity of the latter, and its immense, yet invisible and unappreciable, pressure around us all; a pressure far greater, as he says, than that of the atmosphere.

Our "types" say things that are true, and as well proved as anything in science, incredible as they may seem to this gentleman. We give his question to our readers, although after we had published the sermon of Mr. Savage, and sent it to him, he sends that question to another journal in which the sermon was not published, and the readers of which could not take in the scope and connection of the statement criticised.

And now we ask: What does it mean that Mr. Mann makes no allusion to the fact that Mr. Savage brings up this illustration of the invisible ether to show the reasonableness of Spiritualism? Is a possible, but not proven, error about the comparative solidity of ether and steel of more moment than the just treatment of a world-wide effort to gain the proof palpable of personal immortality?

Since the above was in type, a later number of the *Unity* comes to hand with the following from Mr. Savage:

"Mr. Mann is troubled by the statement in my Easter sermon about the 'medium' as 'harder than steel' in the last number of your paper. So am I. And I cannot help him at all in the matter. It must be settled with Prof. Jevons. I quoted from his 'Principles of Science,' and he published by Macmillan in 1879, Chap. 25, p. 515. By a printer's error, the word 'immensely' is changed into 'infinitely.' Otherwise the quotation is verbatim. In one passage Jevons says steel is another adamant. Harder than them is hard enough, and the whole passage is given to show that 'But many a hard saying' is hard to mortals to swallow, both in science and religion. But in either, if I can only feel sure it is true, I will try to take it without flinching."

## Mr. Lewis Denies It.

Some weeks ago the *JOURNAL* published an extract from a letter speaking of Spiritualism, and citing its history in Corry, Penn., and Jamestown, N. Y. Mr. G. F. Lewis writes that his experience does not agree with the published statement, and says:

"The facts are they (the Spiritualists) are the very best class there is in Corry and Jamestown. Not a single drunkard, embezzler or criminal among them, while the scandals in churches have required frequent changes of pastors, and two young girls have suicided among the church people in Corry, within a short time. No scandal of any kind has occurred among Spiritualists."

Will the gentleman whose assertion Mr. Lewis takes exceptions to, please furnish Mr. L. his address? We see no advantage to our readers in publicly discussing the matter further.

Speaking of Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten's new work, "Nineteenth Century Miracles; or, Spirits and their Work in every Country of Earth," the *Medium and Daybreak* says: "It would be difficult to find one in the spiritual field more capable of undertaking such a duty, than Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten. She is a woman of great capacity and endurance, and is thus a living symbol of that which has come into the hands of readers through her agency. She has, in addition to mediumship of a remarkable kind, a natural literary talent, and keen powers of observation. She has had, moreover, much experience of the movement for many years, and has travelled much. These, combined with her great personal influence and vast correspondence, fit her most eminently for the accomplishment of that which, as a labor of love, she has so well done. We say labor of love, advisedly, for no sale of such a volume at the price could repay the work expended in its literary production." This excellent book is for sale at this office. Price \$2.50; postage 25 cents.

When the small handful of Iowa Spiritualists—less than a dozen—especially interested in the establishment of a camp meeting at Clinton, in that State, hired Moses Hull to engineer the sale of the stock and the fortunes of the camp, we promised to show the people of Iowa and the Mississippi Valley what the record of this man was, what his doctrines and practices. This we have done. And the evidence offered is largely his own statements. True, he now tries to begot the facts by falsehood and misrepresentation, but he cannot clean his slate in that way. He seeks to bamboozle the few whom he can reach, by a free use of the supply of priestly cant which he stocked himself with during his youthful career as Advent preacher, and by loud threats of a libel suit against us. Having done our duty, we hope there will be little need of devoting more of the *JOURNAL's* space to him; but he cannot please us better than by giving us an opportunity to establish his true status in the courts, and we invite him to begin a libel suit at his earliest convenience.

We warned Iowa Spiritualists against D. M. Fox, a free lover and confidence man, several years ago, but it has taken some of them until very lately to say they have had enough of him, and now they take up Hull, who is inexpressibly dirtier. Experience will in time, we trust, teach them something, and if not too dearly bought it may be profitable.

## GENERAL NOTES.

Steuben county, Indiana, hasn't a child between ten and twenty-one years that cannot read and write.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has been giving lectures and holding sances in Pittsburgh and Alleghany City, Pa.

W. M. Story, Jr., writes that J. L. York has just finished a course of lectures at Eureka, Cal., and given good satisfaction.

The time of the Lansing, Mich., camp meeting, has been changed. It will commence Aug. 7th and continue until Aug. 18th.

In the San Francisco city prison is a cell devoted exclusively to the confinement of drunken women. It has not been vacant a day for over twenty-eight years.

A. J. Marvin writes: "We propose to make the Lansing, Mich., camp meeting a grand affair. Would like to secure the presence of the medium, Mrs. R. C. Simpson."

CAUTION. Correspondents remitting postage stamps need to use care at this season, or the stamps will adhere to each other and the letter, causing us much loss and annoyance.

Miss Susie M. Johnson is now at Los Angeles, Cal., where she is lecturing. The Spiritualists on the Pacific coast will find her to be an interesting and instructive speaker.

Dr. J. W. Haines will speak before the Spiritual Truth Seekers' Society in Martine's Hall, Ada St., next Sunday evening at 7:45. Subject: "Progress and Modern Thought."

Mr. William Nicoll spoke before the Spiritual Truth Seekers', Martine's Hall, on Ada St., last Sunday evening, taking this for his subject: "The Evils of Intemperance or the Spiritualists' Hell."

In London the other day, Stuart Cumberland tried to read Moncreux D. Conway's mind, but failed to do so. Conway said afterward that he was thinking of a glass of brandy and water.

A young medical student in Paris has offered himself as a subject for the first experiments of M. Pasteur in the inoculation of hydrophobia. He declares his perfect readiness and pride in serving the cause of science, even at the risk of his life.

Judge Holbrook will lecture before the Liberal League, at the hall on the corner of Halsted and Madison Streets, next Sunday evening. Subject: Spiritualism. Dr. Merton lectured there last Sunday evening. Subject: "Redemption through Christ."

It is said that on June 20th, Lizzie Bradley, at White Cloud, Doniphan County, Kansas, finished her forty-fifth day of deliberate fasting. She is thirty-six years old, and the daughter of a well-to-do Englishman. On account of a quarrel with her father she has refused to eat or speak for over six weeks.

By a decision of the New York courts the Rev. John P. Newman is restrained from officiating as pastor of the Madison Avenue Congregational Church, taking charge of its services or meetings, or from receiving salary, save as acting pastor, since March 31st of this year.

In the Medical Museum, Washington, there are two skulls, all cracked up like a couple of egg shells, that had been knocked together. They belonged to a couple of Norfolk negroes who butted each other to death about a woman, who couldn't decide which one she liked best and left it to be settled between them.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the medium, is now on her farm near Hope, Dakota. Among other things, she writes: "We have fifty acres in wheat, which is looking very promising. Mr. S. has purchased the *Hope Pioneer* since I came here. Were it not for the *JOURNAL*, it would be rather lonely here on account of the scarcity of spiritual food." Mrs. Simpson will return to Chicago in September.

Capt. H. H. Brown has the following camp meeting appointments: He will be at Onset Bay from July 26th till the 30th; at Lake Pleasant from Aug. 9th to 15th; Queen City Park from Aug. 15th till 23rd; Sunapee Lake from Aug. 23rd till Sept. 2nd; at Etna, Me., camp, from Sept. 3rd till 9th. He will be at the yearly meeting at McLean, N. Y., Aug. 1st, 2nd and 3rd. He can be engaged for July 6th, 13th and 20th. He speaks at Queen City Park, June 29th. Address him at Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.




For sale, wholesale and retail, by the HALL-PAULSON PHARMACEUTICAL PHARMACY, Chicago.









Micrograph showing a single cell with a white box highlighting a specific region.



